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April 1968, 75 cents

HE Atlantic

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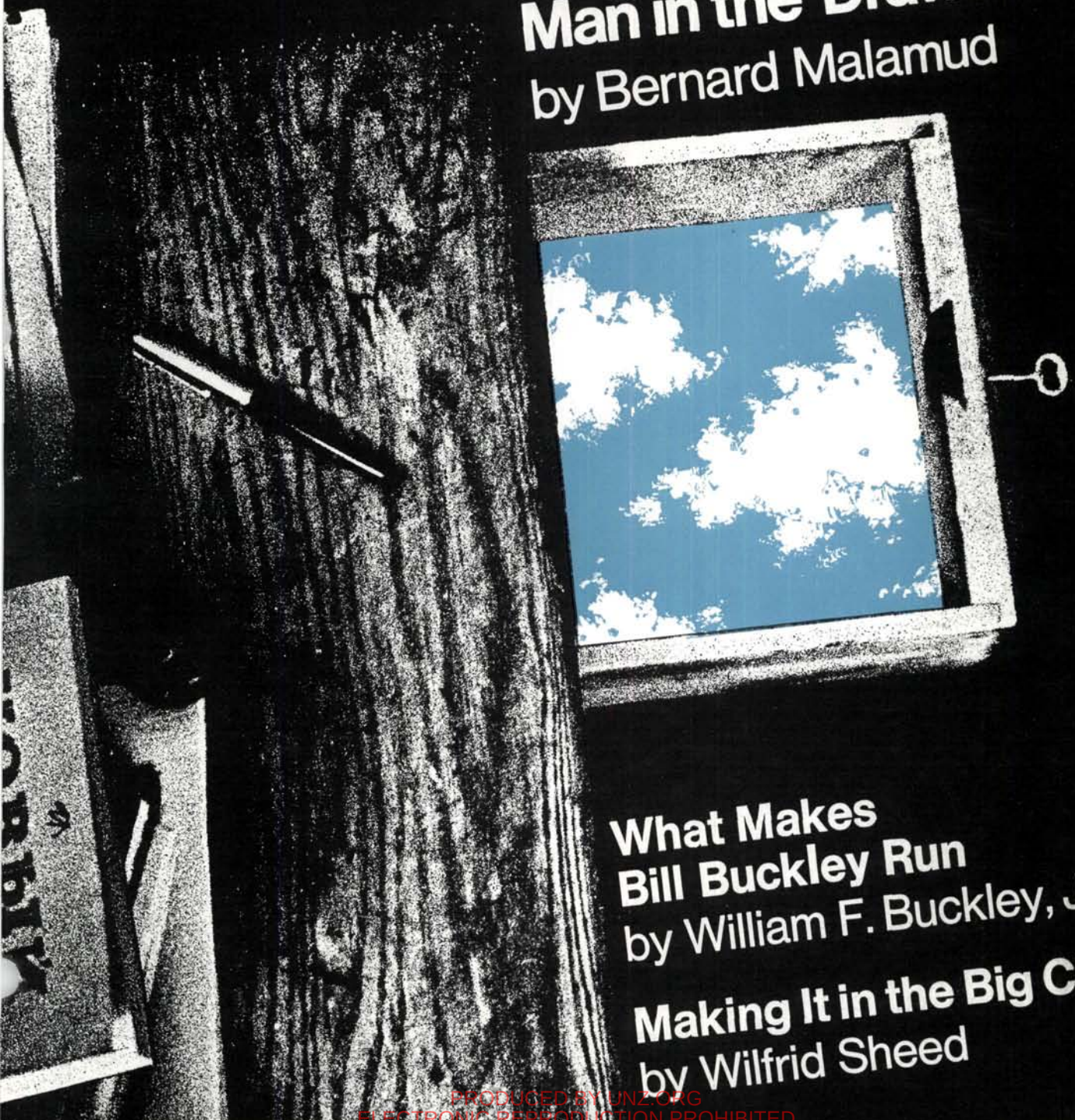
by Bernard Malamud



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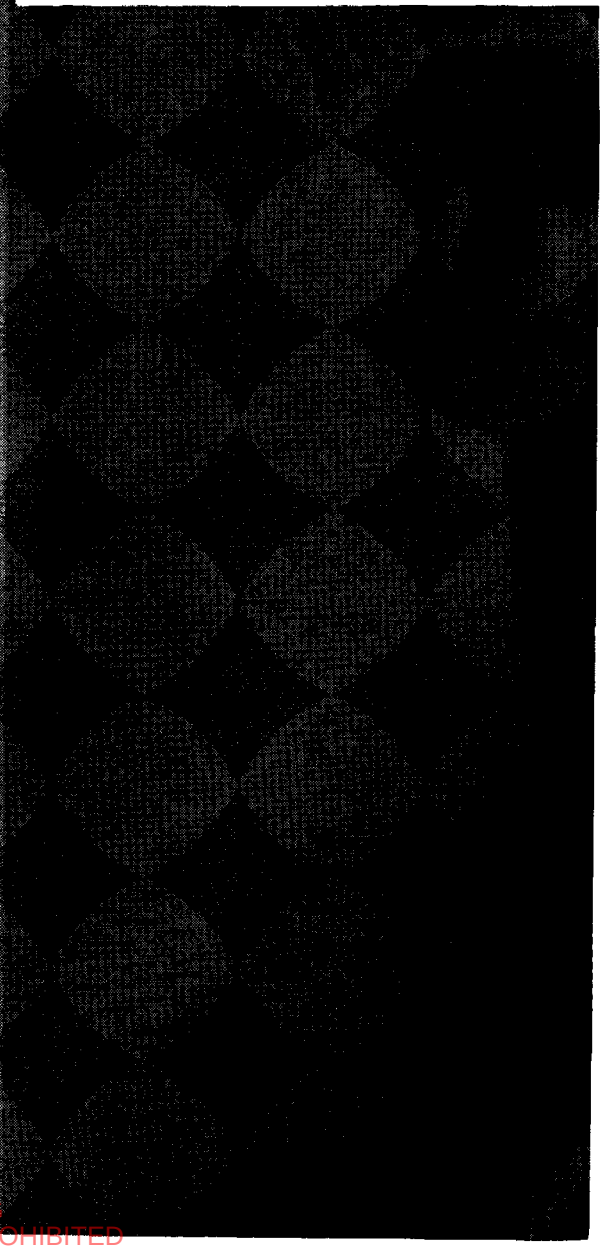

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THE Atlantic

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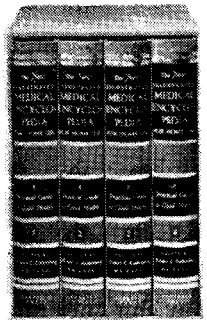

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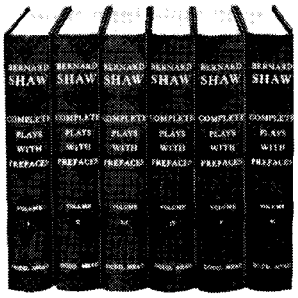

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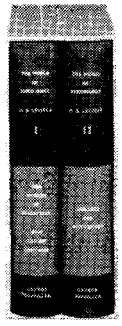

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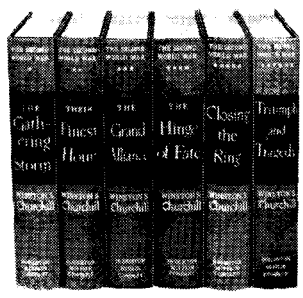

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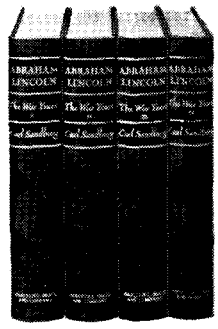

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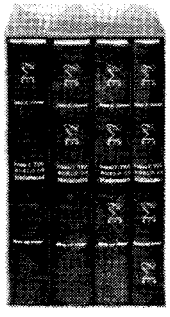

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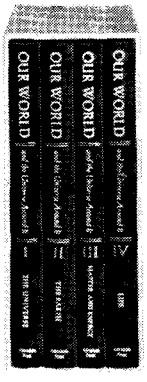

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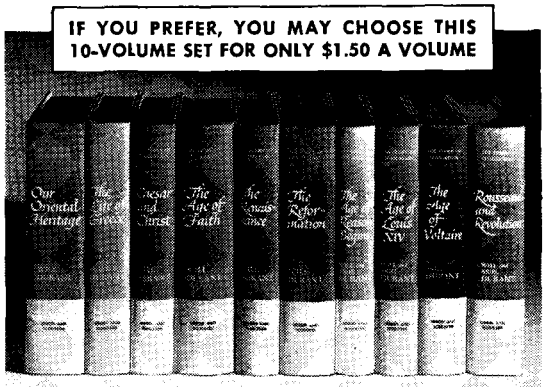

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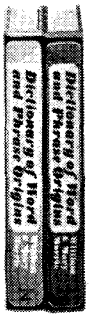

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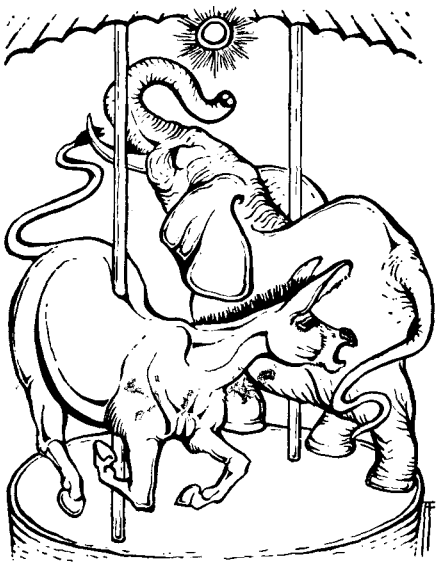
reports

Washington



Despite all the seeming activity represented in the headlines, crises, presidential messages, and congressional debates, the consuming and somewhat morbid interest in Washington is in the imponderables of the coming summer and fall. Because the power, careers, contacts, and prestige of so many ride on the outcome of the elections, the preoccupation with next November stems from something other than an excess of civic virtue. Every four years, moreover, the machinery of government and the efforts of government workers become still more devoted to keeping the incumbent party in power. Yet this election season is one of rampant unease because of the already nervous condition of the Capital, the dangers of the coming months, and the elusiveness of the electorate.

On this latter point there is, for once, bipartisan agreement. Even the political professionals here evidence deep uncertainty, if not bewilderment, over how the election may turn and why. There is apprehension within both parties, and for good reason. As the nonpartisan National Committee for an Effective Congress has pointed out, there is a new mood of "anti-partiism" in the electorate, which stems not from a lack of interest in politics, but from an enlarged awareness on the part of the voters that political parties are "more tinsel than tree."

Counting on trouble

It is a sign of the destitution of the current state of politics that to a major extent each party's program consists of counting on the other to defeat itself. Republican strategists are aware of the historical improbability of turning an incumbent President out of office, but they like to think that Mr. Johnson is working himself out of the job. "He is stockpiling trouble for America, and for himself," said one Republican strategist, trying very hard to look sorry about that. Democratic politicians know that their own party is in deep trouble, but they are relying on the Republicans to produce another kamikaze performance. Democratic leaders like to point out that the Republican candidate will emerge from a pool of blood.

Certain as it seems that the President will run for re-election, and despite the signs that he is giving that he will, it has occurred to more than a few people here — and some of the President's close associates do not deny the possibility — that for one reason or another he will not. In this case, of course, all bets are off. Robert Kennedy has taken himself out of a race against Mr. Johnson "under any foreseeable circumstances." This seemed less than clear, but for the time being, at least, the message was that he would not run against Lyndon Johnson, period. (At one point, Kennedy's announcement was that he would not run "under any conceivable circumstances," but it is easy to treat the semantics too seriously. If he runs, he runs, and he would not be held by press or public to his earlier disavowals, any more than would Nelson Rockefeller, or than would have, for that matter, William Tecumseh Sherman, had he changed his mind.) The President shares the view of many that his opponent is likely to be Richard Nixon, and if Nixon fails, Nelson Rockefeller.

Unyoung, unblack, unpoor

It is fairly obvious that the issues will be Vietnam, the race/urban crisis, Lyndon Baines Johnson, and the deepening national malaise, but it is a far more complicated matter to determine which of these may be decisive and how. One formulation of the electorate that has been receiving widespread and respectful attention here is that of Richard Scammon, of the Governmental Affairs Institute, a nonprofit research organization. Mr. Scammon is an established expert, possibly *the* expert, on elections, and a former director of the Census Bureau; moreover, he gives advice to the White House, a fact which adds to the relevance of his views. The Scammon thesis runs as follows:

The essential fact about the 1968 electorate is that it is basically "unyoung, unblack, and unpoor." *Unyoung:* The much advertised youth explosion notwithstanding, the average voter is in his mid-to-late forties. In 1964, three fourths of the votes for President were cast by

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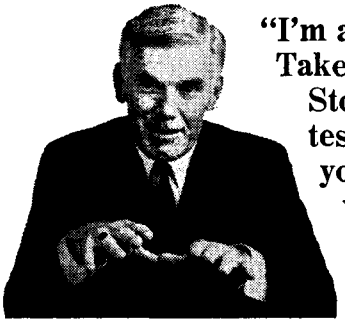

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QUIZ A. In an Exchange survey, the following were cited as reasons for buying common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange—but *not* in the order given below. How do *you* think they were ranked? Good when the cost of living rises; long-term gain; quick profit; dividends.

1._____

2._____

3._____

4._____

ANSWER. People who owned common stock cited the reasons for buying them as follows: long-term gain, good dividends, good when the cost of living rises, quick profits.

Among non-shareowners, the order was reversed with "quick profits" first. Day dreaming about quick profits can lead to foolhardy risks and disappointment. Experienced investors have seen that over the years, the value of many stocks and many dividends have more than kept pace with the cost of living—an effective hedge against inflation.

QUIZ B. In order to invest, you should have a steady annual income of at least:

☐ $10,000 ☐ $20,000
☐ $30,000 ☐ none of these

ANSWER. The last answer is correct. The amount of income you need is influenced by your standard of living, provision for emergencies and other commitments. About half of the estimated 24 million people who own stock have incomes of less than $10,000.

QUIZ C. The New York Stock Exchange provides a market for the stocks of any American corporation.

True ☐ False ☐

ANSWER. False. Out of all American corporations, only some 1,200—less than 1%—are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. These companies have often been leaders in making the American economy what it is. Before first listing a company, these are some of the factors the Exchange evaluates: earnings record, reputation of the company, its position in its industry and public interest in the company. There are criteria for listing, and criteria for de-listing a company, too.

Ask a registered representative to explain the advantages of listed stocks, and then decide whether they fit into your picture.

Take this Quickie Quiz

QUIZ D. Match each security with its most prominent characteristic:

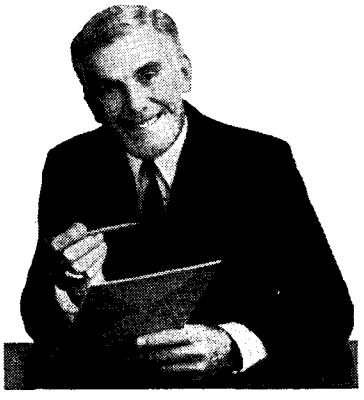
1. high-grade bonds ☐ long-term growth
2. listed common stocks ☐ fixed dividends
3. preferred stocks ☐ relative safety

ANSWER. High-grade bonds are primarily associated with stable returns and relative safety of capital over the long term, listed common stocks with long-term growth, and preferred stocks usually with a fixed dividend rate. There is no investment, however, that is completely free of risk. What you buy, and when, depends on your goal and market conditions.

QUIZ E. The advantage of investing through member firm brokers is that:

☐ they have met Exchange requirements for knowledge of the securities business;
☐ they are full-time brokers;
☐ member firms are expected to meet Exchange standards of ethics, financial condition and investment experience.

ANSWER. All answers are correct. But no broker is infallible. Ask him for information and his opinion about stocks you're interested in. One of his most important services is to help you arrive at an informed judgment.



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those thirty-five and over; this year, those under twenty-five would not represent more than one in 10 votes, and students no more than one percent or one and a half percent of the electorate. Age, moreover, is probably not one of the "issues" on which people vote. The youth these days may be more articulate, but the fact is that the more vocal among them are only a small proportion; moreover, there are no grounds for assuming that the preponderance of the students and young voters hold to one view, or would vote on one side. There are probably, Scammon notes, more Teamsters than students who will vote in the coming election. *Unblack:* Nobody knows exactly what the Negro population is. It is known that the proportionate election turnout of Negroes is lower than that of whites; of the poor, lower than that of the better off; of the less educated, lower than that of the well educated. In sum, about 90 percent of the electorate is white. *Unpoor:* Although poverty cannot be said to have been eliminated, there have been seven years of economic expansion, and a great many people have moved into or within the middle classes since 1960. Of that 90 percent of the electorate which is white, that which is not rural is also, in the main, not poor.

The old lasso

Therefore, American politics are dominated now as never before by lower-middle- and middle-middle-class whites. Any consensus among this group as to how things ought to be means that's how things are going to be. This is the class that elects Presidents. It was the feeling of this group that Eisenhower was a good man that gave the GOP its first victory since 1932. It was its feeling that Goldwater was the less desirable candidate that elected Johnson. This is the group to which a successful national appeal must be made. Within it, there are many strong Democrats and strong Republicans (labor union affiliation is no longer equated with Democratic), but there is also within it a very large group which, depending on which way it goes, can decide the election.

What, then, might cause this group to swing one way or another? Not, according to Scammon, Vietnam; at least not Vietnam as a confrontation of policy alternatives. Lyndon Johnson's strategy this year as in past ones will be to get out his old lasso, make the loop as wide as possible, and rope the voters in. He will take up so much space that it will be difficult for an opponent to get to either side of him on domestic or foreign policy. Eugene McCarthy has already found out how hard it is to make an issue of the President's handling of the Vietnam War, no matter how unhappy the country may be over it. This was a major, perhaps the major, factor in Robert Kennedy's decision to stay out. There are simply too many traps on the dove side of the President; would-be hawks will also find the going perilous. Barring continuing military reversals — which would change the politics of the Vietnam issue and could be one of those "unforeseeable circumstances" — the President can produce war news or peace news; he can diminish or intensify the bombing; he can fly to Camranh Bay or to Geneva. He can be as much for peace as any man, but "peace with honor," peace without "tucking tail," peace which does not betray our fighting men, and it is fairly difficult to run an election campaign, where arguments can't get too complicated, against that. It will be difficult for his opponent to vow to end the war without being pressed to explain just how. At that point the Vietnam debate could resemble that over Quemoy and Matsu in 1960; the candidates argue on in exquisite detail about something the electorate only faintly understands, until they realize that no one is listening. (Gavin's theories, as amended, vs. Reischauer's? Kennan's vs. Scalapino's?)

War fever

From time to time, the President suggests to reporters that the country is essentially hawkish, that he could easily generate support by whipping up war fever, and that his restraint is not fully appreciated. There are other sides to this, however, of which the President is well aware. Escalation of war fever makes de-escalation of the war more difficult (viz., Richard Nixon's attack on the Administration for moderation in bombing during the attack on South Vietnam's cities), and the President, as everyone knows, likes his options. The Administration may well have learned the dangers of self-made rhetorical traps: aggression must not be rewarded, we are fighting for democracy in South Vietnam, we must honor our SEATO agreement, we are defending Honolulu. Moreover, the President understands that the country may be basically hawkish but it does not like war. He is given to telling visitors that the country was solidly behind Presidents in other wars, but tended to turn on them as the war dragged on. Truman at the time of Korea is his favorite example.

George Romney has suggested that most Viet Cong may not be Communists after all, but "disillusioned nationalists," and George Aiken (R., Vermont), one of the most reasonable men in the Senate, has charged that "we made a huge military commitment in that part of the world simply because we did not have the wit, the imagination, or the courage to devise a political strategy to suit a political problem," but there is little reason to believe that the major Republican thrust will be along these lines. More likely is another they-got-us-into-it-and-they-can't-settle-it campaign, with the accompanying motif of they-haven't-been-telling-us-the-truth. Senator Edward M. Kennedy (D., Massachusetts) injected a new possibility, and his brother followed suit, by opposing Thieu and Ky rather than Johnson and Humphrey, by denouncing corruption and privilege in South Vietnam and asking if our boys should die for this. The White House did not take this too seriously at first, and the Republicans might not have the sense to pick it up, but if developed, this could become a powerfully effective tactic, arousing the widespread but yet latent feeling that this country has been had. Some Republicans think the trouble with the GOP's general position on the war — that the President is pursuing the right policy but he should have done it differently — is that it is too sophisticated, and that is, to be sure, one way of looking at it.

Scammon believes that to the extent that Vietnam is the issue on which the voter decides — and h does not think the extent will be great — it will be in terms of what he calls the "personnel director"

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question: who is the better person to do the job? It certainly did not hurt that Dwight D. Eisenhower pledged in 1952 that he would go to Korea, but far more important was that he was the image of the man that the electorate wanted in charge of the country. In 1956, voters who said they were for Eisenhower because he kept the peace backed him when the Suez crisis broke out a week before the election because he was the kind of man the country needed in time of war. Mr. Johnson is not many people's idea of the most popular boy in his class, but his strategists count on the electorate's capacity to mellow, grow accustomed to his face, and decide that when it comes right down to it, President knows best. The mercurial quality of the polls indicates that this is not at all out of the question.

The outcome of the election is most likely to be determined, however, according to the Scammon thesis, by the intensity of and presidential response to riots. The unyoung, unblack, and unpoor group which decides elections is not overly fond of Negroes to begin with. They are potential George Wallace supporters, which could cause Mr. Johnson trouble in the North. Yet the President would like history to record him, as it might, as the Chief Executive who opened the most opportunities for Negroes, not as the one who presided over a new apartheid.

"They . . ."

While there now are strong indications that an appeal can be made to do something about "the underlying causes" of Negro discontent, if there are continuous riots, if white neighborhoods are threatened, the deal is off. If there is serious, continuing rioting, Scammon argues, the election is in the hands of the President. If the President moves decisively, acts quickly, talks tough, restores order, he wins; if he temporizes, gets into a public argument over the calling in of troops, appears doubtful, afraid, he loses.

It may be nothing more than coincidence that the President's aides are now talking about the need for more firmness in response to rioting. Insisting that riots will not be tolerated and at the same time urging that the country understand the grievances behind the riots simply will not work, they say. But talking tough and physically quelling a riot are matters of far different magnitude. Suppression cannot be anything but ugly and frightening; the occupation of American cities by federal troops is no one's national dream. Perhaps Scammon is right, and perhaps the President's men are not deluding themselves when they suggest that the public might accept a fifth summer of riots as endemic, inevitable, or nobody's fault. But the President is also the only potential candidate who could be badly hurt by riots.

All of this is predicated on the assumption that there will be riots, but official Washington's knowledge about this is at about the stage of early sorcery. There are a number of theories floating about, each one offered with equal certitude: "they" have learned that riots don't pay; "they" have learned that riots help because they draw attention to ghetto conditions; a riot is a kind of catharsis, so cities tend not to "blow" twice and most have blown once; this summer "they" are coming to the white neighborhoods; "they" know that the whites outnumber them. The fact of the matter is that the government does not have, probably cannot have, credible information. As the President's Commission on Civil Disorders has learned, there are patterns and there are not. As government officials have learned, lists of potential trouble spots can be drawn up, and then all logic is defied by the summer's events. And some ghetto youths delight in scaring the wits out of whites through hyperbolic threats, and particularly enjoy spreading visions of the apocalypse before gullible and ill-disguised federal agents. (Thus Rap Brown, upon his arrest for carrying a gun on an airplane: "If he's [Johnson] afraid of me with my gun, wait till I get my atom bomb.") Still, there is little basis for optimism.

If Vietnam is in fact a wash as an issue, and if the summer is relatively peaceful, then there will be what the professionals call a "normal" election. The lower-middle- and middle-middle-class electorate will be avidly pursued by both parties. But as the Congress' renewed interest in "fair housing" laws shows, both sides are tempted to hedge bets in the event of a close election in which the Negro urban vote can be crucial. The Republicans will talk about the failure of leadership, credibility, the chaos of the cities, the disarray of the economy, and they will offer to change all that. They will play upon the quadrennial disenchantment of the farmers, the fact that now Aunt Minnie can't go to Rome, and even the debasement of silver currency.

Waiting for lefties

Mr. Johnson will run against beards, draft-card burners, criminals, and rioters, and perhaps Eartha Kitt. If the great unwashed disrupt the Chicago convention, so much the better for him, for the President will capitalize on the anti-dissent dissent ("your enemies are my enemies"). The rejection of middle-class values is not, after all, the preponderant characteristic of the middle class. The Johnson Administration will take to the country with claims of an unprecedentedly long period of economic expansion and an extensive list of legislative achievements. It will point out how many education bills have been passed — an issue believed to be of great appeal to the crucial electorate — and that Lyndon Johnson is providing us with clean meat and fish (the White House would like it understood that Ralph Nader is a myth).

Democratic strategists profess to some puzzlement, even a little hurt, that these achievements seem neither fully understood nor appreciated by the electorate. They talk earnestly, just like everybody else, about the need to *communicate*. But Lyndon Johnson just happens to be the master political craftsman in an increasingly nonpolitical era; the worst thing, in fact, that those disenchanted with Robert Kennedy can think of to say about him is that in taking himself out of the race he "acted like a politician."

The Democratic strategists are correct that their legislative achievements are not fully appreciated. This is not so much because the electorate is against "big government" anymore — a shift which many Republicans do not yet seem to have grasped — but because it cannot sufficiently see, hear, feel, smell, or taste all of the good things that are supposed to have come of all the activity. It is not that Washington is bad, but that it seems remote

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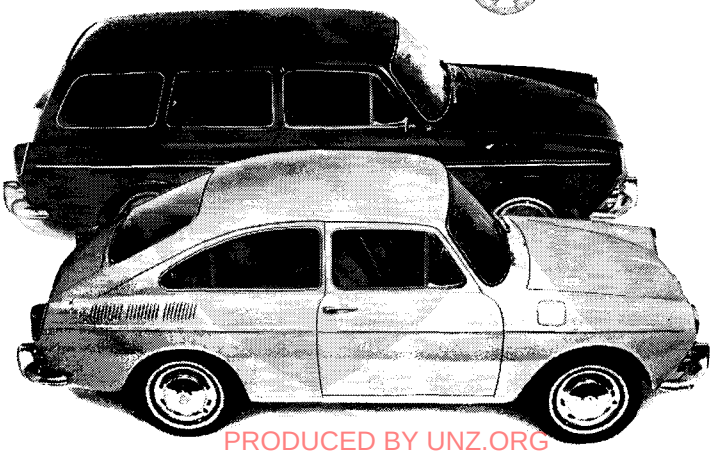

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and irrelevant. The paycheck is larger, but the beaches are harder to get to and dirtier when we do; the mail doesn't come, the garbage isn't collected, the meat costs more, and teacher is on strike. Medicare was a great issue for the Democrats until it was enacted.

The electorate, it is widely assumed, is little interested in parties or ideologies anymore, but in a more antiseptic element called "problem-solving." Is he a man who will get things done? Will he let us get things done? Robert Kennedy and John Gardner are very different men, but both of them are on to what they sense is a national desire, amounting almost to a collective personal need, to get to work on our problems.

The best of medicines

In a speech delivered not long before he resigned in frustration over the Johnson Administration's order of priorities, Mr. Gardner spoke of the need "to restore a sense of community and participation at the local level, which is the only level that will have immediate meaning for large numbers of Americans. We have too long pretended that individuals can live their lives without those ingredients. They cannot. Individuals actively participating in a community where they can see their problems face to face, know their leaders personally, sense the social structure of which they are a part — such individuals are the best possible guaranty that the intricately organized society we are heading into will not also be a dehumanized, depersonalized machine. They are also the best hope for curing the local apathy, corruption and slovenliness that make a mockery of self-government in so many localities. Responsibility is the best of medicines. When people feel that important consequences (for themselves and others) hang on their acts, they are apt to act more wisely. It is not always easy to have that sense of responsibility toward a Federal Government. If we imagine that the Federal Government alone, or Federal, state and local governments alone can solve those problems, and that everyone else can stand by and play sidewalk superintendent, we are deceiving ourselves." In his recent book, Kennedy deals with the same theme. John Gardner is a psychologist; Robert Kennedy is a politician. Neither has specific remedies for all that ails us, but both have diagnosed the disease of the national spirit. It is a dangerous disease if left untreated for too long; it may get beyond the reach of problem-solvers.

Despite all the professionals' insights about odds and strategies and subgroups, there is a widespread feeling here, based perhaps on nothing but many people's wishful thinking, that unexpected events will yet dominate this political year. If Robert Kennedy runs, he will evoke, with a new twist, the "let's get this country moving again" theme which ignited his brother's campaign in 1960, and which many observers think would make the difference this time. If he does not, and no one else does who can inject this spirit, then it is generally agreed that, barring international or domestic disasters of greater dimensions, the election will be decided according to who the crucial uncommitted electorate thinks looks better — or less bad — on their television screens. In that case, one of those campaign button merchants ought to be able to corner the 1968 market with the slogan "Hobson: Our only choice."

— *Elizabeth B. Drew*

Egypt

Nationalism is more than ever the dominant theme in Egyptian political life this spring. The consciously expressed concern not to be engulfed in any alien system either of imperialism or of international Communism is insistent and genuine. Soviet military experts are in Egypt only "for specific tasks and for specific periods," writes editor Mohammed Hassanein Heikal in *Al Ahram*. They will not be allowed to dominate the state, but, he explains, Egypt is in great need of specific aspects of military training, which Soviet technicians are now providing.

In fact, a Russian version of a Military Assistance Group such as the United States has long deployed in Asia now exists in Egypt. It involves an estimated 4000 officers and engineers. They have come along with the simpler, mostly defensive Russian weapons which have restocked Egyptian arsenals since last summer. When it became apparent that a peasant army could not master the intricacies of sophisticated weapons, and that their officers showed a fatal lack of understanding and initiative in desert warfare, Egypt appealed for basic training as well as arms.

Russia in warm water

The Russian presence is pervasive but not conspicuous. Egypt's defeat provided the opening for the Soviets to move into the planning of defense; for the easy negotiation of landing rights for Russian planes at Cairo West, Alexandria, Luxor, and Aswan, and for port facilities for the Soviet fleet at Alexandria and Port Said. Russia has reached the warm water at last. It is in the Mediterranean to stay.

Economic bonds between Moscow and Cairo are also strong. Trade between them has reached an annual figure of $243 million. Among the items coming into Egypt are 300,000 tons of wheat and much industrial equipment. From Czechoslovakia and East Germany, Egypt has ordered a total of thirty complete flour mills. From the Egyptian side, cotton, rice, textiles, and agricultural products will be exported to the Soviet Union.

Russians have been the all-important partners in the Aswan High Dam, from which cheap power now reaches as far as Tahrir Province, north of Cairo. The High Dam is nearing completion, holding back some 40 million cubic meters of water and altering the society and economy of the Nile region completely. The High Dam Ministry estimates that the dam has already saved $150 million by preventing flood damage. Much planning has accompanied the dam's building. Development of a new diversified industrial complex at Aswan awaits funds. This is being done under the

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The list goes on and on. The Street Singer. Garbo. Barrymore. Fred Allen. Harry Richman. Moran and Mack. Jimmy Fidler. Uncle Don. The Mills Brothers. Ben Bernie (did he and Winchell *really* hate each other?). Just Plain Bill. Annette Henshaw. The Red-Headed Music Maker. Singin' Sam. King Kong. Whiteman. Bing. Hundreds more!

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Did that big bozo at the peephole ever let you in the mahogany door so you could put away a little giggle water? ("Just off the boat — you can still smell the salt water.")

There was Mae West (some bimbo!) murmuring, "When I'm good, I'm very good; but when I'm bad, I'm better." Dizzy Dean and brother Daffy. Knickers. Tea in tin boxes. Dance marathons. Betty Furness on early TV struggling with the vacuum cleaner. Hollywood stars under the lids of dixie cups. "$30 Every Thursday": Senator Downey and his Ham-and-Eggs Crusade. S.A. "It."

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Egypt

auspices of the Regional Planning of Aswan office, under the governorate of Aswan. It has had as consultants experts on small industry from the Ford Foundation and is now receiving further help from the UN Development Program.

Meanwhile, newly irrigated land reclaimed from the desert already produces two cotton crops or three cereal crops where only one crop was possible after normal Nile floods. Altogether the dam will increase Egypt's arable land by one sixth and its agricultural output by one quarter.

Tough line

In spite of the enormous Soviet financial investment in Egypt over the last ten years, political relations between the two nations are undefined. There is no mutual defense treaty, although in the shock of defeat last summer President Nasser wanted one. Without Moscow's material and political support the effects of the defeat would have been catastrophic for Egypt. Given these, Cairo can maintain a tough line in relation to Israel and reassert some of its influence in the Arab world. That influence survives. In recognition of it the Israelis publicly say that no peace treaty without Nasser's agreement would be worth having.

Soviet diplomats find it impossible, however, to influence Cairo's decisions directly on the Palestine question. They failed to win acceptance of a moderate solution last summer at the UN. They remain unable to alter the government's position on the Suez Canal, or on its hope of re-establishing diplomatic relations with Washington. Rather cautiously they have been comparing Nasser's "bourgeois" regime with that of the more radical Boumedienne in Algeria. *Pravda's* Igor Belyayev in a long article in February wrote: "Even in nationalist Egyptian circles there are fairly open proponents of an all-around rapprochment with the United States. These people try to convince themselves that only the Americans are in the position to solve the Middle East crisis. . . . A very perfidious design is hidden in such claims. It is a question of the most genuine capitulation before imperialism. Carry out the design of the American Lobbyists in Cairo, and the U.S. would be able to rely on those changes which would favor its monopoly capitalism and reduce to naught the gains of the Egyptian revolution."

The *Pravda* article reflects a general concern among the Egyptian hierarchy that their posture of nonalignment will be impossible to maintain unless better relations with the West are cultivated. It was for this reason that they were so eager to restore relations with Great Britain last fall. They tried energetically, and have succeeded in retaining their oil contracts with two U.S. companies — Pan American in the Red Sea region, and Phillips Petroleum in the western desert. Within a year of the formation of a joint company with Pan American the Morgan field has reached a production of 100,000 barrels a day, thus offsetting the loss of the Sinai fields captured by Israel. This oil is now being processed at British Petroleum's refinery at Aden, pending the complete restoration of the Suez refineries damaged in October. This spring Egypt's third productive field at El Alamein will add 30,000 barrels a day.

Official interpretation of the value of these finds emphasizes their political aspect. As the government spokesman, Dr. Mohammed H. El-Zayyat, put it, more Egyptian oil will help Egypt to resist pressure from any side, to remain independent. In terms of money, oil income helps to rescue Egypt from the near bankruptcy brought on by Suez Canal closure and loss of tourism.

Political traffic

These economic developments add a new dimension to Egypt's future. It ceases to be a have-not country and can anticipate means of carrying out its ambitious industrial plans. Planning is now in the hands of Dr. Abdel Moneim Kaissouny, one of the country's ablest financial figures. His re-emergence in the cabinet is a sign of the regime's desire to re-establish itself in the international financial marketplace. One of the most promising projects under discussion between Egyptian planners and a British engineering firm is for a large oil pipeline to bypass the Suez Canal. The pipeline would have an initial capacity of 50 million tons a year and would link the Gulf of Suez with Port Said or Alexandria. It is asserted that use of the line

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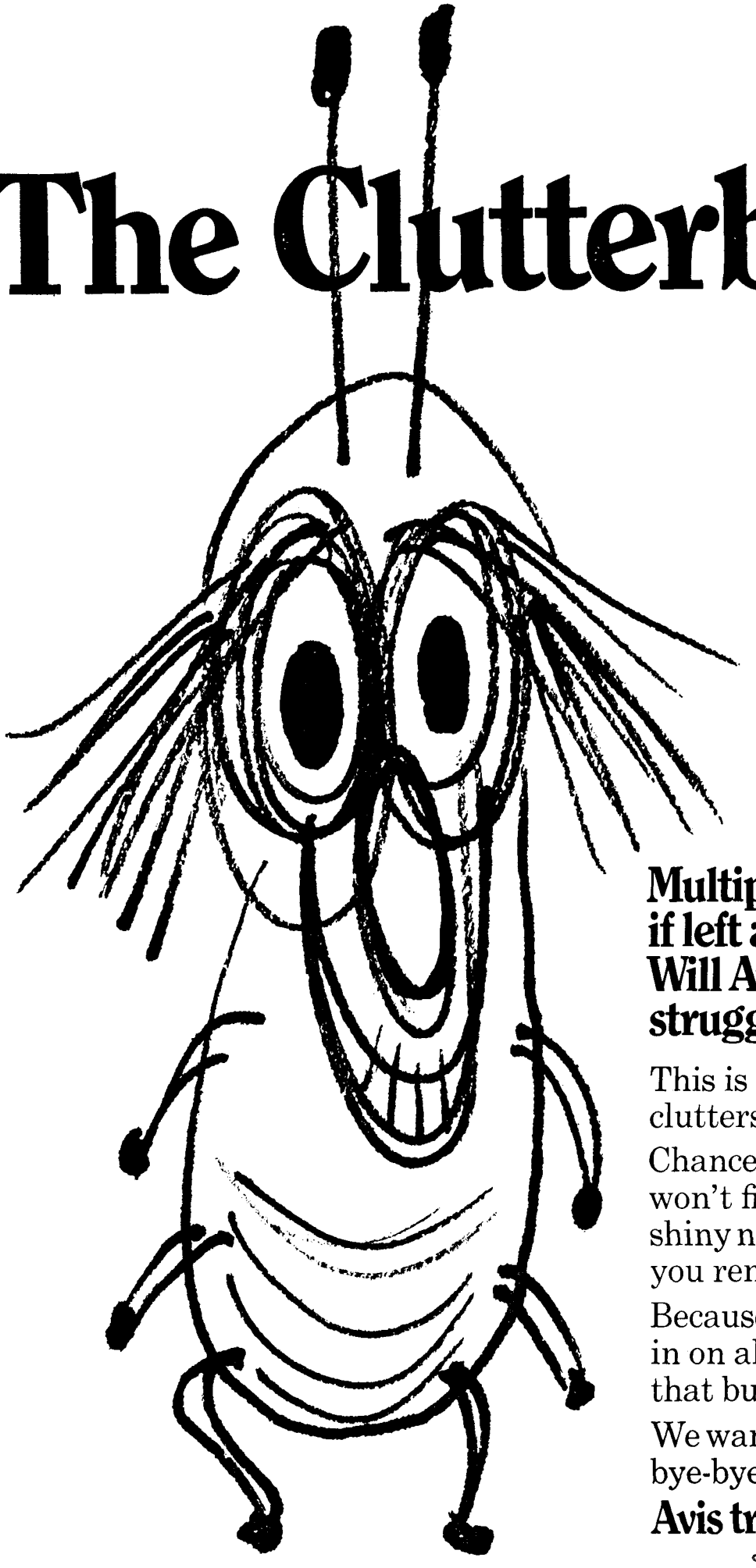

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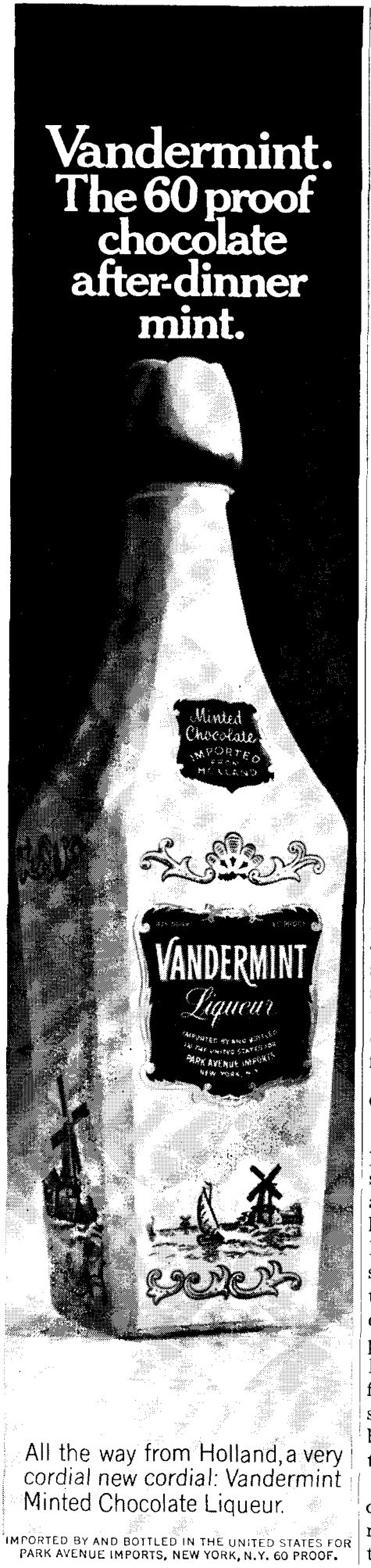

would be less expensive than enlarging the Suez Canal to take giant modern tankers.

Aside from the technical advantages of a new pipeline, its construction would diminish the symbolic importance of the canal. Nationalization of the canal made President Nasser a hero in the Arab world in 1956. It has always carried a heavy freight of political traffic. It was for this reason that Israel fought to use it. The amount of Israeli flagshipping which could use it is small, but the sensitivity of both countries on this issue is acute.

Thus when Egypt started under United Nations auspices to survey the canal in January in order to free fifteen ships blocked there since last June, Israel insisted on being consulted at every step. When it became obvious that Egypt could physically clear the canal at its northern end without Israeli interference, because Israel does not occupy the eastern bank on the last five miles at the northern end, Israel protested. This put it in the position of denying clearance of the blocked ships for its own political reasons. No amount of reasoning or reassurance by United Nations officials and observers that this was to be a onetime operation, not a reopening of the canal to traffic, could budge Israel. Egypt then stopped all attempts to free the ships. It could simply wait until the nine countries involved as owners of the ships exerted more pressure for clearance.

Cairo's credit

In this case Egypt was in the position to claim that a technical service was in the general interest and therefore above politics. This has been a familiar argument in Israel for many years — when swamps in demilitarized zones in the north adjoining Syria were drained, for example, to make them productive. But on the canal, where Israel now patrols the eastern bank for all but the northern five-mile stretch, the Israelis remain transfixed by the prospect of joining in its traffic at last.

On the Egyptian side, it has taken considerable persuasion by international interests to convince Egyptian planners that it is in their best interest to establish an alternative to the canal. They have accepted the idea and begun to shift their interest to it, encouraged by international petroleum companies in the Arabian Gulf. But before any new large projects can be carried out in Egypt, it will be necessary to reestablish Egyptian credit standing. The government has been trying to reschedule its large debts to foreign commercial banks. Most important is regularization of its standing with the International Monetary Fund, with which it is in default in the amount of some $50 million. European commercial banks have been more responsive to Egyptian requests for short-term loans than have American banks. Ever since the Yemeni war and its threat to the stability of the Arabian peninsula, American institutions have been increasingly cool to Egyptian appeals for funds.

The men from Moscow

At this stage Egyptian planners must therefore reckon without American help in any field except education. The American presence on the Egyptian scene has never been so slight. Today the small contingent of diplomats who staff the American Interests Section of the Spanish Embassy stick to their technical tasks. They observe the novel activities of a whole new breed of Soviet diplomats who ornament the Cairo social scene. The Russian ambassador, Serge Vinogradov, has become the most sought-after and honored guest at state functions. He is backstopped by about a thousand Russians speaking good English and Egyptian Arabic. The women of the contingent have dropped the uncaring styles of the past for the latest European modes. On the surface they have replaced the banished Europeans of another age.

Mr. Vinogradov has easy access to President Nasser, and likes to appear as the President's mentor. Still, government decisions so far have not followed an all-out anti-Western line. And within the Egyptian official family there is known to be much anxiety at the preponderant role assumed by the men from Moscow.

The generation of technocrats which keeps Egypt from civil chaos grew up under British and French tutelage. Their leaders studied at

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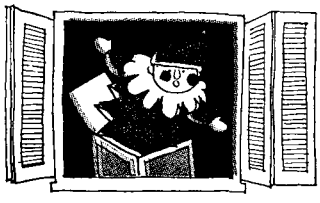
The guide to Paris

le Voyage par Air France

A trip on the world's largest airline is a joy for the world's smallest passengers. Air France provides everything from bottle-warming for infants (who travel free) to pop music and movies*at the standard in-flight charge for the pre-teens (who travel for half fare). And there's very special service for the 8-to-12-year-old who travels alone. We're not saying it's le Disnéyland of the skies but kids seem to like us. And Paris. Here's where to find what they'll like most.

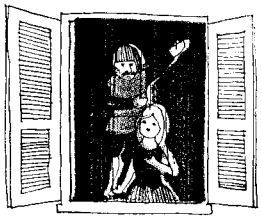


Magasins de jouets

Superb continental toys can be seen and bought at:
Le Chaperon Bleu 14-bis, ave. Hoche; Farandole 48, ave. Victor-Hugo; Au Nain Bleu 406-410, rue St.-Honoré, Paris' oldest toy store with celebrity customers from all over the world and a stock to fit; Baby Train 9, rue du Petit-Pont, fantastic miniature train store, the bulk of whose customers, needless to say, are adults.

les Baby-sitters

You can find suitable baby-sitters through these organizations: L'Association des Etudiants en Médecine ODEon 25-44; Comité des Oeuvres d'Etudiants DANton 07-49; Azur Baby-Sitter 265-69-26. In addition, For Children Only offers half-day and full-day chaperoned excursions for young people through Taylor Travel Service ANJou 68-31. The number to call for help concerning children arriving in Paris alone is 225-91-88.

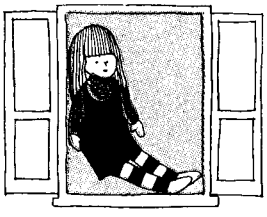


Marionnettes

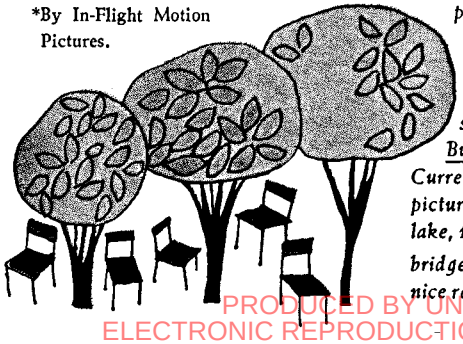
The famous Guignol shows are performed during the summer months once or twice every afternoon in the Tuileries, Luxembourg and Champs-Elysées Gardens (the last being the oldest puppet show in Paris). In the winter months: André Blin Marionnettes 77, rue de Bagneux (Thursdays only); and Claude & Daniel Brazilier 76, rue Mouffetard.

Vêtements

The children's wear departments of the large department stores are a good place to find reasonably-priced clothes—the kind Parisian children wear. In addition, the following shops offer the fancier type of things you'd expect to find in Paris: Bellina 7, Fbg. St.-Honoré, top luxury togs; Celine 3, ave. Victor-Hugo, shoes for boys and girls; La Châtelaine 170, ave. Victor-Hugo, the kind of clothes visiting royalty buys to bring home; Jones 39, ave. Victor-Hugo, extraordinary collection of clothes for boys and girls from infancy to 18; Baby Dior 28, ave. Montaigne, the name says everything.



*By In-Flight Motion Pictures.



Curiosités

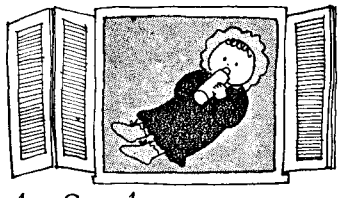
Excursions to the following will delight almost any child: Dog Market 106, rue Brancion, Sundays, 2-4 PM; Donkey and Mule Market, same place, Mon. Wed. Fri. mornings; Miniature Trains 6, cité du Midi, 3 & 8 PM (except Wed.), children can drive miniature trains; Musée Grevin 10, blvd. Montmartre, 2-7 PM daily, fantastic and historical waxworks tableaux; Open-Air Stamp Market corner, aves. Garbriel & Marigny, Thurs. Sat. Sun.; Paris Metro, the illuminated mechanical map is a must—you press a button for your destination and the route lights up; Eiffel Tower, a trip up, up, up, is even more fun for children than for adults. You can arrange to have the Eiffel Tower flood-lit just for the kids at a time of your choice; all you need is two days' notice to the Cabinet du Préfet de la Seine, and $55.00 an hour; Seine Boat Rides, from Alma (right bank) and Jena (left bank) Bridges, boat tours leave almost every half-hour from 10:30 AM to 5 PM.

Parcs

There's a real amusement park with rides, funny mirrors, a miniature train, and a miniature motor-racing track at the Jardin d'Acclimatation (zoo to you). The zoo part has lions, bears, etc. Open from 9 AM to nightfall. Also here, a bowling alley open until 2 AM. Plus a miniature golf-course 57 rue Cuvier. Other parks with special-interest events include: Jardin des Plantes, with a winter-garden, live animals, reptiles, aquarium, stuffed animals, paleontology, etc.; Buttes Chaumont, Place Armand Currell at Belleville, is the most picturesque park in Paris—small lake, 100 ft. waterfall, a suspension bridge, puppet theater, swings, nice restaurant.

Théâtres

For the very young (for whom language is not yet a problem): Théâtre des Enfants Modèles, Salle-Chopin-Pleyel 252, Fbg. St.-Honoré, 3 PM; Théâtre des Enfants, Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin, 3 PM; Théâtre le Kaléidoscope 5, rue Frédérique-Sauton, 2:30 and 4:45 PM.



les Snacks

The best ice-cream in Paris? Try Berthillon 31, rue St. Louis-en l'Ile, or Fauchon 26, Place de la Madeleine. When the kids must have a hamburger or milkshake, there are close approximations at Le Drugstore 133, Champs-Elysées, and at the Pam-Pam and Wimpy luncheonettes dotted around Paris.

Vocabulaire

yes: oui
toilet: lavabo
I am hungry: j'ai faim
I am thirsty: j'ai soif
ice-cream: la glace
please: s'il vous plaît

Numeros de téléphone

To get you and the kids to Paris, call your travel agent or Air France:
New York, 656-6000.
Boston, 482-4980
Chicago, 782-6181
Washington, 337-8711
Los Angeles, 625-7171
San Francisco, 982-7150

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London School of Economics and the Sorbonne or at Harvard. They are at home in the Western world, are nostalgic for contact with it, and angry that much of it refuses to see the justice of their position on Arab unity under Egypt, and on Israel. They are also weary of responsibility in a hectic period of revolution; and some of them have found a way out by joining international services via the United Nations. Today it is possible for more of these elite to leave if they choose. Late in the fall of 1967 the government decided that Egyptian families could emigrate legally, taking with them their household possessions and some cash. There has been an exodus of both Christians and Muslims in the last six months. Many go to Canada, some to the United States. They represent a new kind of loss for Egypt, of educated and skilled professionals, discouraged with their position and anxious for the future. If the tide of such emigration increases, it will be a sign that the regime can no longer offer real hope to the educated class.

Dr. Kaissouny has underscored the lack of educated manpower in a report on employment prospects up to 1975. He predicts a shortage of candidates for managerial and technical posts of some 30,000 by 1970. The supply of intermediate technical trainees will be short 160,000 candidates. The implications for development of the economy are obvious.

Egypt has not yet dealt with the great technological gap exposed by its military defeat last summer. But Russian advisers have not spared feelings in putting much of the military failure down to lack of training. Dr. Kaissouny is saying that there will be as fatal a gap in preparation for industrialization if technical education is not improved and increased.

Much United Nations technical help has been sought by the government in this field. UNESCO and the International Labor Organization have helped to set standards and teach teachers of vocational training. There has been help on training for civil aviation, for railway workers, and for industrial management. The UN Development Program is concentrating on aiding projects for draining irrigated land, a necessity as more acreage comes under perennial irrigation from the High Dam. It is also advising on mineral development of the Aswan region and on new industries which can be developed as the power grid begins to extend across the country.

Such help adds up in the overall development effort. But what strikes the Western observer is the shortage of education for industry in a country which envisions salvation through industrialization. This shortage, plus an artificial one caused by the removal of many talented managerial people for political reasons, threatens the country's economic future. There is as yet no mobilization of talent, much of it still available in the country. The Israeli war does not seem to have had the Sputnik-like effect it might have had in directing energies to Egypt's technical deficiencies.

High cards, paper votes

As time passes without a resolution of the political impasse with Israel, Egypt's terms have not softened. Cairo has made what it considers its best offer. This is for demilitarization of both sides of the Sinai frontier after withdrawal of Israeli forces; submission of the Tiran strait question to the International Court, with open passage meanwhile; return of Palestinians to their land in the West Bank, at least, in exchange for Israeli passage through the canal; and negotiations through the Mixed Armistice Commission, which continues to exist in spite of Israel's ten-year boycott of it. The Egyptians believe they have taken "a giant step" in admitting Israel's right to exist. They say they have been talking directly with Israel through the MAC since 1949, that this is the best way for negotiations to be held, and that they cannot concede more. They do not claim Gaza but are concerned with its refugee population, of whom some 12,000 single males are being sheltered on a small dole in Egypt. There is no work for them, and only a few are qualified for university training.

Even if President Nasser were disposed, on practical grounds, to settle with Israel at peace talks, he could not forfeit his long-standing position as the champion of the Palestinian cause. There are doves

Five of the world's seven great Sherries carry the name Duff Gordon.

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Schoolboys of King's College School, Cambridge

Gather memories that will last a lifetime on a fortnight's visit to Britain.

These toppered young gents are dressed for *school*. They are choirboys at King's College Chapel in Cambridge—the noble structure in our photograph. Many people feel that one of the most *moving* experiences of a trip to Britain is to hear these choirboys sing Evensong beneath the traceried vaults of the Chapel.

King's College Chapel was built in 1446, but the oldest Cambridge college is almost 700 years old. The list of Cambridge students reads like an honour roll of western civilisation: Milton, Cromwell, Newton, Wordsworth, Darwin, Harvard.

Other places, other worthies. Hatfield House and Elizabeth the First; Hampton Court Palace and Anne Boleyn; Chartwell and Winston Churchill. Every signpost you drive past seems to recall yet another legendary name. But there's no need to rush all this.

Britain's two thousand years of history is blessedly compact. Castle, cathedral or palace—nowhere in Britain is more than 85 miles from the sea. Take your time.

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Britain is good value, all right. You can get four countries for the price of one: England, Scotland, Wales and N. Ireland.

And today's Britain is not all pomp and circumstance. Within every choirboy lurks a Beatle.

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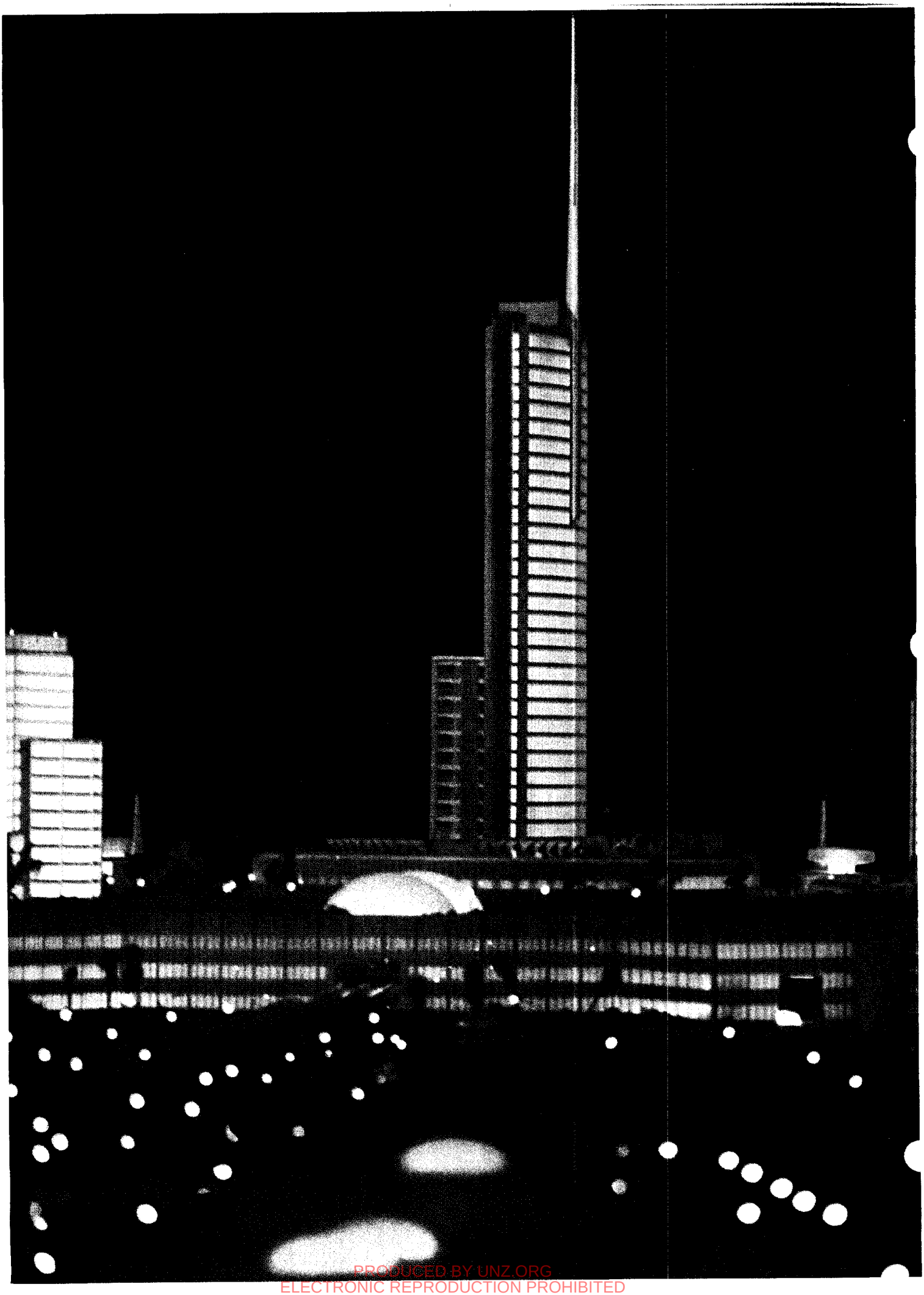

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But General Electric technology can help make it real... can help make progress.

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in Egypt who would like to see an accommodation so that Egypt could concentrate on its own affairs. But they are cornered by the arguments that Israel really represents the United States, and that a settlement means accepting a new form of Western imperialism in the region. The Russians play skillfully on this theme, and Washington, preoccupied with the Far East, has so far failed to clarify any Middle East policy.

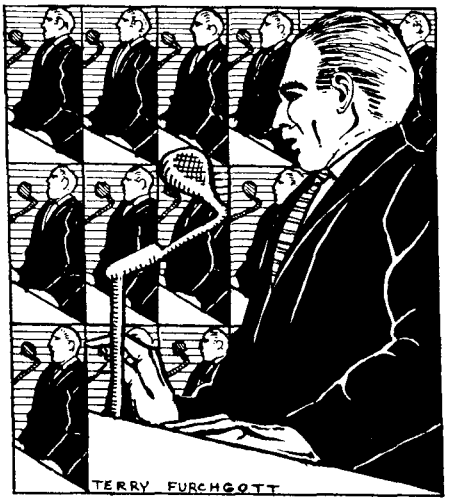
The inevitable return of the whole impasse to the Security Council promises little relief for either side. In the long run the Arabs have high cards. But in the short run, Israel, with its strong Western political support and brilliant advocacy, may have the votes. They are paper votes, however, and will not force the direct talks Israel says it wants.

Opening doors

Any conventional interpretation of last summer's Arab defeat would have predicted Nasser's downfall, Egypt's economic collapse, and perhaps the West Bank and Jordan working arrangements with Israel. None of the seers would have guessed that the two oil monarchies under chronic attack from Cairo, Saudi Arabia and Libya, would be sending Egypt a cash subsidy to keep it going all year; or that all the NATO countries of the Mediterranean basin would stand behind the Arabs and keep open the door to the East which Moscow so eagerly rushed to close.

Looking at Egypt today it is possible to see either peace or war ahead. The new Russian weaponry may be largely defensive and may provide the backdrop of defensive power needed before any government can approach a settlement with Israel. The Russians clearly favor a settlement but do not have the power to influence it politically. Somewhat inconsistently, the Egyptians and all other Arabs greatly overestimate the influence of the United States on Israel. It is no exaggeration to say that we have never had less influence in Tel Aviv. This leaves any peace efforts right where they are now, in the hands of the patient and discreet Dr. Gunnar Jarring. If he fails to find an acceptable channel of communication for both sides, the storm signals will go up again all along the Mediterranean shores.

Campaigning



Notes worth saving from a New Hampshire diary:

. . . *Great guilt clings to reporters. They know they help keep America slightly insane.* Norman Mailer

Concord

Fourteen days before the vote, George Romney bowed out. It was a decisive act in an otherwise indecisive campaign. Romney's polls were so bad that even the Nixon people did not believe them. The margins were incredible, six and seven to one against him, so in the end he decided to withdraw. At a cheerful press conference, he warned the moderate Republican governors to hang together lest they hang separately. But to his managers and to others, he still wondered: why did it go so wrong?

Richard Nixon thought he knew. "Perhaps we have seen for the last time the hand-shaking, person-to-person type of campaign," he said at a press conference the next day. "Governor Romney gambled on a hand-shaking campaign. I deliberately went on an issues-type campaign. I think that will be the campaign of the future." What is important, Nixon told the reporters, "is not just winning, but how it's won."

New London

The argument was whether she was pretty or merely sexy or both. The Baltimore *Sun* declared it was mostly sex; I demurred. Anyone that sexy had to be pretty. She was a Romney Girl, one of a revolving band of half a dozen caped, miniskirted, tights-wearing college girls who preceded the candidate to meetings at coffee hours and rallies. She had a marvelous look about her — well built with long hair that spilled carelessly into her eyes. She was the prettiest of the six. The Romney Girls were singing the Romney Song, something about Romney making the world go 'round,

> The winds atop Mount Washington
> Whispering Romney's Right,

when a cameraman for CBS began to tinker with his camera, focusing the long black lens and inspecting the lighting. This was at Colby Junior College, in the auditorium there, and the cameras were set in the middle of the long rows of seats that filed back from the stage and its podium.

The candidate had not yet appeared. George Romney, three-term governor of Michigan, corporation executive, family man, churchman, had just the week before returned from twenty-seven days around the world (fourteen countries; three days in South Vietnam), and was relaxing in the anteroom. He had come to the Colby campus from the slopes of the King Ridge Ski Area, where in the company of the director he had snowplowed three runs down the beginner's slope, and fell as he swept into a stem christie. It was a production for what are now called the media, with all three networks recording the descent and a girl working for the New York *Times* taking down quotes. The pictures received very good play the next day. In all, a useful exercise.

So the candidate was still offstage as the girls were singing, warming up the crowd. The television cameras were working and the Baltimore *Sun* and I were smiling. The girl we were watching had moved to the front of the jiggling line of six Romney Girls. Her head was held slightly forward of her body, and she smiled widely and frequently. One hand held a tambourine, and that tambourine always seemed to be covering, or at least distracting, the face of the girl to her left. Even in the back row, thirty seats away, we could hear her voice above the others, tinkling the Romney Song, and her body swinging in a modest

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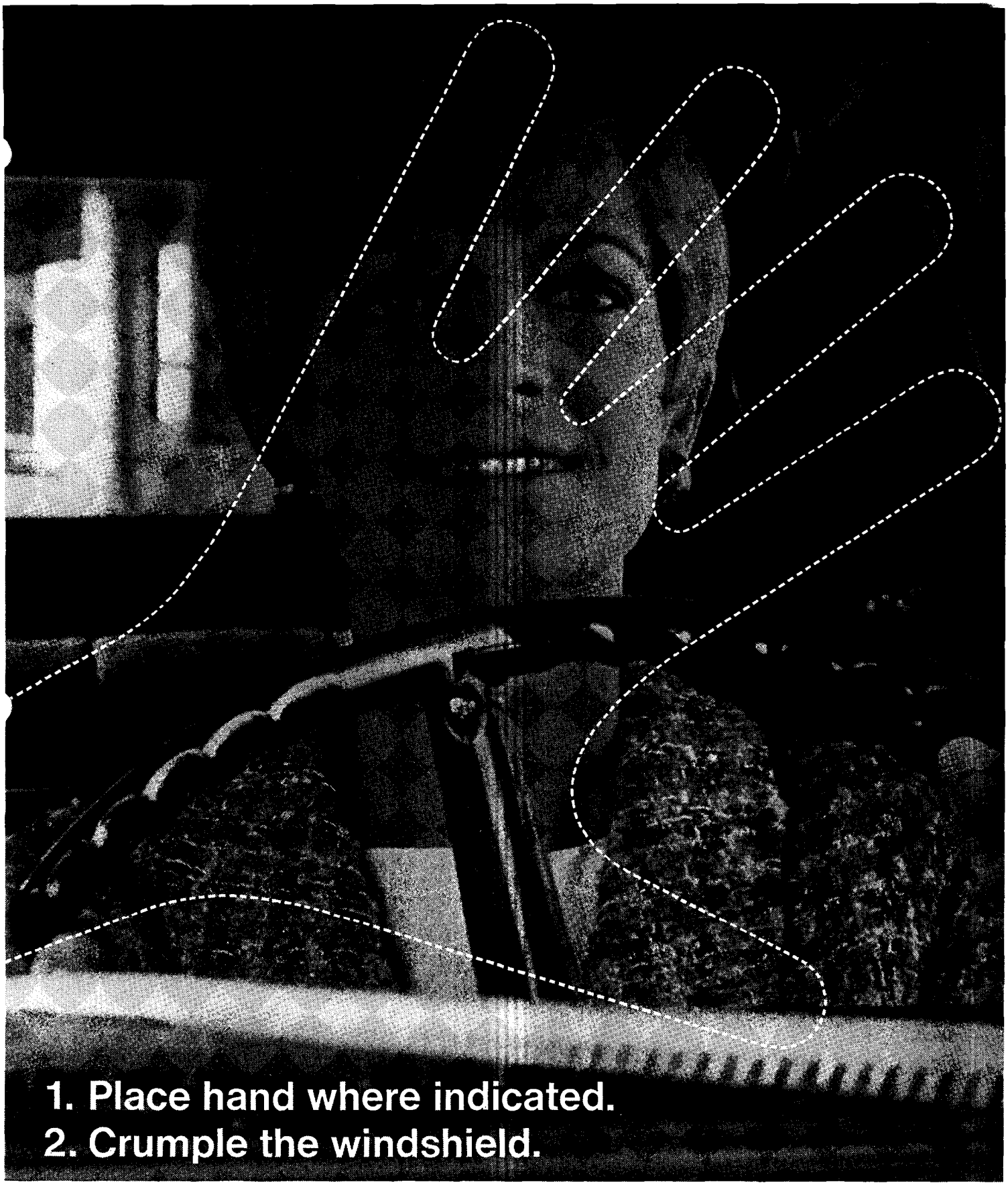

No law says you have to actually wear the seat belts you have in your car. Maybe one should. But, meanwhile, we urge you to buckle up every time you get in the car. (And to get everybody else to buckle up, too.) Because we keep seeing what happens to people who don't. And there's only one thing worse than working with unpleasant statistics: being one.

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An unfair comparison betweer

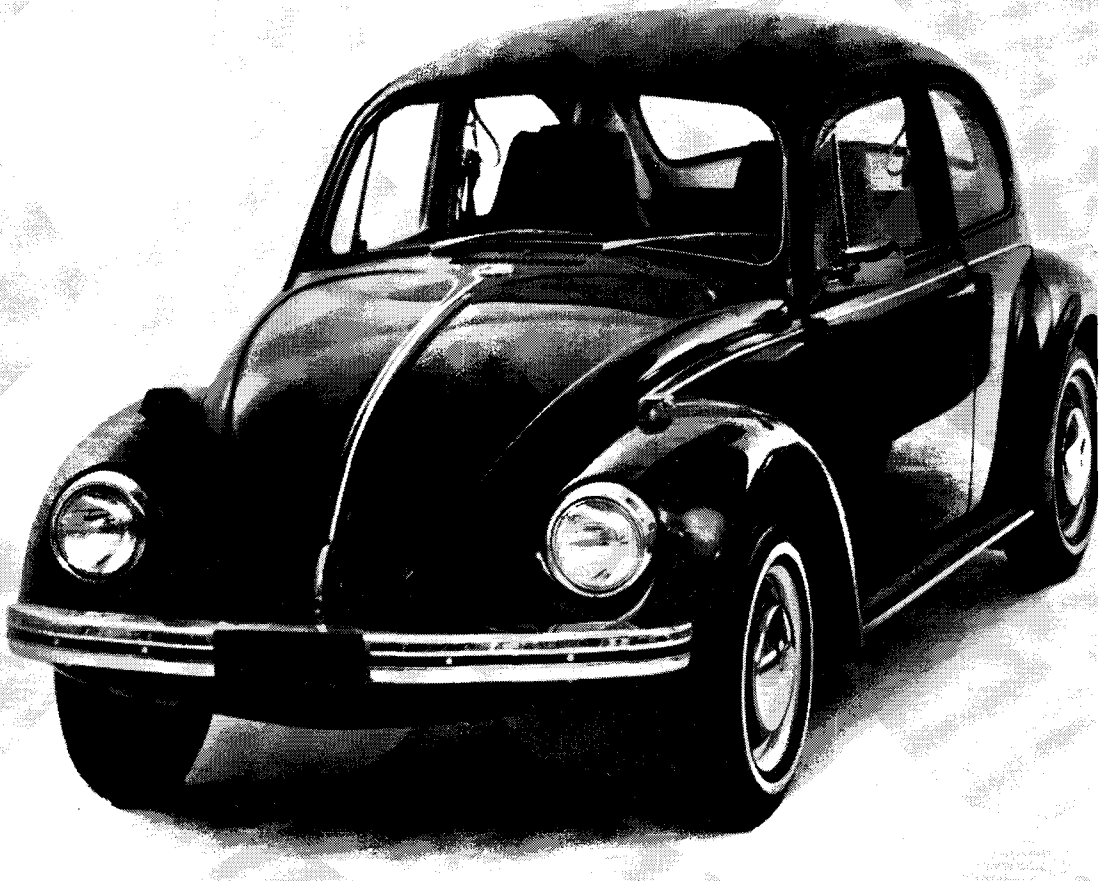
The Volkswagen on the left gives you the advantages of a little economy car.

The Rambler American on the right gives you the advantages of an economy car without being little.

It lists for $1,946, scrimps on gas, and doesn't change styles from year to year.

Yet it seats six comfortabl and gives you more than twic the horsepower and trunk spac of the VW. It also offers you th choice of four doors. The VW 150 doesn't.

The American gives you bigger battery, wider tires, bigge brakes, and bigger fuel tank tha the Volkswagen. It outweighs th



The Volkswagen 1500

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ıe VW and the Rambler American.

W by 800 pounds.

Still, with all its extra size, the merican has exactly the same 5-foot turning diameter as the olkswagen. For easy parking ıd handling.

And the American has more ıan twice as many factory-ıthorized service centers in the .S. as the VW.

On American roads you need power, comfort, and service as well as economy.

Which is the nicest thing about the American.

It's American.

American Motors

Ambassador · Rebel · Rambler American · Javelin · And the new AMX

The Rambler American

Manufacturer's suggested retail price for Rambler American 2 door sedan. Federal taxes included, state and local taxes, destination charges, optional equipment, excluded.

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Coming in the Atlantic

Too much of what goes into print these days fits the classic definition of the ideal answer to a question in the British House of Commons: "Brief, possibly true and shedding no light whatsoever on the question." A different set of requisites applies here. Everything we print aims to be cogent, thorough, and shedding a lot of light on questions, issues, personalities, or quirks of the moment. Samples from the contents of May:

Questions

FREEDOM, WHO NEEDS IT? the virtues of individual liberty and the price that has to be paid for it, by **Richard Rovere,** the accomplished essayist and Washington correspondent of the *New Yorker.*

Issues

YOU CAN'T ACT WITHOUT GETTING YOUR HANDS DIRTY, a telling dissection of Jean-Paul Sartre's (and others') fashionable hypocrisies about individual guilt, by **Jacques Ellul,** distinguished French professor of the history of law and social history.

Personalities

SOREL'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS, a new candidate for parlor game popularity. **Edward Sorel,** one of America's most effective caricaturists, applies just the right twists to quotations and to persons in a marriage of pen and wit that will have many readers joining in. Picture the picture to go with the slightly unfamiliar quotation "God is bread." Or, "It is better to have bombed and lost than never to have bombed at all." You've got the idea.

Quirks

THE AEROSPACE BONUS BOYS brings the pertinent zaniness of **Bob and Ray (Elliott and Goulding)** back into the *Atlantic,* a hilarious insight into the way the electronic and space industries canvass the campuses and each other's personnel rosters for the specialists who confound the unconfoundable.

Also Letters

Walt Whitman as viewed by **Justin Kaplan,** author of the brilliant *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain.*

Lytton Strachey and the success of his excesses, surveyed by **Louis Kronenberger.**

Fiction by **Gabriel Garcia Marquez** and **George Armah;** poetry by the late **Randall Jarrell;** and a timely survey of Washington's strange custom of government-by-commission from **Elizabeth Drew.**

Campaigning

shake. Now she was looking straight into the CBS camera and smiling. She had been bitten. She was looking straight into a nonlinear future. Farewell Brett Ashley, Natasha, Hester Prynne. Enter Betty Furness. The girl wanted to be on television.

As the rest of us. You can watch their faces working as the cameras pan over the audience. It is best seen at close quarters, when George Romney is speaking earnestly of the decline of American morals. He talks about this in living rooms all over New Hampshire, and the national press is squeezed into living rooms along with the voters. The hostess is sitting near the front, and her shy, nervous eyes are darting about between Romney and her neighbors.

He was late arriving, and the hostess was certain that he would not come; she would be embarrassed in front of her neighbors, whom she had asked to her living room to listen to a candidate for President of the United States. But he arrives and makes his way among the women, nodding and smiling, ruddy and hearty, joking about the cold, looking like a President ought to look, looking in Excellent Health. The women wait for the speech. Some of them have brought their husbands.

The national press has heard it all before. They call it BOMFOG — brotherhood of man, fatherhood of God. "I am not here as a politician, but as a concerned American . . ." It is a stock talk, ten minutes, rarely more, and questions. Pencils come out during the question period because Romney has had trouble with language in the past. Once he said he was brainwashed in South Vietnam, and the remark almost put him out of the running for keeps, almost made his candidacy a joke, which is the worst thing that can happen to a candidate for office in American politics. When there are indications he will say something different, the pencils come out and the television lights go on. Abruptly he mentions, apropos of nothing, the Supreme Court. Blink! The lights go on. It is an excruciating white light, necessary for the sixteen-millimeter-film cameras. The lights do not illuminate the entire room, just that part of it to which they are directed. Romney pauses for an

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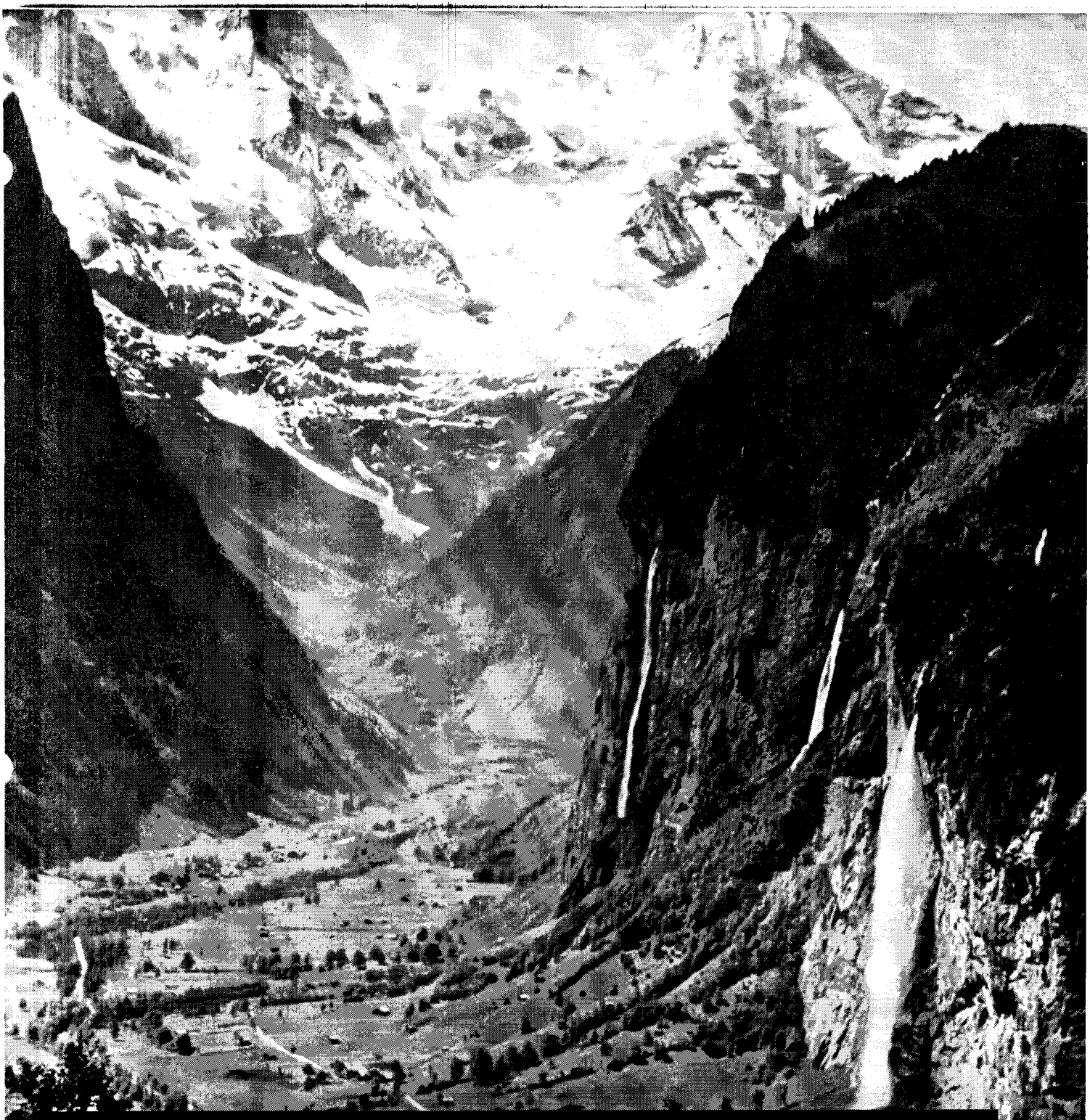

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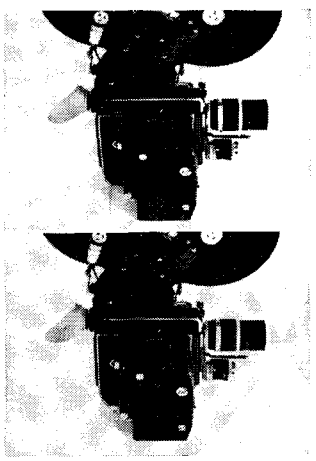

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Campaigning

instant, and the only sound is the gentle grinding of the camera wheels, a whir like a dentist's drill before it is placed on a molar. It is the only sound in the room. The strobe light plays over the faces of the people standing and seated before Romney. The camera follows the light, and the people know this. It is serious business, so they cannot smile or wave as the camera passes by them. They must behave as if the camera were not there. To do otherwise would be to mock the ceremony, to transform George Romney into Johnny Carson, to turn a campaign for the presidency into the *Tonight Show*. They try to watch the television man as well as the governor, and in the process their eyes and minds go blank. Romney is blotted out as thoroughly as if he were speaking to a parlor full of the deaf and the blind. He notices none of this, of course, being experienced in front of cameras; and the light is in *his* eyes also, and he cannot see the audience. The camera records, then moves on. The light extinguished, people blink their eyes as when they have come into a dark room from the sunshine. Romney ends on a note of exhortation: the imperative to halt the decline in religious conviction, family life, moral character, personal responsibility. Then he nods and it is over, and shaking hands, he leaves. A woman awkwardly picks her way through the folding chairs and to the side of one of the television correspondents. "When will it be on?" she asks.

Portsmouth

Nixon moved as effortlessly as a tango dancer, gliding to rhythms dimly reminiscent of some other, faraway ballroom. "Interest rates," he'd said, "are the highest in 100 years." He spoke of a new coalition of voters in America, high-minded citizens who would forget partisan politics and vote for "what's good for America."

How could Romney counter that? The search for a theme became desperate but essential. His managers knew this, particularly the astute and enormously likable William R. Johnson, the young Hanover lawyer who was running the Romney show in New Hampshire. Johnson spoke one night of a groping Romney, "struggling to find the words . . . the theme to the campaign." It wasn't working then, and Johnson knew it, but he felt that somehow it might be made to work. Somehow Romney would make a relevant connection between the theme of "excessive concentration of power" — in Romney's obscure formulation a matter which appeared to be more a reference to stalemates in collective bargaining than an analysis of America's industrial situation — and the feeling that the nation was in moral decline.

Anyone with eyes to see and ears to hear knew the latter, and knew that the electorate knew it, too, but how could it be expressed in the language of 1968? It was not enough to say that there was a decline in family life, religious conviction, and the rest. Not nearly enough. What could a President do to somehow give the nation a sense of itself, and where it ought to go? Romney, a Mormon St. Paul in twentieth-century Babylon, was not approaching it right. Even the elderly Republicans who came to sit on the parlor sofas in the presence of the television cameras to hear him, and largely agree with him, knew that. The trouble, as a Manchester lady put it, was that Romney did not, ah, convey *brains*. "Do you think he's *smaht*?" she asked.

To a degree, whether Romney found his theme depended on the response of the people of New Hampshire. The national press, newspapers, magazines, and television had a certain influence, but no one knew how much. In any case, the people were guarded in their response.* Themes are not found in

* He delivered an excellent speech on Vietnam, the old nemesis, in Keene, but the press tended to pass it by. It was an extremely sophisticated analysis of the Vietnam situation, in which he said the war was in stalemate, the Saigon government corrupt, the American military following a life and a momentum of its own, and the only reasonable solution a political one. But it was a difficult speech to handle in a daily newspaper. The form does not permit a reporter to note in the lead paragraph that a speech is "extremely sophisticated." And Romney being Romney, the document was largely ignored.

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vacuums. What was the mood of New Hampshire?

Exeter

The problem, as a perceptive colleague put it, was that George Romney had only one speed, of about the velocity and excitement of a Mack truck: solid, durable, dependable, slow. It handles the same for a suburban matron or an electronics technician as it does for a pensioner. Or for the boys at Exeter Academy.

It passed understanding why he was booked into the hall in the first place. Bill Johnson, campaign manager, admitted it was a mistake, but had an idea that the campaign might pick up some weekend recruits. Schoolboys work very hard for campaigns once they are enthusiastic. But it seemed no one had asked if the preppies would find George Romney, churchman and moralist, congenial. Of course, they did not, and it was more than a matter of that school's "negoism," an Exonian phrase dating from the early fifties which combines in about equal parts snobbery, nihilism, and coolth. Someone should have known about negoism.

It was not only that he used the phrase "when I was your age," a concept which stirs approximately the same hostilities in adolescents as its reverse does in adults, but he used the occasion to speak at length on national fiscal and monetary affairs, particularly inflation. The disaster was preceded by a short warm-up talk from the governor's wife, Lenore; the snickering began then, during a long anecdote about the certain failure of Communism in Southeast Asia.

There is something about the younger generation which fails to respond when a politician describes his public policy as one of "call a spade a spade, and let the chips fall where they may." The youngsters tend to view this as something more than a slightly mixed metaphor. They view it as cheating, so they tend to laugh behind their hands. The snickers become titters when the politician says that "this nation will not be destroyed from without, it will be destroyed from within." Of course the titters become snorts of laughter when a man earnestly declares: "I have seen young women of seventeen, eighteen, or nineteen become expert plasterers . . ." Or, devastatingly, "50 percent of the crime in this country is committed by youngsters sixteen years old or younger." This is on the threshold of black humor, and the Exeter boys understand that. There were boys in that room who had read Regis Debray, and George Romney had not. Let alone Frank Harris, or all those memoirs of Victorian gentlemen.

But let the public man dwell on President Johnson and his war policy, and the young audience, many of whom hold draft cards or are about to hold draft cards, come alive. "We can help the Vietnamese, but we cannot win the war for them" — rapture. "But we are not going to walk out" — clapping, with faintly audible groans.

Dwell on the war, or on the perfidy of the Johnson Administration, and the Exeter boys are in your pocket. But talk about the economy — "a financial mess . . . has been building for nineteen years" — and the faces become blank. Talk about morality, and the smiles come. Can anyone who has a girlfriend who has taken LSD, who bops to Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, who thrills to the slaughter scene in *Bonnie and Clyde* be moved by the historical imperative that "it was just a matter of time before the country [America] and the principles of freedom would sweep the earth?" Or that the decline in American family life was a harmful menace?

Doubtless not. But they are still decently polite at the better New England prep schools, so when George Romney finished, the boys gave him a big hand.

Antrim

There is a surreal, only-American scene here, with the candidate standing before a lectern in the middle of a basketball court. The students are arrayed in front of him, seated on risers. There are four hundred of them, perhaps a few more. He makes the speech, asks for questions. Loudly applauded before he spoke, he was given an ovation when he finished. But during the speech, the students did not seem interested. There are no banners protesting the war. A student, asked about it, said

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that at Nathaniel Hawthorne, everybody talked about the war but no one did anything about it. He was very polite. The candidate is pleased with the reception. So are his managers. Could it be — is it *possible* — that all the talk about protest, about sex revolutions, about drugs and the rest happens only at Berkeley or Harvard or CCNY or Duke? Who at Nathaniel Hawthorne was reading Regis Debray? Is there a revolution in the revolution?

Manchester

We billeted at inns. This particular inn, the nicest of all of them, served giant martinis and huge steaks and slabs of beef. A guitarist sang folk songs in a self-consciously Early American atmosphere in the bar. This would come at the end of a long day watching New Hampshire through a green-tinted window of a Continental Trailways bus, debarking when the candidate did, and trooping into the house to assess the crowd and ask one or two stupid questions. New Hampshire is beautiful in winter, ten-foot icicles hanging from eaves, the houses white and beautifully clean against the snow. The impression then, in early 1968, was of order and tranquillity. The state was at peace, and never mind Saigon or the Negro revolution.

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One assessed what one had seen. The towns blurred, one into another, and what was said in Hampton was no different from what was said in Raymond. Both towns the same, the candidate the same, the ideas the same, the news dispatches the same.

Green-tinted New Hampshire slipped by, and with it the assessment. There was no assessment. The objective was to keep everyone slightly crazy. I thought of the ideal dinner party, certain to plunge to the heart of the matter. Bonnie and Clyde. Ho Chi Minh. George and Lenore Romney, left to right. That was decided shortly after midnight. Then we paid the score, and went to bed, first calling our offices to find out if anything had happened in the world that day.

Goffstown

Eugene McCarthy moves with the slow step of a priest, a smiling ironic man whose wit dances with Irish twists. What is he doing here? No one knows what he is doing here, least of all the candidate himself. He says he is here giving expression to his opposition to the war. Here in Goffstown, amid the black-robed Benedictine friars of St. Anselm's College, he begins an excursion into mainstream politics. He talks about what the Administration has been doing in South Vietnam.

It is a pleasure to watch a politician in full possession of an audience, a delight to listen to an intelligent man ad lib his way through political rhetoric. The audience is with him, and he with them, in a kind of natural rhythm and harmony. As Eugene McCarthy leaves center stage, his eyes are glistening. A dozen rounds of applause, six of laughter, and a standing ovation at the end.

"Dean Rusk . . . Dean Rusk," he'd said, "has denounced dissension — in one of his more original phrases — because it causes joy . . . in . . . Hanoi."

The journalists, of course, did not forget to count the house, and duly noted the next morning that most of the audience were "kids"; nonvoters. That became an explanation of sorts, at the very least, confirmation that the McCarthy crusade would not get out of hand and actually influence anything. He was, and is, a much criticized man, not at all the white knight his fervid supporters suggest. His record on the Finance Committee of the U.S. Senate is not unblemished.

But he is civilized and natural, with the kind of style that appeals to people who loved Adlai Stevenson. He had conviction. McCarthy knew the Administration had been playing false with the country, and now he was saying so; he was the only Democrat who was, in a way that somehow made emotional sense. But mostly he was civilized and natural. In these days, in these times, what more can one ask?

But his press was bad. The press likes professionals.

Dover

By late March there had come to the campaign a peculiarly cloying sense of irrelevance, of a ritual exercise played on a side court. In the mornings as the journalists assembled over coffee and the Manchester *Union-Leader*, the talk was of General Giap and the struggle at Khesanh, not of McCarthy, Romney, or Nixon. There were endless discussions of the effects of the Tet offensive.

Was it not somehow tasteless, in the safety of New Hampshire, for the politicians to be declaiming on the war? The Marine perimeter grew tighter, and Colonel Lounds jauntily told newsmen: "I've got a lot of Marines." And Lounds's unspoken correlative: "And they are ready to die."

It was time for tonight's Nixon meeting. The Dover high school gymnasium, smelling of sweat and rubber shoes, was packed literally to the rafters with supporters who threw balloons and lofted signs saying: "Nixon's the One." He was introduced without embarrassment as "the next President of the United States" — a phrase no master of ceremonies for a Romney or a McCarthy performance had been able to bring himself to utter — and the overflow crowd of 1000 beat its palms and cheered. Nixon rose, a trim six-footer, scarcely any gray in the jet-black curly hair, his deep blue suit of a carefully neutral cut. He is indisputably a professional.

Girls and well-groomed young men pass out Nixon literature. He has spent twenty years in public life, one throwaway says, "eight of them at the very center of power," a period which was "followed" by a

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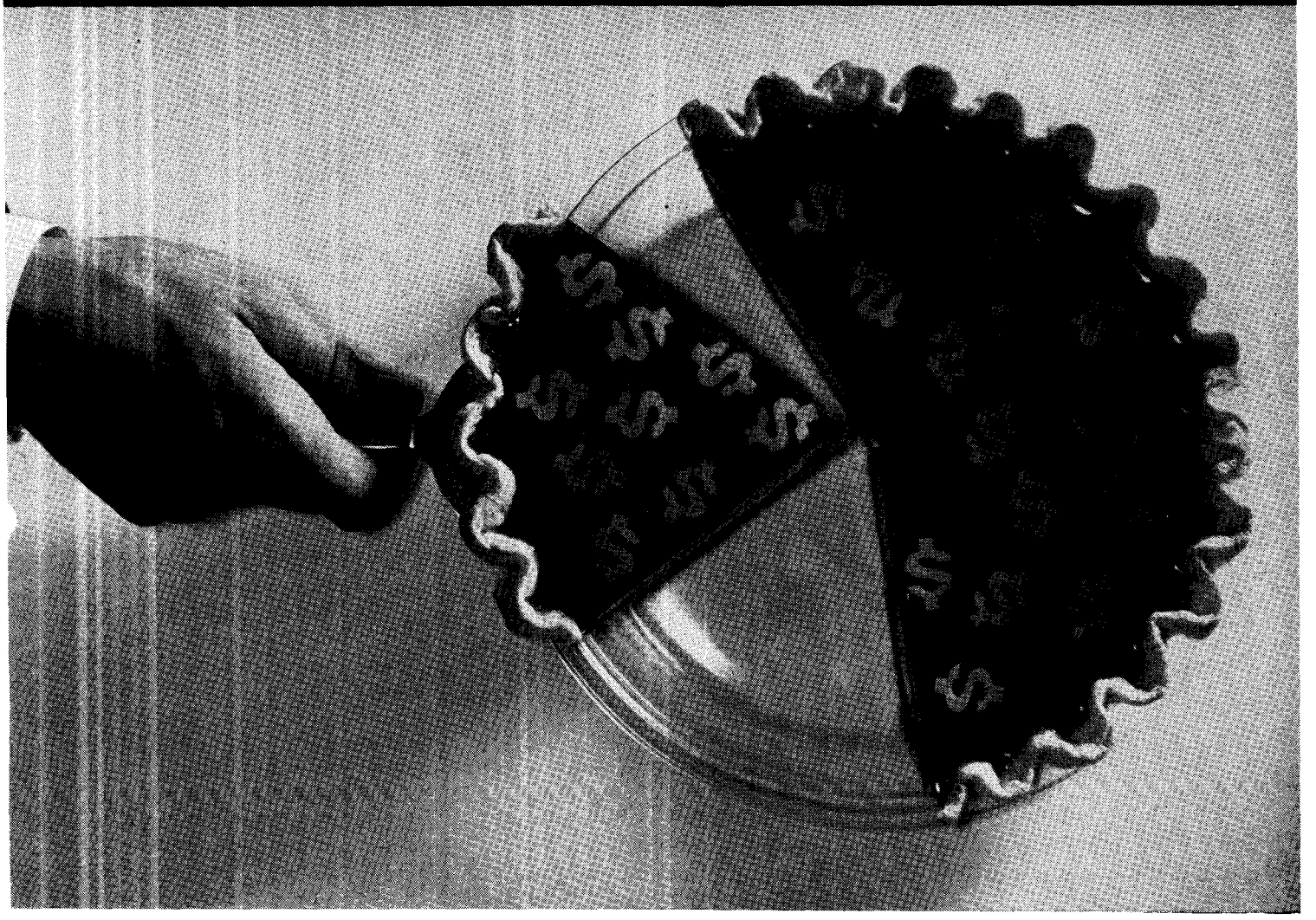

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But he seems to speak of another time and place. "If you take the United States out of the world," he says, "the rest of the non-Communist world would be living . . . in . . . sheer . . . terror." It has been some time since we looked at it like that, what with the coming to power of Fidel Castro, and the death of John Foster Dulles, and the irruption of a land war in Asia. Kosygin, Nixon concedes, is a different man than Khrushchev: "When Kosygin comes to the UN, he does not bang his shoe on the table." So the Communists have changed, he says, "but only insofar as the tactics —"

All the old gestures and phrases are there: "Let me simply say this," as the long pianist's fingers play with an imaginary spool of thread. Well, he is different. A new man. He speaks more easily, more confidently; watch him now, as he edges his position on the Vietnam War a trice to the left. A liberal columnist walks away from a private meeting convinced of Nixon's intelligence and of his viability as a candidate who can win against Lyndon Johnson. He is alright . . . he has changed . . . there is a New Nixon. Perhaps the columnist is right. In the sixty-minute speech at Dover, Richard Nixon mentioned the Eisenhower Administration only once. — *Ward S. Just*

Report Contributors

Elizabeth B. Drew writes regularly from Washington for the ATLANTIC. *Ward S. Just, a Washington* POST *correspondent recently returned from Vietnam, is covering the 1968 campaign. In future issues, as in this one, some reports will be unsigned at the request of their authors. The* ATLANTIC, *of course, assumes responsibility for them.*

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letters

Advice to a draftee

SIR: Thank you for printing the letter by Leo Tolstoy in your February issue ("Advice to a Draftee"). His few words do bear, indeed, a terrible relevance to America in 1968.

Editorially you have, of course, been objective by following the Tolstoy letter with Mr. Wyzanski's essay ("On Civil Disobedience"), which recommends that Americans today, like Thomas More, postpone taking a stand until an "issue" is "squarely presented." It is unbelievable that a "thoughtful" man would not carry his argument to its logical conclusion that by consenting at all, in the beginning, we become part of what we give our consent to. If we cannot morally approve of the Vietnam War, what moral right do we have to resist it, individually, at any point along the way once we have entered into the participation of it.

A. C. WILLERS
New York City

SIR: The *Atlantic* exists for that to print "Advice to a Draftee" by Leo Tolstoy. A few years ago I taught *War and Peace*, and I keep thinking how this piece would have made a conference with Tolstoy himself. It is an addition to our understanding.

HELEN RAND MILLER
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: Tolstoy's argument for refusing to do military service is based on his definition of military service: "to kill all those one is ordered to kill." According to Tolstoy, being a soldier is like joining a gang of robbers.

Tolstoy's ideas about military service are often untrue today. The Geneva conventions, the Nuremberg trials, and some recent U.S. Army courts-martial have made it clear that if a soldier is ordered to kill a civilian or commit any other war crime, it is his duty to disobey that order. Also, soldiers are often more like policemen, who fight robbers to protect a community, than robbers. When a man decides whether or not he should join an army, his decision should depend basically on whether the army is like the policemen or the robbers.

ROBERT MORRIS
Bethesda, Md.

On civil disobedience

SIR: While I substantially agree with the thoughtful spirit and tone of Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr.'s article, "On Civil Disobedience" (February *Atlantic*), I am compelled to respond.

His advice is evidently that each of us should "bide his time until he *personally* is faced with an order requiring him *as an individual* to do a wrongful act." (Italics mine.)

I would agree that such patience, fortitude, and resolution as are required for "waiting your turn" are virtuous on their face. However, it is not morally, politically, or socially worthy to wait your turn under such circumstances, principally because it does nothing to alleviate any condition which may necessitate disobedience. Unsupported individual action, on cue from and at the convenience of the establishment, permits the continuation of even the grossest injustices, because authorities are neither politically nor morally obliged to deal seriously with problems brought by individuals.

Whose establishment would not utterly drool over the prospect of taking on its dissenters one at a time?

DENNIS ANSON
Gainesville, Fla.

SIR: Morality, we learn from Judge Wyzanski, is to swallow one's burning convictions as long as it is someone else who is dying in a dirty war and one's own comfort and individualistic conscience are not threatened. After all, sin can be committed only by individuals; a nation is not responsible, and silence in the face of our national "sin" is prudent for the participatory democrat. He will not be judged for his omissions as long as he keeps his own hands clean. For the bolder, commitment within reason is admirable, as long as it is limited to differences of *opinion* that don't threaten established patterns of *action*. Society is to be preserved from malicious examples of lawbreaking so that it need not confront the greater issue of the violence its laws perpetrate. Ethical rebellion is good only if it can be reasonably confident of success in thwarting the evil it protests and rallying the majority to its side . . .

There is much to be said for a lively awareness of the complexity of this moral question and an openness to the fallibility of one's own judgment. But will moral evasion serve these ends?

JILL WHITNEY
New Haven, Conn.

SIR: Mr. Wyzanski overlooks the fact that when Socrates swallowed the hemlock it was only his own life which was being needlessly and wrongfully sacrificed, not the lives of innocent and unwilling victims half a world away!

RUTH H. POWELL
Townshend, Vt.

SIR: Judge Wyzanski's argument draws an intriguing but deceptive parallel between individual acts of civil disobedience and what he terms "rebellion." By refusing to answer the call to induction, an individual makes a conscious and deliberate choice to violate what he believes is an unjust law.

But this decision does not constitute a revolutionary act against the government and the social order; it is a private choice which he will implement by some form of nonviolent resistance. Such behavior is not likely to "spawn tyranny, not freedom" unless the government responds tyrannically or sanctions violence against these individuals by other citizens.

H. T. WILSON
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

SIR: In his essay Judge Wyzanski defines civil disobedience factually and clearly, but then to criticize this position he takes refuge in unsupported rhetoric. To wit:

"Every time that a law is disobeyed by even a man whose motive is solely ethical, in the sense that it is responsive to a deep moral conviction, there are unfortunate consequences." (Really? Of what sort? And are they more unfortunate than when men rigidly adhere to laws they recognize as immoral?)

"He himself becomes more prone

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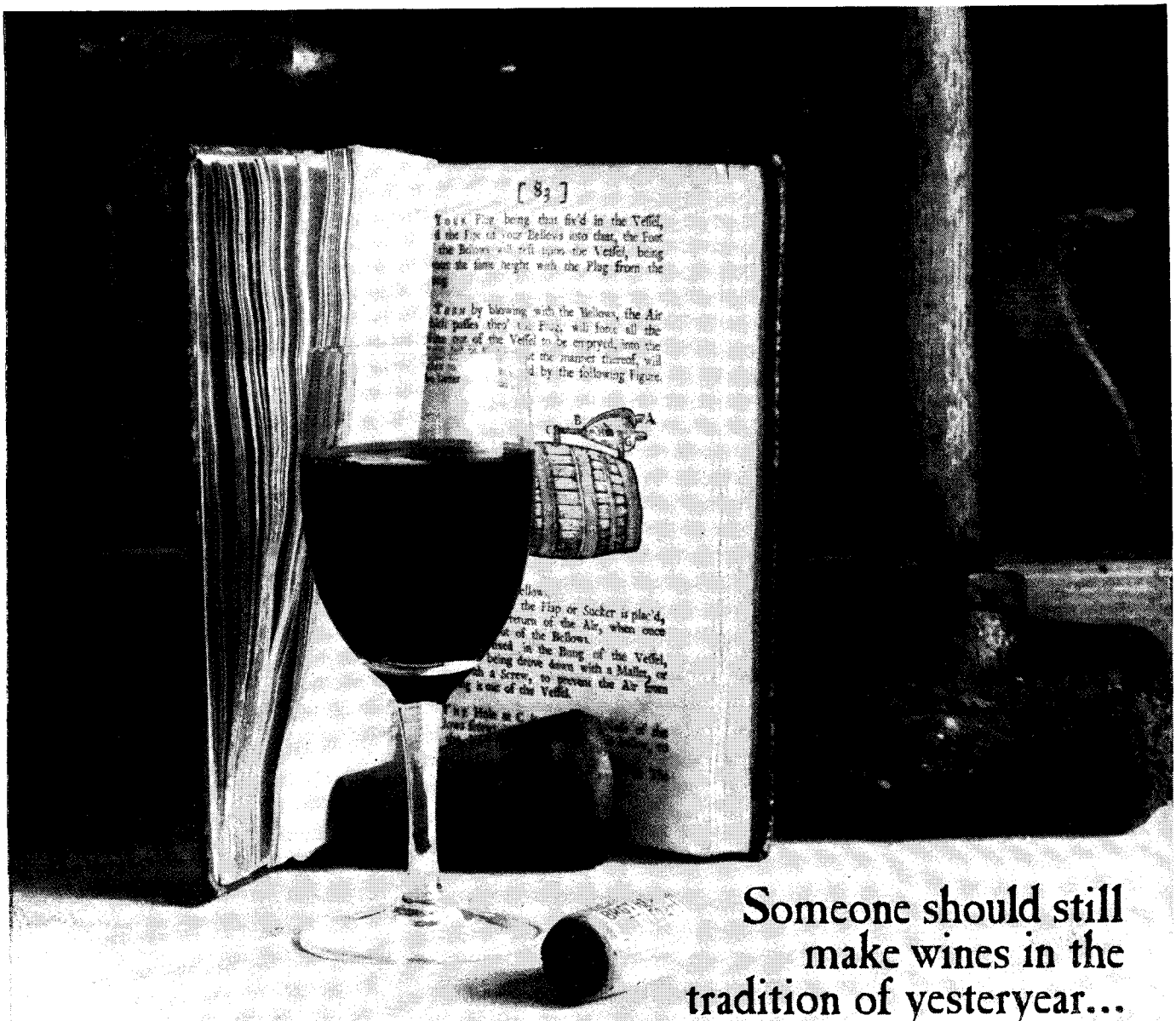

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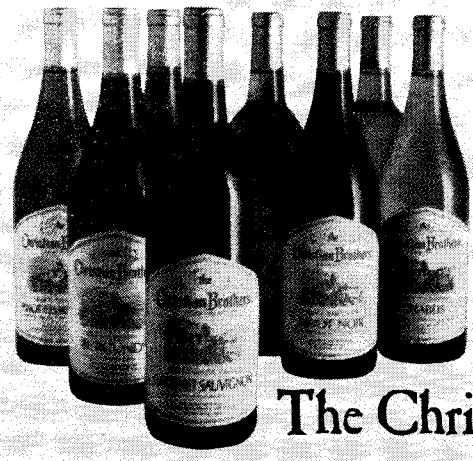

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to disobey laws for which he has no profound repugnance." (Unsupported hypothesizing and probably untrue. There are mighty few Quakers in jail except for civil disobedience; and did Sir Thomas More become a flagrant lawbreaker after his refusal?)

"He weakens the fabric of society." (Is it not either a blatant *non sequitur* or a frightening omen of our doom when those who yet respond to the voice of conscience are the ones charged with the destruction of our society?)

BERT HANSEN
Princeton, N. J.

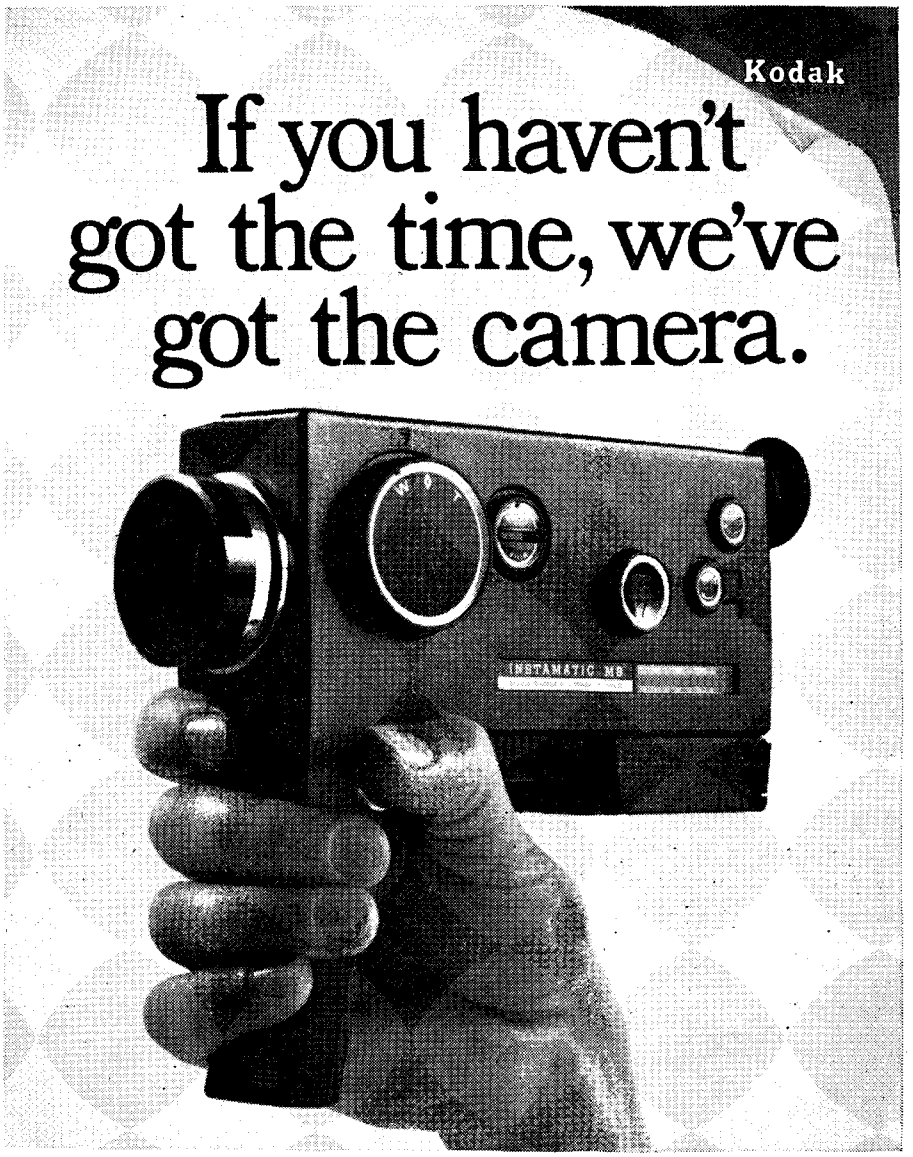
SIR: I thank God for the legal solace offered by Judge Wyzanski. It's comforting to know that under the rules laid down by the Nuremberg Tribunal, I cannot be held personally responsible for the crimes committed by my country in Vietnam. But being of German extraction one thing worries me: what about the guilt that history may impose upon an entire nation. Whose "delayed civil disobedience" permitted a Nazi regime to solve the Jewish problem? A great many of my kinsmen still are plagued by this judgment, even though I know of no one who personally gassed or incinerated a single Jew. How does Judge Wyzanski propose that I avoid this judgment?

RICHARD G. ZIMMERMAN
Columbus, Ohio

SIR: The thoughtful and insightful analysis by Charles E. Wyzanski deserves the most careful reading, and yet I am still troubled by anguish and doubt. To quote from his essay: "Every time that a law is disobeyed by even a man whose motive is solely ethical . . . there are unfortunate consequences. He himself becomes more prone to disobey laws. . . . He sets an example for others who may not have his pure motives." The example, I fear, was already set. It was set by the very act against which the objectors conscientiously protest.

War by definition is a breakdown of law and order. It is in his passionate opposition to this breakdown that the conscientious objector is attempting to bring us closer to the real meaning of a more lawfully ordered existence for all of us.

To argue that to do so needs a policeman and that our presence in Vietnam is a police action in the



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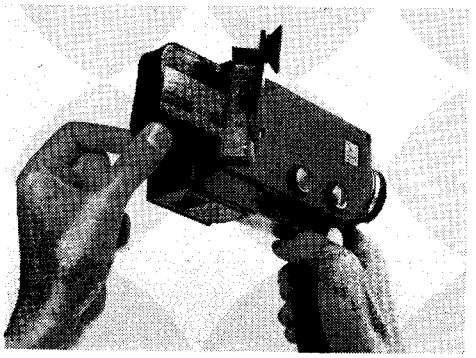

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interest of law and order is one of those sanctimonious pieties that obscure the real issues.

Nor can I lightly dismiss the lessons we learned or should have learned at the Nuremberg trials. Such dismissal based on the grounds that "no unprejudiced observer is likely to see the American government in its involvement in Vietnam as in a posture comparable with that of the Nazi regime" is to appeal to an easily misunderstood meaning of comparability. Our way of life is indeed incomparably superior to the Nazi regime, but this fact in itself hardly provides us with all the virtue that is needed to justify an act of war.

ROBERT B. BRUNNER
Santa Barbara, Calif.

SIR: Judge Wyzanski differentiates between the acts of civil rights workers and acts of war demonstrators by claiming that the former did not constitute acts of civil disobedience because the Supreme Court upheld their claims, whereas the acts of the latter do constitute civil disobedience because the Court has not, and he supposes shall not, rule likewise.

Am I to understand that I must refrain from action until the Court rules? If the acts of the civil rights workers were not acts of civil disobedience owing to the Court's ruling, then logically they never were acts of civil disobedience.

Likewise, if I exercise my faith in the eventual goodness of the Court, I shall suppose that the Court one day shall rule upon my claim; thus my acts will not constitute civil disobedience, and hence logically they do not now. He asks me to refrain from these acts because he "supposes" the Court shall not rule in favor of my claims; unless the judge writes a second article proving himself a seer, I shall be unable to align my actions with his suppositions.

STEPHEN J. AGETSTEIN
Washington, D.C.

SIR: As one who is Over Thirty, abhors disorder, and fears violence, one who has not been disobedient, civilly or otherwise, I found Mr. Wyzanski's article very appealing at first. For here was a man of power and sympathy, with some sense of history, who had apparently been searching his conscience. What he found there and offered to the rest of us was a concept of "delayed civil disobedience," which meant "waiting until an issue is squarely presented to an individual and cannot further be avoided."

This idea was reassuring to me, for whom the thought of deliberately breaking the law is disquieting, to say the least. Surely the point at which one's conscience and one's adrenaline would respond simultaneously would be the point at which he was told, as an individual, that he must do something morally repugnant to him. This must be the response of our young men who are receiving induction notices and refusing to go. Surely we should not rend "the fabric of society" for any less pressing reason. Acquiescence to law in a country of laws is not a crime.

Or is it? I think we must realize that the great majority of us middle-class Over-Thirties are not likely to be presented with a direct *positive* challenge to our morality. No shrewd politician is going to present the source of his power with too upsetting a choice. What he will expect is that, in return for peace and quiet, we will look the other way on items that are embarrassing or do not appear to affect us directly.

To me, it seems a great folly to presume (as our present Administration apparently does) that history will be so kind as to furnish us with an exact replica of the situation in Europe thirty years ago. In present-day America assuredly "no unprejudiced observer" is going to see storm troopers, imprisonment of Jews, or extermination camps. But what would an "unprejudiced observer" see, if we could find one? Would he see, not extermination camps, but the computerized extermination of an entire country on the pretext that it is for its own good? Would he see language perverted as when a South Vietnamese village was bombed in order to "save" it?

Without the benefit of hindsight, I wonder at what point in Nazi history Mr. Wyzanski would have felt that "his deepest obligation . . . [was] to do his utmost to eradicate . . . [the] evil."

MARY JEAN HADDIN
Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR: Judge Wyzanski's excellent article "On Civil Disobedience" has a minor error of fact in it that does not mitigate its importance.

In discussing Lincoln, he writes: "Would not President Lincoln have invoked our recollection not of 1860 or 1861 but rather of 1863 when, the battle of Gettysburg having made a change of policy practical, he issued the Emancipation Proclamation?"

The fact is that Lincoln issued the proclamation six months *before* Gettysburg (the proclamation, January 1; the battle, July 1–3). Indeed, a preliminary emancipation proclamation was issued by Lincoln in 1862. The difference in dates indicates that Lincoln freed the slaves not only for practical political reasons but for personal moral reasons too.

However, the point made by the author is still valid, for the emancipation was linked to the military situation. The real threat to the Union that was sundered by Southern racists cannot be considered in any way analogous to the vague threat of Asian Communism to the United States. Judge Wyzanski is eminently sound in underscoring this in his larger view that young men of conscience who find Vietnam a war of the absurd may reach a point, such as receipt of induction notice, when resistance is historically justified.

HERBERT MITGANG
The New York Times
New York City

Mr. Mitgang, and several other sharp-eyed ATLANTIC readers, have caught Judge Wyzanski and the ATLANTIC on the wrong battlefield. The Emancipation Proclamation followed the Battle of Antietam in September, 1862, and became law on January 1, 1863.

— THE EDITOR

What's wrong with graduate schools

SIR: The argument of Christopher Jencks and David Riesman ("Where Graduate Schools Fail," February *Atlantic*) for greater flexibility in graduate curricula presumes that outside experience, such as political activity, can substitute for at least some classroom training. Most responsible people, I think, would agree that extracurricular or non-academic experience complements in-class training. But to suggest that a student should be scholastically rewarded for "what he has become" out of class is sheer foolishness, since schools and universities exist solely to provide access to information that cannot be more easily ac-

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quired through outside activities.

Jencks and Riesman also plump for a more interdisciplinary approach to problems. One trouble with this view is that the interdisciplinary approach tends to become nondisciplinary. To say anything meaningful in even one discipline requires years of training in specialized techniques. Even though a wide perspective may seem desirable, I, for one, would rather speak cogently within a narrow range than trivially within a wide one. Generalization versus specialization *is* the issue, Jencks and Riesman's blather about "aggregating specialized skills" to the contrary notwithstanding.

JOHN R. HANSON II
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Penn.

SIR: My colleagues and I in graduate school here at Michigan State University were enthralled by the perspective of Mr. Jencks and Mr. Riesman on graduate study. Even the most socialized among us could not seriously find much personal significance of subjective value in our grand professional game. We are in it for money, prestige, or simply as the last step in an educational process.

Unless we accept a Ph.D. program in a normal discipline, say economics, we run the very real risk of being arbitrarily branded as incompetent in academic life.

GEORGE L. METCALFE
Michigan State University
East Lansing, Mich.

SIR: Jencks and Riesman have performed a useful service by demanding that graduate schools and academic men become more relevant to the needs of our society. But they ignore what seems to me a more pressing issue: how to make relevant people more academic.

Many people not permitted to teach or supervise research under present rules and customs have expertise of interest to, even demanded by, students. This expertise is demonstrated by the accumulation of responsibility, authority, and influence rather than by the acquisition of degrees and the creation of bibliography. Moreover, most of these experts have had considerable experience teaching; they have trained and supervised many junior colleagues, individually and in groups.

From my own government service, for example, I know many men and women better equipped to teach and even to stimulate research about bureaucracy, contemporary history, and the arts of acquiring income and equity than many of the well-read but comparatively inexperienced scholars who have licenses to teach graduate students.

DANIEL M. FOX
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: Thanks for publishing the article by Christopher Jencks and David Riesman. I'm a graduate student in sociology and found the authors' comments most appropriate. They say, for example, that a "sociology student cannot get credit for union-organizing in the South." I find my professors doubting my serious interest in sociology because of my extracurricular work with civil rights, anti-war, and anti-academic-bureaucratic issues. This is now happening at Tulane University here in New Orleans, and has already caused me to switch from political science to sociology at the loss of a year's credits.

JAMES LEGLER
New Orleans, La.

SIR: I enjoyed your perceptive article by Christopher Jencks and David Riesman on today's graduate education. Probably the authors have a host of ideas about the reasons why, for example, a graduate student may be exposed to the danger of "devoting himself to problems of no consequence to anyone."

Let me suggest one possible interpretation of this problem: a subtle social pressure exhorts the scholar of the humanities to assume the role of a scientist, to do the work of pure research, and not be subject to assessments of the practicability of this research.

If one sets out to be a scholar and is thus obliged to be a "scientist" and engage in "pure research," but neglects or ignores the all-pervading meaning that the scientist-discoverer finds in his work, then the axiom of pure research is liable to be corrupted into an exhortation to engage in any sort of inquiry, so long as it meets the requirement of non-applicability.

JUDY CLARK
Department of History
Northern Illinois University
De Kalb, Ill.

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Watson's double helix

SIR: "The Double Helix" by James D. Watson (January and February) is a brilliantly written, fascinating, and ultimately tragic document. The layman may not be fully aware of the almost incredible implications of the statements made on page 109 of the February issue. It should be known that scientists in order to obtain support for their research activities are *required* to apply to agencies, mostly governmental, and to submit the most detailed proposals for the scrutiny of experts in their own field. The proposals are *required* to contain ideas, plans of attack, often unpublished leads, and frequently prognostications of the expected results. They represent the most vulnerable side of the investigator, and any suspicion that they are being used to benefit the referees or their friends strikes a mortal blow at the systems currently used to evaluate their merit.

Yet in this story, Perutz, as a member of a committee appointed to scan such a proposal, took the report of the Randall group to his Cambridge colleagues Crick and Watson, "as soon as . . . [he] saw the sections by Rosy and Maurice." As the author remarks, "Rosy, of course, did not directly give us her data." It was, in fact, stolen from her as surely as if her laboratory files had been burglarized.

H. R. CATCHPOLE
College of Medicine
University of Illinois
Chicago, Ill.

SIR: The most laudatory aspect of J. D. Watson's baldly honest article is its humanity. Intense human feeling like his is routinely omitted from scientific writings, its importance in scientific achievement grossly underestimated; indeed, even its very existence is frequently denied.

Regardless of learned opinion concerning the "objectivity" of Watson's description (of the discovery of the structure of the DNA molecule), the supremely relevant fact is that his "subjective" account is pure truth. This article, in my humble opinion, represents a unique piece of raw data for historians, philosophers, and sociologists of contemporary science.

LYNN MARGULIS
Department of Biology
Boston University
Boston, Mass.

SIR: Perhaps it is time to add, to our laws concerning the conservation of matter and energy, a new law regarding the conservation of enlightenment.

Consider your February issue. On page 117, J. D. Watson ends his recounting of the discovery of the DNA structure; on page 134 (17 + 17 = 34; is some higher symmetry at work here?) Mr. Weeks warns of the danger of "fallout" produced by atomic generating plants.

That such plants produce radioactive wastes which are not easily safely disposed of is widely known; to call these wastes "fallout," thereby inviting a (conscious or unconscious) comparison to nuclear weapons, is not informed or responsible journalism. All marks on paper are not writing; all nuclear technology is not bomb technology.

STEVE MULAN
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

SIR: A name and its misspelling: J. D. Watson's consistent orthographic error in the name of I. Fankuchen (he had it Fankucken, thus confusing the scientist with his dentist brother) gives me an opportunity to add a vignette of a curious man to Dr. Watson's brilliant story of DNA.

Dr. Fankuchen, who was for many years professor of applied physics at Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, gave birth to the main theme of the double helix: the quest for biological function in molecular structure. As a graduate student in the late 1930s he believed that establishing the three-dimensional structure of proteins would lead directly to substantial description of the living mechanism. That belief led him to the laboratory of J. D. Bernal in Cambridge, where he and Bernal teased out the structure of the tobacco mosaic virus that played so crucial a part in Dr. Watson's thinking, and where he was mentor to two future Nobelists (Perutz and Hodgkin).

As so often happens in science, pioneers fall behind or take different trails. Fankuchen gave up active research in proteins because the main tool for the investigation, the computer, was not available to him. He did, however, act as goad to most of the active researchers. He attracted David Harker to Brooklyn for a massive assault on ribonuclease, a project that has just paid off in the

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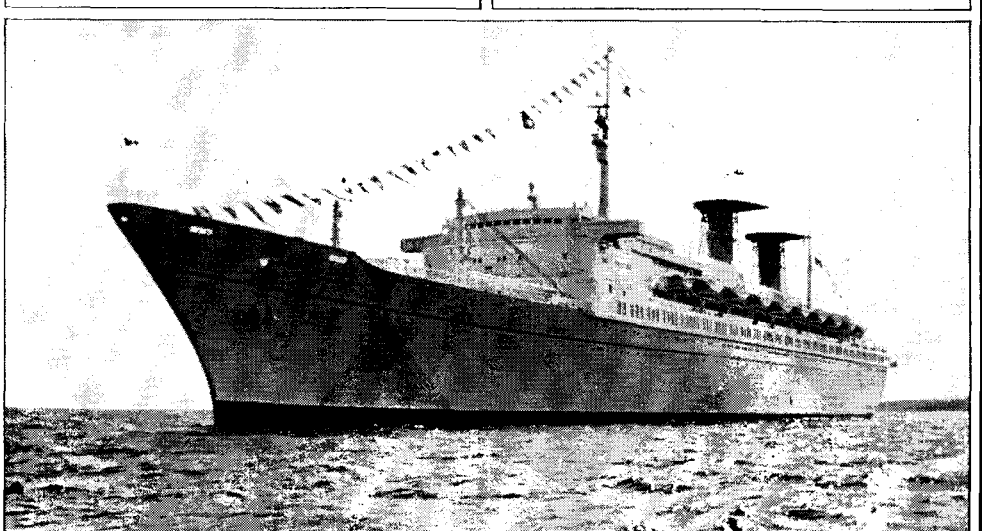

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structure of that protein. Fankuchen turned to low-temperature X-ray work and to teaching. And what a teacher. He could and did lecture for seven hours at a time without flagging and without losing the interest of his hearers. He marched up and down this country like Johnny Appleseed, sowing, instead of apples, the ideas of X-ray crystallography. He taught hundreds of crystallographers, including me.

As an editor of the great X-ray journal, he scoured submitted papers for an error or for silliness. From the petty it earned him no love; from the great he won thanks and admiration. His toughness extended to the politics of science. He stood up to Sir Lawrence Bragg on more than one public occasion. Perhaps that is why he never entered the National Academy of Science; he was too irritating to the establishment, too determined to do the right thing for science.

Fankuchen died in 1964 at the age of fifty-nine.

EARL UBELL
Science editor, WCBS-TV
New York City

Advice and consent

SIR: In the December *Atlantic* you printed a report from Poland by the Bonn correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*, Donald R. Shanor. It is a pity that a serious and interesting magazine as yours should print this kind of rubbish about Party functionaries in Soviet limousines, surrounded by a "dozen motorcycles with flashing blue lights," a "display of power," and so on.

The only person moving around Polish cities in a similar way was the French President Charles de Gaulle. But as far as we know in Poland — and we are supposed to know — he is still not a Communist Party functionary . . .

GRZEGORZ JASZUŃSKI
Warsaw, Poland

SIR: I found Alfred Kazin's "Solitary Expert: The Case of George F. Kennan" (January *Atlantic*) objectionable for several reasons.

What I found most repellent was the contempt Mr. Kazin invariably displayed in referring to our State Department and Foreign Service. I will admit the existence of deficiencies in the performance of some of our Foreign Service Officers (as well as our Army, Agriculture, and Space officials), but it seems to me puerile and unfair to treat the Department as a monolith and to ascribe ready-made labels to all its members.

I have visited over thirty U.S. embassies throughout the world and consular posts as well. I have found our ambassadors and consuls eager, alert, and well informed. I have seen their families living under difficult conditions but sharing in local national activity and sending their children to local schools.

Perhaps those who differ from Mr. Kazin "were never very interesting minds to begin with," or is it that he and George Kennan constitute an elite who can only be understood by "more subtle minds than Dean Acheson."

JOHN S. MONAGAN
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

SIR: Diana Trilling's article on British television ("An American Looks at British Television," February *Atlantic*) repeats a bit of fashionable mythology that just isn't supported by the facts. The British system of picture scanning is not superior to ours. The system in the United States uses 525 lines per picture frame, at 30 frames per second. The British, for years, used 405 lines, at 25 frames per second. More recently, the British have been phasing in the 625-line system, on BBC channel 2. All other things being equal, the 625-line system should look better than the 405-line system — but neither is better than our own system of 525 lines at 30 frames per second. In fact, our system turns out to have an edge, in that it uses a higher frame rate (related to our use of 60-Hz power lines instead of the 50-Hz lines prevailing elsewhere), which reduces the effect of flicker in the video image.

Miss Trilling does not differentiate between the two British systems, but if either "looks better" than ours it's not our system that's to blame. It may be that British receivers, produced in less quantity and at higher cost, may be as a class better than ours, or at least the set or sets that Miss Trilling views here. The technical compromises of mass-produced TV sets often can limit their ability to come up to the full potential of the system. This should not be too hard to understand. How many radios or phonographs, besides those built to hi-fi standards by the audio components industry, come up to the full sonic potential of FM broadcasts and microgroove records?

As to programming, it's not that they have more high-quality material than we do, it's just that they don't have all the trash that we do. I am not defending our excesses, vulgarities, and inanities — but in the total mix of what's available on TV, including the offerings of the UHF-educational channels, it becomes a matter of selection by the adult viewer. Perhaps it also comes down to the establishment theory of culture or the free-choice theory. On one point, Miss Trilling is right. She says: "It is difficult to persuade the English that their television is superior to ours in America." To be sure — because they know it isn't.

NORMAN EISENBERG
Audio-video editor, High Fidelity
Great Barrington, Mass.

SIR: It has been brought to my attention that my article, "An American Looks at British Television," implied a more direct tie between British TV and the government than actually exists. The British Broadcasting Corporation is government-established, but it is not, as I said it was, government-run. Its programs, both commercial and noncommercial, are entirely under the control of the producing companies, which, in turn, are answerable to the Independent Television Authority.

Too, the employees of the BBC are paid, not by the government, but by the corporation which, through the agency of the Post Office, collects fees from the licensing of sets.

I regret the error in my understanding of the complex organizational setup of British television, and I should appreciate it if you would bring this correction to the notice of your readers.

DIANA TRILLING
New York City

The ATLANTIC welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.

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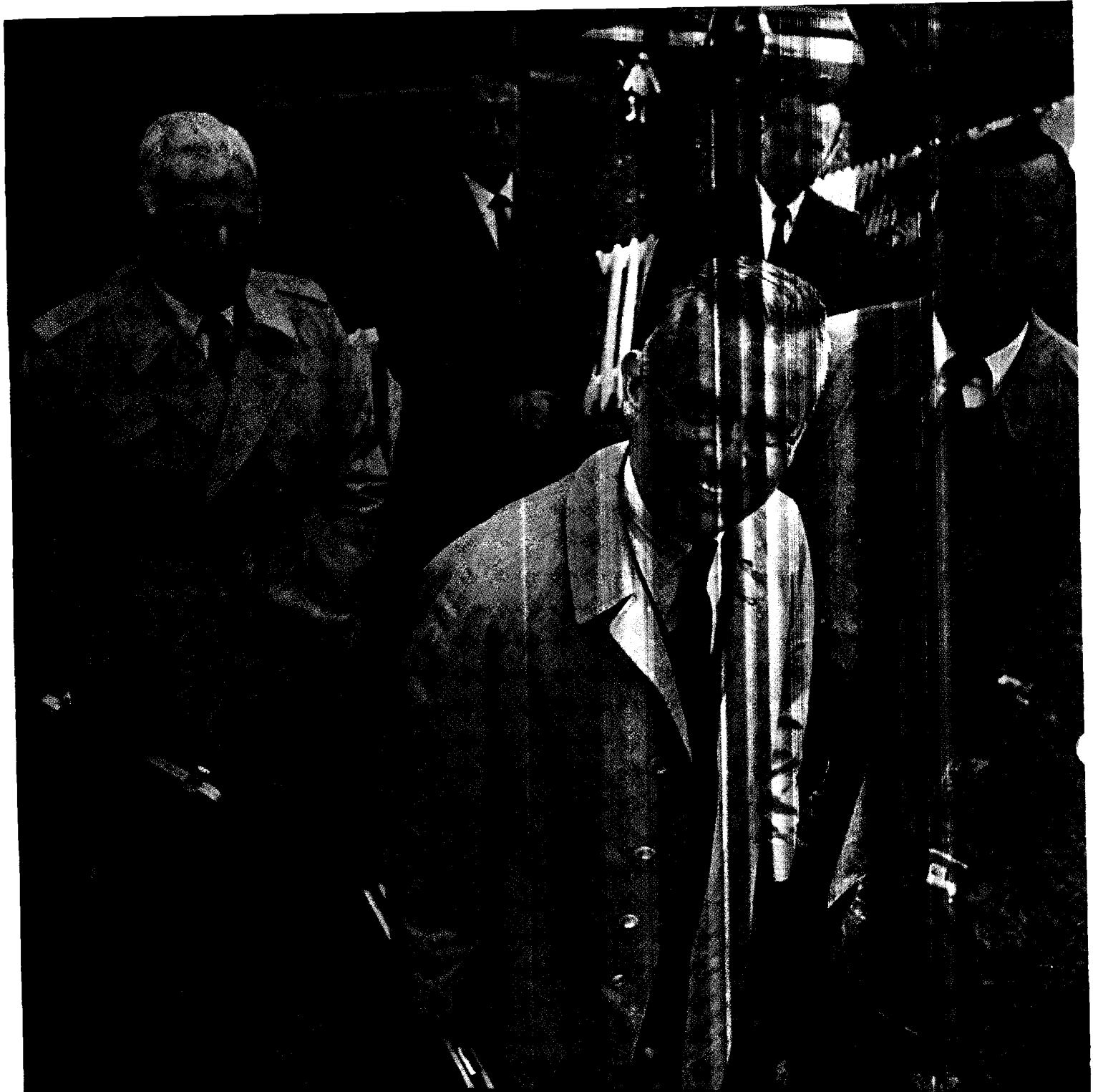

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THE Atlantic
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HOW COULD VIETNAM HAPPEN?

An Autopsy

BY JAMES C. THOMSON, JR.

From the beginning of John Kennedy's Administration into this fifth year of Lyndon Johnson's presidency, substantially the same small group of men have presided over the destiny of the United States. In that time they have carried the country from a limited involvement in Vietnam into a war that is brutal, probably unwinnable, and, to an increasing body of opinion, calamitous and immoral. How could it happen? Many in government or close to it will read the following article with the shock of recognition. Those less familiar with the processes of power can read it with assurance that the author had a firsthand opportunity to watch the slide down the slippery slope during five years (1961–1966) of service in the White House and Department of State. Mr. Thomson is an East Asia specialist and an assistant professor of history at Harvard.

As a case study in the making of foreign policy, the Vietnam War will fascinate historians and social scientists for many decades to come. One question that will certainly be asked: How did men of superior ability, sound training, and high ideals — American policy-makers of the 1960s — create such costly and divisive policy?

As one who watched the decision-making process in Washington from 1961 to 1966 under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, I can suggest a preliminary answer. I can do so by briefly listing some of the factors that seemed to me to shape our Vietnam policy during my years as an East Asia specialist at the State Department and the White House. I shall deal largely with Washington as I saw or sensed it, and not with Saigon, where I have spent but a scant three days, in the entourage of the Vice President, or with other decision centers, the capitals of interested parties. Nor will I deal with other important parts of the record: Vietnam's history prior to 1961, for instance, or the overall course of America's relations with Vietnam.

Yet a first and central ingredient in these years of Vietnam decisions does involve history. The ingredient was *the legacy of the 1950s* — by which I mean the so-called "loss of China," the Korean War, and the Far East policy of Secretary of State Dulles.

This legacy had an institutional by-product for the Kennedy Administration: in 1961 the U.S. government's East Asian establishment was undoubtedly the most rigid and doctrinaire of Washington's regional divisions in foreign affairs. This was especially true at the Department of State, where the incoming Administration found the Bureau of Far Eastern Affairs the hardest nut to crack. It was a bureau that had been purged of its best China expertise, and of farsighted, dispassionate men, as a result of McCarthyism. Its members were generally committed to one policy line: the close containment and isolation of mainland China, the harassment of "neutralist" nations which sought to avoid alignment with either Washington or Peking, and the maintenance of a network of alliances with anti-Communist client states on China's periphery.

Another aspect of the legacy was the special vulnerability and sensitivity of the new Democratic Administration on Far East policy issues. The memory of the McCarthy era was still very sharp, and Kennedy's margin of victory was too thin. The 1960 Offshore Islands TV debate between Kennedy

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and Nixon had shown the President-elect the perils of "fresh thinking." The Administration was inherently leery of moving too fast on Asia. As a result, the Far East Bureau (now the Bureau of East Asian and Pacific Affairs) was the last one to be overhauled. Not until Averell Harriman was brought in as Assistant Secretary in December, 1961, were significant personnel changes attempted, and it took Harriman several months to make a deep imprint on the bureau because of his necessary preoccupation with the Laos settlement. Once he did so, there was virtually no effort to bring back the purged or exiled East Asia experts.

There were other important by-products of this "legacy of the fifties":

The new Administration inherited and somewhat shared *a general perception of China-on-the-march* — a sense of China's vastness, its numbers, its belligerence; a revived sense, perhaps, of the Golden Horde. This was a perception fed by Chinese intervention in the Korean War (an intervention actually based on appallingly bad communications and mutual miscalculation on the part of Washington and Peking; but the careful unraveling of that tragedy, which scholars have accomplished, had not yet become part of the conventional wisdom).

The new Administration inherited and briefly accepted *a monolithic conception of the Communist bloc.* Despite much earlier predictions and reports by outside analysts, policy-makers did not begin to accept the reality and possible finality of the Sino-Soviet split until the first weeks of 1962. The inevitably corrosive impact of competing nationalisms on Communism was largely ignored.

The new Administration inherited and to some extent shared *the "domino theory" about Asia.* This theory resulted from profound ignorance of Asian history and hence ignorance of the radical differences among Asian nations and societies. It resulted from a blindness to the power and resilience of Asian nationalisms. (It may also have resulted from a subconscious sense that, since "all Asians look alike," all Asian nations will act alike.) As a theory, the domino fallacy was not merely inaccurate but also insulting to Asian nations; yet it has continued to this day to beguile men who should know better.

Finally, the legacy of the fifties was apparently compounded by an uneasy sense of a worldwide Communist challenge to the new Administration after the Bay of Pigs fiasco. A first manifestation was the President's traumatic Vienna meeting with Khrushchev in June, 1961; then came the Berlin crisis of the summer. All this created an atmosphere in which President Kennedy undoubtedly felt under special pressure to show his nation's mettle in Vietnam — if the Vietnamese, unlike the people of Laos, were willing to fight.

In general, the legacy of the fifties shaped such early moves of the new Administration as the decisions to maintain a high-visibility SEATO (by sending the Secretary of State himself instead of some underling to its first meeting in 1961), to back away from diplomatic recognition of Mongolia in the summer of 1961, and most important, to expand U.S. military assistance to South Vietnam that winter on the basis of the much more tentative Eisenhower commitment. It should be added that the increased commitment to Vietnam was also fueled by a new breed of military strategists and academic social scientists (some of whom had entered the new Administration) who had developed theories of counterguerrilla warfare and were eager to see them put to the test. To some, "counter-insurgency" seemed a new panacea for coping with the world's instability.

So much for the legacy and the history. Any new Administration inherits both complicated problems and simplistic views of the world. But surely among the policy-makers of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations there were men who would warn of the dangers of an open-ended commitment to the Vietnam quagmire?

This raises a central question, at the heart of the policy process: Where were the experts, the doubters, and the dissenters? Were they there at all, and if so, what happened to them?

The answer is complex but instructive.

In the first place, the American government was sorely *lacking in real Vietnam or Indochina expertise.* Originally treated as an adjunct of Embassy Paris, our Saigon embassy and the Vietnam Desk at State were largely staffed from 1954 onward by French-speaking Foreign Service personnel of narrowly European experience. Such diplomats were even more closely restricted than the normal embassy officer — by cast of mind as well as language — to contacts with Vietnam's French-speaking urban elites. For instance, Foreign Service linguists in Portugal are able to speak with the peasantry if they get out of Lisbon and choose to do so; not so the French speakers of Embassy Saigon.

In addition, the *shadow of the "loss of China"* distorted Vietnam reporting. Career officers in the Department, and especially those in the field, had not forgotten the fate of their World War II colleagues who wrote in frankness from China and were later pilloried by Senate committees for critical comments on the Chinese Nationalists. Candid reporting on the strengths of the Viet Cong and the weaknesses of the Diem government was inhibited by the memory. It was also inhibited by

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some higher officials, notably Ambassador Nolting in Saigon, who refused to sign off on such cables.

In due course, to be sure, some Vietnam talent was discovered or developed. But a recurrent and increasingly important factor in the decision-making process was *the banishment of real expertise.* Here the underlying cause was the "closed politics" of policy-making as issues become hot: the more sensitive the issue, and the higher it rises in the bureaucracy, the more completely the experts are excluded while the harassed senior generalists take over (that is, the Secretaries, Undersecretaries, and Presidential Assistants). The frantic skimming of briefing papers in the back seats of limousines is no substitute for the presence of specialists; furthermore, in times of crisis such papers are deemed "too sensitive" even for review by the specialists. Another underlying cause of this banishment, as Vietnam became more critical, was the replacement of the experts, who were generally and increasingly pessimistic, by men described as "can-do guys," loyal and energetic fixers unsoured by expertise. In early 1965, when I confided my growing policy doubts to an older colleague on the NSC staff, he assured me that the smartest thing both of us could do was to "steer clear of the whole Vietnam mess"; the gentleman in question had the misfortune to be a "can-do guy," however, and is now highly placed in Vietnam, under orders to solve the mess.

Despite the banishment of the experts, internal doubters and dissenters did indeed appear and persist. Yet as I watched the process, such men were effectively neutralized by a subtle dynamic: *the domestication of dissenters.* Such "domestication" arose out of a twofold clubbish need: on the one hand, the dissenter's desire to stay aboard; and on the other hand, the nondissenter's conscience. Simply stated, dissent, when recognized, was made to feel at home. On the lowest possible scale of importance, I must confess my own considerable sense of dignity and acceptance (both vital) when my senior White House employer would refer to me as his "favorite dove." Far more significant was the case of the former Undersecretary of State, George Ball. Once Mr. Ball began to express doubts, he was warmly institutionalized: he was encouraged to become the inhouse devil's advocate on Vietnam. The upshot was inevitable: the process of escalation allowed for periodic requests to Mr. Ball to speak his piece; Ball felt good, I assume (he had fought for righteousness); the others felt good (they had given a full hearing to the dovish option); and there was minimal unpleasantness. The club remained intact; and it is of course possible that matters would have gotten worse faster if Mr. Ball had kept silent, or left before his final departure in the fall of 1966. There was also, of course, the case of the last institutionalized doubter, Bill Moyers. The President is said to have greeted his arrival at meetings with an affectionate, "Well, here comes Mr. Stop-the-Bombing . . ." Here again the dynamics of domesticated dissent sustained the relationship for a while.

A related point — and crucial, I suppose, to government at all times — was *the "effectiveness" trap,* the trap that keeps men from speaking out, as clearly or often as they might, within the government. And it is the trap that keeps men from resigning in protest and airing their dissent outside the government. The most important asset that a man brings to bureaucratic life is his "effectiveness," a mysterious combination of training, style, and connections. The most ominous complaint that can be whispered of a bureaucrat is: "I'm afraid Charlie's beginning to lose his effectiveness." To preserve your effectiveness, you must decide where and when to fight the mainstream of policy; the opportunities range from pillow talk with your wife, to private drinks with your friends, to meetings with the Secretary of State or the President. The inclination to remain silent or to acquiesce in the presence of the great men — to live to fight another day, to give on this issue so that you can be "effective" on later issues — is overwhelming. Nor is it the tendency of youth alone; some of our most senior officials, men of wealth and fame, whose place in history is secure, have remained silent lest their connection with power be terminated. As for the disinclination to resign in protest: while not necessarily a Washington or even American specialty, it seems more true of a government in which ministers have no parliamentary backbench to which to retreat. In the absence of such a refuge, it is easy to rationalize the decision to stay aboard. By doing so, one may be able to prevent a few bad things from happening and perhaps even make a few good things happen. To exit is to lose even those marginal chances for "effectiveness."

Another factor must be noted: as the Vietnam controversy escalated at home, there developed *a preoccupation with Vietnam public relations as opposed to Vietnam policy-making.* And here, ironically, internal doubters and dissenters were heavily employed. For such men, by virtue of their own doubts, were often deemed best able to "massage" the doubting intelligentsia. My senior East Asia colleague at the White House, a brilliant and humane doubter who had dealt with Indochina since 1954, spent three quarters of his working days on Vietnam public relations: drafting presidential responses to letters from important critics, writing conciliatory language for presidential speeches, and meeting quite interminably with delegations of outraged Quakers, clergymen, aca-

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demics, and housewives. His regular callers were the late A. J. Muste and Norman Thomas; mine were members of the Women's Strike for Peace. Our orders from above: keep them off the backs of busy policy-makers (who usually happened to be nondoubters). Incidentally, my most discouraging assignment in the realm of public relations was the preparation of a White House pamphlet entitled *Why Vietnam*, in September, 1965; in a gesture toward my conscience, I fought — and lost — a battle to have the title followed by a question mark.

THROUGH a variety of procedures, both institutional and personal, doubt, dissent, and expertise were effectively neutralized in the making of policy. But what can be said of the men "in charge"? It is patently absurd to suggest that they produced such tragedy by intention and calculation. But it is neither absurd nor difficult to discern certain forces at work that caused decent and honorable men to do great harm.

Here I would stress the paramount role of *executive fatigue*. No factor seems to me more crucial and underrated in the making of foreign policy. The physical and emotional toll of executive responsibility in State, the Pentagon, the White House, and other executive agencies is enormous; that toll is of course compounded by extended service. Many of today's Vietnam policy-makers have been on the job for from four to seven years. Complaints may be few, and physical health may remain unimpaired, though emotional health is far harder to gauge. But what is most seriously eroded in the deadening process of fatigue is freshness of thought, imagination, a sense of possibility, a sense of priorities and perspective — those rare assets of a new Administration in its first year or two of office. The tired policy-maker becomes a prisoner of his own narrowed view of the world and his own clichéd rhetoric. He becomes irritable and defensive — short on sleep, short on family ties, short on patience. Such men make bad policy and then compound it. They have neither the time nor the temperament for new ideas or preventive diplomacy.

Below the level of the fatigued executives in the making of Vietnam policy was a widespread phenomenon: *the curator mentality* in the Department of State. By this I mean the collective inertia produced by the bureaucrat's view of his job. At State, the average "desk officer" inherits from his predecessor our policy toward Country X; he regards it as his function to keep that policy intact — under glass, untampered with, and dusted — so that he may pass it on in two to four years to his successor. And such curatorial service generally merits promotion within the system. (Maintain the status quo, and you will stay out of trouble.) In some circumstances, the inertia bred by such an outlook can act as a brake against rash innovation. But on many issues, this inertia sustains the momentum of bad policy and unwise commitments — momentum that might otherwise have been resisted within the ranks. Clearly, Vietnam is such an issue.

To fatigue and inertia must be added the factor of internal confusion. Even among the "architects" of our Vietnam commitment, there has been persistent *confusion as to what type of war we were fighting* and, as a direct consequence, *confusion as to how to end that war*. (The "credibility gap" is, in part, a reflection of such internal confusion.) Was it, for instance, a civil war, in which case counter-insurgency might suffice? Or was it a war of international aggression? (This might invoke SEATO or UN commitment.) Who was the aggressor — and the "real enemy"? The Viet Cong? Hanoi? Peking? Moscow? International Communism? Or maybe "Asian Communism"? Differing enemies dictated differing strategies and tactics. And confused throughout, in like fashion, was the question of American objectives; your objectives depended on whom you were fighting and why. I shall not forget my assignment from an Assistant Secretary of State in March, 1964: to draft a speech for Secretary McNamara which would, *inter alia*, once and for all dispose of the canard that the Vietnam conflict was a civil war. "But in some ways, of course," I mused, "it *is* a civil war." "Don't play word games with me!" snapped the Assistant Secretary.

Similar confusion beset the concept of "negotiations" — anathema to much of official Washington from 1961 to 1965. Not until April, 1965, did "unconditional discussions" become respectable, via a presidential speech; even then the Secretary of State stressed privately to newsmen that nothing had changed, since "discussions" were by no means the same as "negotiations." Months later that issue was resolved. But it took even longer to obtain a fragile internal agreement that negotiations might include the Viet Cong as something other than an appendage to Hanoi's delegation. Given such confusion as to the whos and whys of our Vietnam commitment, it is not surprising, as Theodore Draper has written, that policy-makers find it so difficult to agree on how to end the war.

Of course, one force — a constant in the vortex of commitment — was that of *wishful thinking*. I partook of it myself at many times. I did so especially during Washington's struggle with Diem in the autumn of 1963 when some of us at State believed that for once, in dealing with a difficult client state, the U.S. government could use the leverage of our economic and military assistance

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to make good things happen, instead of being led around by the nose by men like Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee (and, in that particular instance, by Diem). If we could prove that point, I thought, and move into a new day, with or without Diem, then Vietnam was well worth the effort. Later came the wishful thinking of the air-strike planners in the late autumn of 1964; there were those who actually thought that after six weeks of air strikes, the North Vietnamese would come crawling to us to ask for peace talks. And what, someone asked in one of the meetings of the time, if they don't? The answer was that we would bomb for another four weeks, and that would do the trick. And a few weeks later came one instance of wishful thinking that was symptomatic of good men misled: in January, 1965, I encountered one of the very highest figures in the Administration at a dinner, drew him aside, and told him of my worries about the air-strike option. He told me that I really shouldn't worry; it was his conviction that before any such plans could be put into effect, a neutralist government would come to power in Saigon that would politely invite us out. And finally, there was the recurrent wishful thinking that sustained many of us through the trying months of 1965–1966 after the air strikes had begun: that surely, somehow, one way or another, we would "be in a conference in six months," and the escalatory spiral would be suspended. The basis of our hope: "It simply can't go on."

As a further influence on policy-makers I would cite the factor of *bureaucratic detachment*. By this I mean what at best might be termed the professional callousness of the surgeon (and indeed, medical lingo — the "surgical strike" for instance — seemed to crop up in the euphemisms of the times). In Washington the semantics of the military muted the reality of war for the civilian policy-makers. In quiet, air-conditioned, thick-carpeted rooms, such terms as "systematic pressure," "armed reconnaissance," "targets of opportunity," and even "body count" seemed to breed a sort of games-theory detachment. Most memorable to me was a moment in the late 1964 target planning when the question under discussion was how heavy our bombing should be, and how extensive our strafing, at some midpoint in the projected pattern of systematic pressure. An Assistant Secretary of State resolved the point in the following words: "It seems to me that our orchestration should be mainly violins, but with periodic touches of brass." Perhaps the biggest shock of my return to Cambridge, Massachusetts, was the realization that the young men, the flesh and blood I taught and saw on these university streets, were potentially some of the numbers on the charts of those faraway planners. In a curious sense, Cambridge is closer to this war than Washington.

There is an unprovable factor that relates to bureaucratic detachment: the ingredient of *cryptoracism*. I do not mean to imply any conscious contempt for Asian loss of life on the part of Washington officials. But I do mean to imply that bureaucratic detachment may well be compounded by a traditional Western sense that there are so many Asians, after all; that Asians have a fatalism about life and a disregard for its loss; that they are cruel and barbaric to their own people; and that they are very different from us (and all look alike?). And I *do* mean to imply that the upshot of such subliminal views is a subliminal question whether Asians, and particularly Asian peasants, and most particularly Asian Communists, are really people — like you and me. To put the matter another way: would we have pursued quite such policies — and quite such military tactics — if the Vietnamese were white?

It is impossible to write of Vietnam decision-making without writing about language. Throughout the conflict, words have been of paramount importance. I refer here to the impact of *rhetorical escalation* and to the *problem of oversell*. In an important sense, Vietnam has become of crucial significance to us *because we have said that it is of crucial significance*. (The issue obviously relates to the public relations preoccupation described earlier.)

The key here is domestic politics: the need to sell the American people, press, and Congress on support for an unpopular and costly war in which the objectives themselves have been in flux. To sell means to persuade, and to persuade means rhetoric. As the difficulties and costs have mounted, so has the definition of the stakes. This is not to say that rhetorical escalation is an orderly process; executive prose is the product of many writers, and some concepts — North Vietnamese infiltration, America's "national honor," Red China as the chief enemy — have entered the rhetoric only gradually and even sporadically. But there is an upward spiral nonetheless. And once you have *said* that the American Experiment itself stands or falls on the Vietnam outcome, you have thereby created a national stake far beyond any earlier stakes.

Crucial throughout the process of Vietnam decision-making was a conviction among many policy-makers: that Vietnam posed a *fundamental test of America's national will*. Time and again I was told by men reared in the tradition of Henry L. Stimson that all we needed was the will, and we

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would then prevail. Implicit in such a view, it seemed to me, was a curious assumption that Asians lacked will, or at least that in a contest between Asian and Anglo-Saxon wills, the non-Asians must prevail. A corollary to the persistent belief in will was a *fascination with power* and an awe in the face of the power America possessed as no nation or civilization ever before. Those who doubted our role in Vietnam were said to shrink from the burdens of power, the obligations of power, the uses of power, the responsibility of power. By implication, such men were soft-headed and effete.

Finally, no discussion of the factors and forces at work on Vietnam policy-makers can ignore the central fact of *human ego investment*. Men who have participated in a decision develop a stake in that decision. As they participate in further, related decisions, their stake increases. It might have been possible to dissuade a man of strong self-confidence at an early stage of the ladder of decision; but it is infinitely harder at later stages since a change of mind there usually involves implicit or explicit repudiation of a chain of previous decisions.

To put it bluntly: at the heart of the Vietnam calamity is a group of able, dedicated men who have been regularly and repeatedly wrong — and whose standing with their contemporaries, and more important, with history, depends, as they see it, on being proven right. These are not men who can be asked to extricate themselves from error.

The various ingredients I have cited in the making of Vietnam policy have created a variety of results, most of them fairly obvious. Here are some that seem to me most central:

Throughout the conflict, there has been *persistent and repeated miscalculation* by virtually all the actors, in high echelons and low, whether dove, hawk, or something else. To cite one simple example among many: in late 1964 and early 1965, some peace-seeking planners at State who strongly opposed the projected bombing of the North urged that, instead, American ground forces be sent to South Vietnam; this would, they said, increase our bargaining leverage against the North — our "chips" — and would give us something to negotiate about (the withdrawal of our forces) at an early peace conference. Simultaneously, the air-strike option was urged by many in the military who were dead set against American participation in "another land war in Asia"; they were joined by other civilian peace-seekers who wanted to bomb Hanoi into early negotiations. By late 1965, we had ended up with the worst of all worlds: ineffective and costly air strikes against the North, spiraling ground forces in the South, and no negotiations in sight.

Throughout the conflict as well, there has been *a steady give-in to pressures for a military solution* and only minimal and sporadic efforts at a diplomatic and political solution. In part this resulted from the confusion (earlier cited) among the civilians — confusion regarding objectives and strategy. And in part this resulted from the self-enlarging nature of military investment. Once air strikes and particularly ground forces were introduced, our investment itself had transformed the original stakes. More air power was needed to protect the ground forces; and then more ground forces to protect the ground forces. And needless to say, the military mind develops its own momentum in the absence of clear guidelines from the civilians. Once asked to save South Vietnam, rather than to "advise" it, the American military could not but press for escalation. In addition, sad to report, assorted military constituencies, once involved in Vietnam, have had a series of cases to prove: for instance, the utility not only of air power (the Air Force) but of supercarrier-based air power (the Navy). Also, Vietnam policy has suffered from one ironic by-product of Secretary McNamara's establishment of civilian control at the Pentagon: in the face of such control, interservice rivalry has given way to a united front among the military — reflected in the new but recurrent phenomenon of JCS unanimity. In conjunction with traditional congressional allies (mostly Southern senators and representatives) such a united front would pose a formidable problem for any President.

Throughout the conflict, there have been *missed opportunities, large and small, to disengage ourselves from Vietnam on increasingly unpleasant but still acceptable terms*. Of the many moments from 1961 onward, I shall cite only one, the last and most important opportunity that was lost: in the summer of 1964 the President instructed his chief advisers to prepare for him as wide a range of Vietnam options as possible for postelection consideration and decision. He explicitly asked that all options be laid out. What happened next was, in effect, Lyndon Johnson's slow-motion Bay of Pigs. For the advisers so effectively converged on one single option — juxtaposed against two other, phony options (in effect, blowing up the world, or scuttle-and-run) — that the President was confronted with unanimity for bombing the North from all his trusted counselors. Had he been more confident in foreign affairs, had he been deeply informed on Vietnam and Southeast Asia, and had he raised some hard questions that unanimity had submerged, this President could have used the largest electoral mandate in history to de-escalate in Vietnam, in the clear expectation that at the worst

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a neutralist government would come to power in Saigon and politely invite us out. Today, many lives and dollars later, such an alternative has become an elusive and infinitely more expensive possibility.

In the course of these years, another result of Vietnam decision-making has been *the abuse and distortion of history.* Vietnamese, Southeast Asian, and Far Eastern history has been rewritten by our policy-makers, and their spokesmen, to conform with the alleged necessity of our presence in Vietnam. Highly dubious analogies from our experience elsewhere — the "Munich" sellout and "containment" from Europe, the Malayan insurgency and the Korean War from Asia — have been imported in order to justify our actions. And more recent events have been fitted to the Procrustean bed of Vietnam. Most notably, the change of power in Indonesia in 1965–1966 has been ascribed to our Vietnam presence; and virtually all progress in the Pacific region — the rise of regionalism, new forms of cooperation, and mounting growth rates — has been similarly explained. The Indonesian allegation is undoubtedly false (I tried to prove it, during six months of careful investigation at the White House, and had to confess failure); the regional allegation is patently unprovable in either direction (except, of course, for the clear fact that the economies of both Japan and Korea have profited enormously from our Vietnam-related procurement in these countries; but that is a costly and highly dubious form of foreign aid).

There is a final result of Vietnam policy I would cite that holds potential danger for the future of American foreign policy: *the rise of a new breed of American ideologues who see Vietnam as the ultimate test of their doctrine.* I have in mind those men in Washington who have given a new life to the missionary impulse in American foreign relations: who believe that this nation, in this era, has received a threefold endowment that can transform the world. As they see it, that endowment is composed of, first, our unsurpassed military might; second, our clear technological supremacy; and third, our allegedly invincible benevolence (our "altruism," our affluence, our lack of territorial aspirations). Together, it is argued, this threefold endowment provides us with the opportunity and the obligation to ease the nations of the earth toward modernization and stability: toward a full-fledged *Pax Americana Technocratica.* In reaching toward this goal, Vietnam is viewed as the last and crucial test. Once we have succeeded there, the road ahead is clear. In a sense, these men are our counterpart to the visionaries of Communism's radical left: they are technocracy's own Maoists. They do not govern Washington today. But their doctrine rides high.

Long before I went into government, I was told a story about Henry L. Stimson that seemed to me pertinent during the years that I watched the Vietnam tragedy unfold — and participated in that tragedy. It seems to me more pertinent than ever as we move toward the election of 1968.

In his waning years Stimson was asked by an anxious questioner, "Mr. Secretary, how on earth can we ever bring peace to the world?" Stimson is said to have answered: "You begin by bringing to Washington a small handful of able men who believe that the achievement of peace is possible.

"You work them to the bone until they no longer believe that it is possible.

"And then you throw them out — and bring in a new bunch who believe that it is possible."

AFTER THE WAR

BY W. S. MERWIN

When the war is over
We will be proud of course the air will be
Good for breathing at last
The water will have been improved the salmon
And the silence of heaven will migrate more perfectly
The dead will think the living are worth it we will know
Who we are
And we will all enlist again

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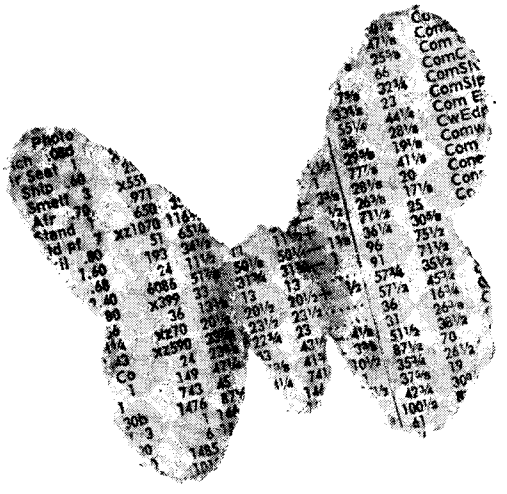
If Something Happens to Me, Whatever You Do, Don't Sell My IBM



*by "**ADAM SMITH**," who is not 245 years old but is instead a pseudonymous chronicler of the mystification and mores of Wall Street. Next month Random House will publish his book* THE MONEY GAME, *from which these comedies of the investment life are taken.*

NINETY percent of investors don't *really* care whether they make money or not," I postulated to my friend Harold the Psychiatrist. "They say they do, and that, of course, is the name of the game, but my downtown savants say that they don't. What do you suppose they are in it for?"

"I haven't a clue," said Harold the Psychiatrist, over his corned beef sandwich at lunch. Harold the Psychiatrist and I occasionally retire to a little coffee shop near his office on the West Side of Manhattan. "Practically all of my patients are in the market, and it means something different to each of them. They're not seeing me because they're in the market, but people who can afford a psychiatrist can also afford a broker, and money is part of the *Geist*. I'm working on their personal problems. Why don't I loan them to you, and you can talk to them about the market."

I began going to lunch with some of Harold the Psychiatrist's patients, and eventually with some of their friends — also patients somewhere — until I was the lunchtime Boswell of the set that takes taxis at midday to see their doctors. First they would talk to Harold — or whomever — for an hour, and then they would come to the coffee shop and talk to me. I would like to be able to report some learned conclusion, but when I group my notes they begin to take on a strange tone, as if Danny Kaye were attending Freud's Wednesday Evening Association: "Und zo, zen I began to notice in zis patient strange symptoms: ven she took off her chooze . . ." Therefore I will let you come to your own conclusions.

A. CUDDLING COMSAT

"I don't really know anything about stocks," said the bright-eyed pretty thing across the table. "But I love the market. All the men I know love to talk about the market, and if a girl can listen to them about the market, it makes them feel good."

"So you talk to the men you go out with about the market," I said. (I picked this technique up from Harold. You never really have to say anything, you just agree gently with what was said and maybe form a question a tiny step forward from that.) "That's where you find out what to buy."

"Sometimes," said the bright-eyed thing across the table. "I came out about even on those. Some of them went up, and some of them went down. Right now I only have one stock, and I thought of that one all by myself."

"You thought of that one all by yourself." (You begin to see the technique. It helps if you have a pipe and go *mmmm*, as well.) "And what is the stock you had yourself?"

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"Comsat," said the bright-eyed thing. "What do you think of Comsat?"

"What do *you* think of Comsat?" I said, with the proper turnback technique.

"I just love it," said this pretty girl. "I got it, well, right when it started, practically the first day. And it's grown and grown. I just love it."

I wanted to know what was so lovable about Comsat.

"It's satellites, you know," said the girl, stirring her Tab. "And rockets, and the *future.* I got it when it was 22, and now it's 70, and it was all my idea, by myself. Every time they fire off one of those satellites, I think, That's mine, that's my baby."

"Do you know anything about the prospects for Comsat? What kind of money it's making, or could make?"

"No. I don't care. I don't understand that anyway. I just love Comsat, and I'll never sell it. I don't care if it goes down."

"You don't care if it goes down?"

"No, I wouldn't care. I won't ever sell it. Someday it would come back up. It's too well behaved to stay down; whenever it goes down, it comes back up, anyway."

"The men you go out with — what do they think of your Comsat?"

"Oh, they all have other stocks, but Comsat is really something you can't disapprove of."

"A noble institution."

"Yes, and it was all my idea."

About a month after this lunch, which I had mentioned to Harold, I got a call from him.

"I thought you might like to see her again," Harold said. "She just had another one."

So the bright-eyed girl and I met again at the coffee shop.

"McDonnell Douglas," she said. "What do you know about McDonnell Douglas?"

"What do *you* know about McDonnell Douglas?"

"I think it's very exciting. They're in missiles and jets and things like that."

"What happened to Comsat?"

"Nothing happened to Comsat. I still love Comsat. I always will. But you know, you don't want to have just one, all alone."

B. I WANT TO BE LOVED FOR MYSELF

I didn't meet Edward in the coffee shop, I met him at his club in midtown. Edward has a management consulting business that does very well, and whatever he was seeing a doctor about has no relevance here. Edward was interested enough in the market and in the vocabulary everyone picks up from those taxi trips to the shrink to explore his own market experience.

"I started with a big problem," he said.

"You started with a big problem," I went along.

"Yes, you see I inherited a couple million dollars' worth of Avon Products."

"I can see where that would be a problem."

"I haven't told you the problem yet."

"Sorry."

"I knew I was going to inherit this money, so I went to work at a bank, to learn how to handle money. I was quite young, just out of college, and just learning the securities business. And Avon had had a big run, and all I had was Avon. I got very nervous. Against the advice of the bank, and of the investment counselor who handles the family's funds, I sold out a big chunk of it. You know what happened then."

"I know, it went up tenfold, probably, since you sold it."

"I felt very dumb about that, and I felt bad because it was the family stock; my grandfather was in the company."

"You could have bought it back."

"That never occurred to me. I don't think I ever even thought of it. You see, Avon is the family stock. But it isn't mine. I found one while I was working at the bank; in fact, I found a couple. Schering was one, in the 50s. I took it to all the members of my family, but none of them would buy a share. I bought a big chunk of it, and I did very well with it, very, very well. And I've had others."

"You've done just as well with your own choices as you would have holding the Avon," I suggested.

"I don't know," Edward said. "I never totaled it up. I don't want to. The point is, somehow there was no way of *me* participating in Avon. It was already there. What I really enjoyed was doing the work on a company, checking with the management, finding out all about the company and its problems, making up my mind, and then telling everybody about it. That way, it would be my stock."

"Do you still do this?"

"No, I don't really have time. I do dabble just a bit here and there, but mostly the bank does it for me. They've come up with some real winners this year. They had Leasco at 30 and Mohawk Data in the 20s."

"Don't you get a kick out of that?"

"It's nice to have the money, but my business is doing very well and I really don't care — at least I don't care the way I did when I picked them myself and convinced people to do the same and then watched them go up."

Later, over dessert, Edward said, "You know, if you meet a girl and she's ready right away to hop into bed with you, you might as well be some sailor ashore from Venezuela; she doesn't even know who you are. You want to take her out to

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dinner, to talk to her, to have her get to know you. You want at least a little give and take, a little resistance. Then it means something. Right?"

The bright-eyed girl might not have been conscious of what Comsat meant to her, but Edward was more perceptive about what the market had been to him. Maybe that is why he got out of it.

C. WAS I DUMB! WAS I DUMB! KICK ME!

You would never have known it, but Arthur actually did very well in the market, I suspect over every vibrating impulse in his body.

"Are you in Solitron?" he asked me.

"Are *you* in Solitron?" I asked him back, using Harold's stone-wall questioning technique.

"I am," Arthur said. "I bought it at 60 on the old stock, so that's 30 on this stock."

"Brilliant," I said. "You made eight times your money."

"Yeah," Arthur said sadly. "I remember the day this guy called me up about it. I was going to buy 300 shares, but it looked too high. So I only bought 200. Was I dumb!"

"You're doing all right," I said.

"Every time it goes down, I feel better," Arthur said. "Isn't that silly? I get nervous when it goes up, and I feel better when it goes down."

"But you don't sell from nervousness," I said.

"I can't," Arthur said. "My Solitron is margined to buy my Ling-Temco-Vought. I bought that around 50."

"Fantastic," I said. "You almost quadrupled your money on that one."

"Yeah, but I did something really stupid," Arthur said. "I sold half of it at 100. Somebody should kick me. I'm so dumb I make myself sick sometimes. I just got too nervous watching it go up, and it never went down enough so I could relax."

"Too bad about that," I said.

"Did you catch Burroughs?" Arthur asked.

"Did *you* catch Burroughs?" I asked.

"I missed it completely," Arthur said. "I was in my broker's office, and he told me to buy it; it was around 50 then, so it's more than doubled. And I didn't buy a single share. Boy, did we miss a good one there."

"Why didn't you buy Burroughs?"

"I don't know," Arthur said. "I already had a computer stock, and I thought another one would be too much. I remember, I wrote a note to myself, Buy 500 Burroughs. Just think, I lost a profit of 80 points on each 100. $8000. Incredible! I lost $40,000 by not buying Burroughs!"

"What was the computer stock you had?"

"Oh, I bought some Control Data just before that."

"But Control Data tripled! It's tripled since then!"

"How could I have missed that Burroughs when I was so close to buying it?" Arthur mourned. "I'm so stupid! Somebody ought to kick me!"

Arthur, as you can see, had all the winners in the market, and had probably seen his money increase 500 percent. But he didn't feel very good about it. If the stock went up, he should have bought more, so he was stupid there; and if it went down, that proved he was stupid there. Some people go to all the trouble of actually losing the money just to have that sheer wallowing joy of losing, but Arthur only talked it.

"When a stock goes down, I feel that's where it probably *should* go," Arthur said, "and when it goes up, the higher it goes, the more I feel it's going against its natural tendency."

"You've done very, very well," I said, "so you must be under a terrible strain."

"It's terrible," Arthur agreed. "I don't think I can stand it much longer."

I suppose some people are only really happy with motherly sympathy, and sometimes it gets hard to find a reason for mother to be sympathetic, if things go too well.

D. IBM AS RELIGION: DON'T TOUCH, DON'T TOUCH

Here are some short notes from a broker who happens to be on Harold's circuit, all sworn and attested to be true.

Once upon a time there was a very astute gentleman we will call Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith was so astute that many, many years ago he invested in a company called International Tabulator, which was a predecessor of IBM. Mr. Smith had great faith in the company, which in due course became IBM, waxed fat, and prospered. Mr. Smith and Mrs. Smith had issue, and the children grew up to be nice children. Mr. Smith said to them, "Our family owns IBM, which is the greatest growth company in the world. I invested $20,000 in IBM, and that $20,000 has made me a millionaire. If something happens to me, whatever you do, don't sell my IBM." Mr. Smith himself never sold a share of IBM. Its dividends were meager, naturally, and so Mr. Smith had to work hard at his own business to provide for his growing family. But he did create a marvelous estate. Eventually he became a grandfather, and he made gifts of the stock dividends of IBM to his grandchildren. And at family Thanksgiving, he counseled: "If anything happens to me, whatever you do, don't sell IBM."

Mr. Smith died, and divided the IBM among his children. The estate sold only enough IBM to pay the estate taxes. Otherwise the children fol-

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lowed their father's dictum, and never sold a share of IBM. The IBM grew again, made up for what had been amputated to pay estate taxes, and each of the children grew as rich as Mr. Smith had been because the IBM kept growing and growing. They had to work quite hard at their own businesses, because their families were growing and their only money was in IBM. They followed their father's dictum and never sold a share. Only one of them even borrowed on his IBM, to get the down payment for a heavily mortgaged house. And the faithful children were rewarded by seeing IBM multiply and grow. Mr. Smith's original $20,000 has become millions and millions.

The Smiths are now in their third generation of IBM ownership, and this generation is telling the next, "Whatever you do, don't sell IBM." And when someone dies, only enough IBM is sold to pay the estate taxes.

In short, for three generations the Smiths have worked as hard as their friends who had no money at all, and *they have lived just as if they had no money at all*, even though the various branches of the Smith family all put together are very wealthy indeed. And the IBM is there, nursed and watered and fed, the Genii of the House, growing away in the early hours of the morning when everyone is asleep. IBM has been so good to them that even after divisions among children and rounds of estate taxes they are all millionaires or nearly so.

Presumably the Smiths will go on, working hard, paying off their mortgages, and watching their IBM grow with joy, always blossom, never fruit. It is a parable of pure capitalism, never jam today and a case of jam tomorrow, but as any of the Smiths will tell you, anyone who has ever sold IBM has regretted it.

E. CAN I TELL ROSALIND? CAN I TELL HARRIET?

The gentleman who supplied this one works in the Street and trades actively.

"My grandmother," he said, "is the very picture of a Norman Rockwell sweet old lady. Gray hair and little old glasses and a black dress and those little-old-lady shoes. As you know, my grandfather was in the Street, and he left my grandmother well provided for with trusts and whatnot. In spite of having been married to my grandfather for fifty-two years, she really doesn't know a stock from a bond. One night she tells me she wants to open an account with me. I tell her I am not in her kind of stocks — she must own Jersey at $1 a share — but she wants to do it anyway. I tell her she mustn't tell anybody; the other members of my family certainly wouldn't approve.

"So we open an account, and I tell her the next swinging stock I am about to buy. She gets a very conspiratorial air about her. 'Wonderful,' she says. 'Can I tell Rosalind?' Rosalind is her buddy. Grandma is seventy-nine, Rosalind is eighty-one. I tell her sure, she can tell Rosalind. 'Can I tell Harriet?' Harriet is her other buddy; Harriet is eighty-three. All these ladies are well provided for, the Morgan bank is managing the trusts their husbands left, their children are well provided for, the grandchildren come to see them on Sundays sometime, and here they all are chasing hot computer leasing stocks.

"Well, things roll along, and the ladies do very well. Then I come across a real find. It's a small electronics company with good earnings, not much stock out, and for some reason nobody has found it. 'Oh, how exciting,' says my grandmother, when she buys the stock. Grandma is now used to making five for one on her money. 'Can I tell Rosalind?' she says, with that secret, conspiratorial air. I picture these sweet old ladies in Schrafft's, having an afternoon soda in their black dresses and black shoes, and I say she can tell Rosalind.

"As I said, there isn't much stock around, and all of a sudden I find it hard to buy. The stock is 24 asked, and I reach for it and I get 200 shares, and it moves up to 28, zingo. I call the dealers, I scout around — the stock keeps moving away from me. Somebody else is accumulating it! Zingo, it's 33! Very discreetly, on little cat feet, I pad around the Street, but nobody has heard of it; my information is very good, somebody is indeed accumulating it, but nobody knows who.

"You guessed it, it comes to me in a flash. Grandma has told Rosalind and Harriet, and each of them has told two other friends, and a bunch of sweet old ladies in Schrafft's is accumulating a massive position and upsetting my game completely. So I am quite irritated when I call her. These ladies have buying power just a bit bigger than the Bank of England.

" 'Grandma,' I say, 'I said you could tell Rosalind. One friend. *Rosalind.* You're chasing this stock away from me.'

" 'Adele and Dorothy wanted some too,' Grandma says.

" 'Lay off my stocks,' I say. 'You shouldn't even be in this kind of stock.'

" 'Why not?' Grandma says. 'I have to own growth companies. I'm getting a stake together for my old age.'

"I let the reference to old age pass. 'The Morgan bank is doing a very good job,' I say.

" 'I looked up those stocks the Morgan bank manages,' Grandma says. 'Boring. They never move.'

" 'Now listen!' I say, my voice rising. 'If you and your friends don't lay off, I'll never tell you another stock!'

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" 'Don't say that, don't say that,' says Grandma, her voice querulous.

" 'Then behave,' I say.

" 'When you're eighty,' Grandma says quietly, 'it gets lonely. I bore you all, I know that. And I want my friends to call me. This is the most fun in years. Don't take my stocks away.'

"What could I say?"

F. THEY MAKE ME DO EVERYTHING WRONG

"A broker," said this Mr. Thatcher, "is a true parasite. He is the most overpaid individual in the world. He doesn't produce anything. He doesn't make shoelaces, he doesn't tell you the law, he doesn't make the traffic move. He just takes orders, like a clerk, and for this — do you see the size of those commissions? Fantastic! When trading gets light, the brokers scream, they want to raise the commissions. But when the trading goes from five to ten million shares a day, do we hear the commissions are being reduced? We do not. The brokers just sit there piling up money."

"You're not happy with your broker," I ventured.

"The one I've got now," said this Mr. Thatcher, "is no more a thief and no less a thief than the rest of them. The jails aren't big enough to hold all the brokers who should be in them. Take information. When a broker gets a piece of information, does he call me right away? No. First he buys some himself, then maybe he calls me. Of course, when I want to talk to the bastard, half the time I can't get him on the phone."

"He's busy."

"He's busy all right, the lousy tout. And take selling. You think they tell you when to sell? Never. First they sell themselves, then you watch the stock going down day after day, you can't get them on the phone, finally you get them, they say, 'While the outlook near term is uncertain, long-term holdings need not be disturbed.' They suckered me in with that a couple of times, but no more. That means, 'I sold last Tuesday, Charlie, and I forgot you were still in that dog.' "

"You haven't done too well in the market, I gather."

"I've done just as well as anybody else, you can't believe half of what people tell you. Especially brokers. Did you ever hear a broker say 'I don't know' when you ask him a question? No. He's always got an answer. 'Why is my stock going down?' Profit-taking, he says. 'Why is the market going down?' Taxes are going up, he says, or the President is having a press conference this afternoon, or there is a war somewhere. They can never tell you anything straight, they're so used to lying.

"Take my Syntex. I should have sued the lousy thief who put me into that. This was on the last swing. The stock has a good move, from 80 to 110. I tell this lousy tout, I say, I want to sell if it's going down. He says the future looks good. The stock drops to 70, I'm actually losing money. At 70 all of a sudden he sees the problems, the stupid lousy tout. He wouldn't let me sell at 110, but at 70 he makes me sell.

"Well, naturally, I canned that guy. But the next broker was no better. First he touts me into a couple, they barely move, he touts me out again. Then I give him one I heard at the country club, United Fruit isn't making bananas anymore, something like that. The stock is 28, at 35 the lousy tout makes me sell. The stock goes right on to 55, but the lousy tout makes me sell. Then he makes me buy some piece of junk he's touting."

"It sounds like you need a better broker."

"There's no such thing. They're all lousy touts hustling commissions. They're always right a little, and then they tout you out of what you know is right."

"You ought to follow your own impulses."

"That's all very well, but I'm a busy man."

"It sounds like you ought just to use a broker to execute orders, not for any kind of advice."

"I should. I should. I'd be a rich man today if the lousy touts didn't always make me sell at the wrong time, or buy the wrong stock."

The list of roles investors play could go on and on, but an archetypical origin of the species is missing. Perhaps, as the savants say, the investors are in the market for something else. I have a friend who runs a small clearinghouse shop, and this is what he says: "I don't care whether they're big investors or little investors. If they make a little money, they're happy; if they lose a little money, they're not too unhappy. What they want to do is to call you up. They want to say, 'How's my stock? Is it up? Is it down? What about the earnings? What about the merger? *What's going on?*' And they want to do this every day; they want a friend, they want someone on the telephone, *they want to be a part of what's going on;* and if you gave them a choice between making money, guaranteed, or staying in the game, and if you put it in some acceptable face-saving form, every last one of them would pick staying in the game. It doesn't make sense, or the kind of sense you expect, but it makes a nutty kind of sense if you see it for the way it is."

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THE RIGHT TO DIE

by Bernard Bard and Joseph Fletcher

When life "is not good, it deserves neither protection nor preservation." That is the proposition examined in the following pages by a grieving father whose son was born a mongoloid, and a distinguished moral philosopher who attempts to put the issue into ethical perspective. Mr. Bard is a veteran education writer for the New York POST *and author of* THE SCHOOL LUNCHROOM: TIME OF TRIAL. *Professor Fletcher, author of* MORAL RESPONSIBILITY: SITUATION ETHICS AT WORK *and other books, teaches pastoral theology and Christian ethics at the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

A FATHER SPEAKS

My son, Philip, was born at 11:20 A.M. on December 2, 1962, at Booth Memorial Hospital, Flushing, New York. The pediatrician, Dr. F., a youngish man given to bow ties, met me in the corridor of the maternity floor. It was a boy, five pounds, thirteen ounces, he said, but added: "I'm not totally satisfied."

The vital organs were functioning normally, said the doctor, but there was something about the facial features, the extra-wide bridge between the eyes, the poor muscle tone, the weakness of the stomach muscles when the infant cried that showed abnormality.

"This is something we'll have to watch carefully, to see how the baby develops in the next twenty-four hours, or three to four days," said Dr. F. "But for the moment, the outlook is for an individual without a long life-span and not great mental development in the years ahead. Please call me by tomorrow."

My wife was still under anesthesia. I went out to buy flowers, and was in her room when she awakened. "How is the baby?" were her first words. I said he was fine. She smiled and went back to sleep.

I visited the nursery that afternoon and again that night. My baby was in a warmer. The nurse on duty assured me it was not an incubator, just a temperature-control device. I had been worried because Philip was premature, born four weeks ahead of schedule. But the nurse told me his weight was good. He looked beautiful. His face seemed round and healthy-looking. I detected none of the unusual facial configurations Dr. F. had mentioned. I began to grope for reassurance. I stopped another nurse to ask how my son appeared to her. "Fine," she said. "Don't let the warmer worry you."

At three the next day, I sat in Dr. F.'s office, on a residential side street a mile from the hospital. He closed the door, and began, quietly, to recite some of his observations. The ears were set back too far on the head. The hands and feet were stubbier than normal. There was an in-turning of the final joint of the pinky fingers. There was a fold over each eyelid. There was a scruff of fat at the back of the neck. The hands and feet flexed back too far under pressure, but did not reflex. "The child is almost double-jointed." And the tongue was too large for the mouth.

The features and symptoms suggested hypertelorism, a word I immediately recognized as associated with mental retardation. The word for the infant's overall appearance and condition, said Dr. F., was mongolism. "All signs point to it." But still Dr. F. did not want to make his diagnosis

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final. He assured me tests could be taken, hip X rays and chromosome counts. And he could consult with the chief of pediatrics at the hospital. "How sure are you?" I asked. "Is there perhaps a fifty-fifty chance you are wrong?"

No, said Dr. F., the odds were more likely ninety to ten that he was right. Few such children, he continued, live beyond the teens. Those that do survive into adulthood are incapable of reproduction. The outlook for "normal" mental development was about nil, he said, and only fifty-fifty that the child would be able to care for his own bodily functions, and not much more.

"Parents make either one of two decisions," said Dr. F. "Either they take the child home, and give him as much care as possible. Or, where there is another child at home, as in your case, the decision is sometimes made to institutionalize the mongolian child. Some parents take the child home for several months, or years, and then place it in a nursing home or training school."

That night I met Dr. L., the chief pediatrician at Booth. He emerged from the nursery, where he had just concluded his examination, and was still wearing his surgical mask and gown. "Wait till I shed this," he said. "I'll meet you in the father's waiting room."

There was no doubt at all about the diagnosis, said Dr. L. No tests were necessary. All the classic symptoms were present. The child, he said, would be vulnerable to heart trouble "of a severe sort," perhaps at age one or two. He would be peculiarly susceptible to digestive ailments and respiratory troubles. Life would, according to medical experience, be short. Mental development would be arrested at the age level of two or three.

Dr. L. said many parents institutionalize mongolian children, "particularly when there is another child at home, a normal child." But he declined firmly to offer any advice.

Two days after Philip was born, I gave Peggy the entire story. Until then she had only known there were symptoms that troubled the doctors. She tried to nurse, but the baby was too weak. Dr. F. ordered Philip be given a bottle in the nursery. I told my wife that I felt it best to have the baby cared for away from home, that this was a decision the doctors had not attempted to influence in any way, but one in which they concurred as the best. Dr. F. said, "He will grow up among children like himself, not aware that he is different."

In point of fact, the physicians I consulted said it was better to experience heartache now than to know a cumulative, greater anguish later on. To take the child home, one doctor said, would trap the family in "an irreversible situation." Peggy agreed, and said weakly: "Take me home."

Through friends, I learned in the next few days of a private sanitarium in Westchester County, said to be rated one of the best in the state. I called and found my son could be accepted immediately. The institution, I was told, was run "as a hobby" by a pediatrician with a flourishing practice with normal children.

He was a specialist in mentally retarded children. The price, to families receiving welfare assistance, was $160 a month. I was one of these. My income, in the middle range, had forced me to apply to the Nassau County Department of Public Welfare for aid in meeting the costs of institutional care.

Now, among close friends, I began to tell our story. I learned that there are such tragedies in many families. The sister of a neighbor, I learned, cares at home for a mongolian boy of fifteen. He is virtually helpless, still wears diapers. The mother has suffered three miscarriages because of the strain of lifting him.

A friend from my high school days told me of a cousin with mongolism, a woman of thirty-eight with the mind of a four-year-old. "I see her once in a while at a family social function," he said. "It's impossible to exchange more than a few words with her. Her mother's greatest fear is that she will be left alone, with no one to look after her, after the mother dies." The parents, I was told, were determined to have no more children for fear mongolism might strike again.

Another friend told of another mongolian child being raised at home. The mother has said openly: "I want to outlive him by just one day, so that I can know a single day of freedom." The child is in his teens. He often wanders away and gets lost in the neighborhood. The police bring him home.

On the weekend following Philip's birth, I visited the sanitarium which had been recommended to me. It was a large old mansion, constructed of brown and buff-colored stones. The premises looked solid, formidable, and cold; the design was turn-of-the-century; there was a small sign over the front entrance. The neighborhood was neat and partly residential.

Mrs. C., the chief nurse, gave me the admissions forms. I paused, conscious of her watchful eyes, as I answered each question — father's name, mother's name, age of infant, weight, and so on. My feelings of guilt were overpowering. I felt I was abandoning my child. My mind returned to the hospital nursery. The other infants now there would come into homes made ready to receive them. My child was forsaken.

"Would you like to look around?" asked Mrs. C. We went first to a room containing the newborn. Nine infants were in cribs, some asleep. Most were awake. There was no whimper, no cry. The babies were almost motionless. They lay as if in a

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trance. Their faces showed no expressions. Most showed the telltale facial characteristics of mongolism — eyes widely spaced, slight deformities of the ears, round, fat cheeks.

We passed down a corridor. Mrs. C. told me to wait while she closed a door. "The children in there have oversized heads," she said. "It might disturb you. We keep them together." On we went, into other rooms containing other children — mongoloids, brain-damaged; some were blind in addition to being mentally retarded. Some of the children seemed too large to be languishing helplessly in a crib; others seemed pitifully small.

In one room was a girl of four, wearing a red playsuit. She lay on her back in the crib, staring blankly into space or at the ceiling. She was the age of my older son, Stephen, but half his size. "Mongolian," said Mrs. C. She affectionately tickled the child's stomach to bring on a playful mood. But there was no response, no laughter, no smile. The face was void. For my child, I told myself, there would be a crib here. It was a thought beyond total understanding or complete acceptance.

In her office, Mrs. C. listened as I told her of my feelings. It was not for this, I said, that we wanted another baby. We would consider ourselves blessed, I went on, if there had been a miscarriage or a blue baby rather than this. Mrs. C. understood. I asked her how mongoloid children fared. While they live, she said, "they haven't a care in the world — it's the parents who suffer." Heart failure kills many the first year, she said, but with new drugs more and more survive that period. If they do, she said, some mongoloid children live for years.

On the trip home, I prayed for my child's death, cursing and damning myself as I did.

I WENT back to see Dr. F., our pediatrician, who was pleased with the sanitarium and the speed with which arrangements were completed. I raised with him the question of euthanasia in those instances where neurological damage is so severe that no matter how long a child may live, he will be little more than a body — unable to care for the most elemental needs, totally dependent on others for survival.

There was no shock on his face. Mongolism, said Dr. F., was incurable and the cause, usually, of gross retardation. If euthanasia were legal and professionally ethical, he said he would be more inclined to perform it on my child than on children afflicted with other diseases that were on the threshold of new discoveries. But for mongolism, he said, there was no cure and none on the horizon. Research was concentrating, he said, on birth defects so as to eliminate the prenatal causes of mongolism.

While medicine could not take Philip's life, said Dr. F., nothing would be done to prolong it. No operations would be performed; no miracle drugs would be administered. "Medical emergencies will be met, such as sudden bleeding or choking," said Dr. F., "and the child will be kept warm, fed, and sheltered. Nothing more."

I returned to the sanitarium in a day or two to meet Dr. K., the director. His offices were separated from the institution he ran by a narrow driveway. On one side of the driveway was the sanitarium, with its population of retarded children. On the other was a pediatrician's office, with baby carriages parked at the door. Cutouts of clowns and Humpty-Dumpties adorned the bright yellow walls of Dr. K.'s waiting room. There was laughter, and an occasional shriek, and mothers chased after children intent on mild havoc. At a small table, a group of children read aloud from a picture book.

Dr. K. is a man in his fifties. He has been a specialist in mental retardation among children for thirty years. He has examined every mongoloid child in Westchester County, it is said, either to confirm the diagnosis of other physicians or to contradict them. He spoke of mongolism in scientific terms, the papers he had written on it, the statistics compiled. Nothing, he said, had been discovered concerning precisely what goes wrong during pregnancy to cause the condition, marked by the presence of 47 chromosomes, one more than the normal human complement of 46. The research, he said, was attempting to find what body processes within the mother produce the extra chromosome.

I told Dr. K. that I wanted nothing done to extend my son's hold on life artificially. He assured me he understood. The sanitarium, he said, contains no oxygen. The children are given no inoculations against childhood diseases, unless parents insist. "There are churches on all sides of me," he said. "Every one of these ministers agrees with me that it would not be moral, or serving God's will, to prolong these lives."

At the suggestion of an official in the welfare department, a social caseworker took Philip to the sanitarium next day. I had brought her diapers, nightgowns, blankets, bunting, and bottles for his formula. A few hours after Philip's arrival, Dr. K. called to tell me he had died. "Heart failure and jaundice," he said. "Consider it a blessing." And I remembered what he had told me our first meeting: "Some parents regularly visit their children here. They waste their lives trying to expunge a feeling of guilt that should not be there, instead

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of devoting themselves to their normal children. It is for them that they must and should live."

I did not know my son. I do not know his thousands of brothers and sisters, of whom it has been written, "Oh, what a mortal pity He was ever born," and I do not know the parents of these children. I do not speak for them, just for myself and perhaps for Philip. I believe that it is time for a sane and civilized and humane approach to euthanasia.

I do not know how it should be practiced, or what committee should have a voice in the decisions, or what pill or injection might best be employed. I do know that there are thousands of children on this earth who should never have been born. Their lives are a blank. They do not play; they do not read; they do not grow; they do not live or love. Their life is without meaning to themselves, and an agony to their families.

Why?

— Bernard Bard

A THEOLOGIAN COMMENTS

Bernard Bard is a loving man. He is not a vitalist — which is the label philosophers attach to those who make an idol of life. To them life is the highest good, regardless of the situation. But he loves people too much to absolutize mere biological process. He cares too much for human happiness and peace and kindness and loving concern to subordinate every other consideration to merely keeping breathing a sadly non- or un- or sub-human creature.

I agree with Mr. Bard that we ought to be able to do something about such tragedies, something that he calls "a sane and civilized and humane approach to euthanasia." There is no good reason why he and Mrs. Bard and Stephen and a host of friends and medical and paramedical helpers should quit in dumb resignation to that mysterious, disastrous forty-seventh chromosome.

Out of respect for the Mongols, by the way, and to keep the peace with my own son, who is a specialist historian of Central Asia, I prefer to speak of this pathology as an embryonic anomaly or, specifically, Down's syndrome.

Dr. F. has to act within the law, at least as far as policy goes. Nobody knows for sure what doctors do in practice, sometimes. For example, to stop the pain of terminal patients they sometimes give them rapidly increased doses of morphine in order to reach the fatal, toxic level. And at the other end of the life spiral, at delivery, they often refrain from respirating "monsters." But our statute and common law — that is, our official morality — is thoroughly idolatrous and vitalistic. It prohibits our ever ending a life directly, except when necessary in defense of one's own life.

In short, the official morality and conventional wisdom are not only vitalistic and idolatrous; they are selfishly so. "All life is sacred, and my life most of all."

It is the sacrosanct notion of life which is challenged by Bernard Bard. He is saying that we are not helpless and hopeless in the face of adversity and suffering. He rejects fatalism. Fatalism attributes cosmic evil (evil not due to human cause or choice) to God, perhaps, or nature, or chance, or to some weird combination of all three, and then it decides that we ought not to do anything about it even if and when we could!

Look carefully at what Dr. K. told him. The "sanitarium" where Philip was taken immediately from the hospital only cares for a Down's case physically, and only in a minimum way at that. They keep no oxygen, give no inoculations against disease. Nothing is done to keep death away. On the contrary, it is welcomed as a friend. Kant once said that if we will the end we will the means, and morally surely he was right. The official morality in this matter is plainly of the primitive taboo order. "Life is untouchable; don't dare the lightning of the gods." This is not rational or responsible.

This policy we can call *indirect* euthanasia, achieved by deliberately omitting to do what is possible to preserve life, thus bringing death about left-handedly. It is really dys-thanasia, not eu-thanasia; a bad death, ugly and prolonged, rather than a good death, merciful and quick. One morality lets death drag out, willy-nilly; the other shortens it by a morally authentic decision.

Dr. F.'s professed policy, in which death is desired but not devised, is public simply because it has general acceptance. To give him the credit due, Dr. F. did say to Mr. Bard that if euthanasia were legal, he would be inclined to end the lives of grossly retarded infants like Philip. But behind the reigning official morality lurks a religious or taboo morality. In formal teaching Roman Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, at least as far as their moral theologians and ethicists can speak for them, are agreed that we are not obliged in conscience to preserve a life, just so long as we don't do anything directly to end it. Pope Pius XII, in saying so in 1957, added that we may never choose to let sufferers "go" except when extraordinary means would be required to keep them alive. Doctors and moralists, however, cannot agree about what is extraordinary, and even if they could, it would

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become ordinary very quickly because of the rapid advances of medical care.

Whether at the start of life, as with fetal and neonatal defects, or later on, in terminal and senile illnesses, the moral problem is essentially the same; if we can justify wanting death to come, is it ethical to sit by waiting fatalistically for whatever blind, brute nature happens to "do" about it?

There are some who object that "the end does not justify the means." This is an old bromide, and basically quite an irrational one. Nothing at all can justify what we do, or make good sense of it, except the goal or purpose which gives an act its character as a "means," or to put it differently, makes it meaningful. Otherwise any act would be random, pointless, non-sense.

The only serious ethical question about means and ends is, "Is the flame worth the candle?" Is the cost of the necessary means proportionate to the value of the end sought? Is the payoff worth the input? This is a decision which depends on the facts in each situation; there are no general formulas, no absolute or universal requirements and prohibitions. In dealing with Down's cases, it is obvious that the end everybody wants is death. What is at issue is the means. Shall it be indirect, by omission, as in the official policy, just letting it all hang on chance? Or shall it be direct, by commission, resulting from responsible choice?

What Mr. Bard is pleading for, on behalf of millions of blameless and miserable people, is *direct* euthanasia. I almost said "honest" or "straightforward" euthanasia. Bard's belief is that it is dishonest or phony to will the end but not the means. I agree with him. Absolute taboos, with their underlying mystique about life, make a farce of human freedom.

All such taboos cut the ground out from under morality because nothing we do lies in the moral order if it is not humanly chosen. The atom bomb dropped on Hiroshima in 1945 (tragic and debatable as it was) was morally significant, but the Krakatoa volcanic earthquake off Sumatra in 1883 wasn't. If Philip's life, such as it was, had been brought mercifully to a close, that would have had ethical value; but with its sudden end by "heart failure and jaundice," neither his life nor his death had any moral meaning whatsoever.

Pause for a moment to consider preventive abortion, of the kind that so many women underwent during the thalidomide snafu a few years ago. There is no reason in the world (other than the vitalist mystique in its extreme form) why a pregnancy should not be stopped at once if there is a solid ground to believe or even to fear that it will result in a mentally or physically deformed child.

This is, in a manner of speaking, fetal euthanasia. Mrs. Finkbine was on a morally sound course when she went to Sweden for an abortion after an Arizona court found that our American laws are too vitalistic to allow her to make a morally responsible decision.

Now, then, if through ignorance or neglect or sheer chance (like the forty-seventh chromosome) the damage has not been ended prenatally, why should it not be ended neonatally? To have given birth innocently to a Down's case, when we would not have done so if we had known the truth, does not of itself justify our extending the tragedy. By stubbornly persisting we only compound the evil; we make ourselves "accessories" after the fact of a monstrous accident. We cannot be blamed for what we did not know, but we can be blamed when we do know.

The only difference between the fetus and the infant is that the infant breathes with its lungs. Does this make any significant difference morally or from the point of view of values? Surely not. Life and human *being* is a process, not an event; a continuum, not an episode. It is purely superstitious to assert that life "occurs" at fertilization or nidation or embryonic formation or fetal animation (movement) or birth or at school or voting age.

To be a human is to be self-aware, consciously related to others, capable of rationality in a measure at least sufficient to support some initiative. When these things are absent, or cannot ever come to be, there is neither a potential nor an actual person. To be a person is a lot more than just to be alive — as any student of the human struggle for maturity and well-being knows perfectly well. The fact that a biological organism functions biologically does not mean that it is a human being. There *is* a difference between a man and a brute. Even if it is a difference only of degree, it is still a difference.

There are many variants or variables situationally, of course. What has been said here is directed only against absolute prohibitions of euthanasia, maintained legalistically and regardless of relative circumstances. On the other hand, however, there is no logic in slipping into the opposite error and absurdity — insisting that euthanasia is always the right thing to do in all cases of retardation! This would simply be a reverse legalism. There is, on the contrary, a strong case to be made for the medical distinctions between idiots, cretins, and morons.

The Kennedy Foundation will no doubt help us eventually to correct the condition of some retardates. Whether we ought to do so or not

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should depend on each particular situation. Neonatal intensive-care units in maternity hospitals are having increasing success in overcoming hypoxia (lack of oxygen), hypoglycemia (lack of sugar), bilirubin (a blood chemical causing jaundice and anemia), and infections of the central nervous system. But the core of the moral problem is still the freedom of people to choose, to be responsible, in every situation.

How strange and contradictory it is that people should deliberately assume the responsibility to *initiate* a life, and to control its creation contraceptively, but still fail or refuse to *terminate* it, no matter what the actual situation is. Some vitalists, the archaically intransigent ones, flatly refuse to terminate reproductive failures either before or after birth, and in a way perhaps this kind of whole-hog opposition makes more sense than a willingness to do it before respiration (abortion) but not afterward (euthanasia). The archaists at least have a consistent and radical fatalism.

People in the Bards' situation have no reason to feel guilty about putting a Down's syndrome baby away, whether it's "put away" in the sense of hidden in a sanitarium or in a more responsible lethal sense. It is sad, yes. Dreadful. But it carries no guilt. True guilt arises only from an offense against a person, and a Down's is not a person. There is no cause for remorse, even though, certainly, there is for regret. Guilt over a decision to end an idiocy would be a false guilt, and probably unconsciously a form of psychic masochism.

There is far more reason for real guilt in keeping alive a Down's or other kind of idiot, out of a false idea of obligation or duty, while at the same time feeling no obligation at all to save that money and emotion for a living, learning child. The learning child might be a retarded one with a viable potential, or just an orphan in need of adoption.

To "feel" obligation to prolong "life" in the Down's case while failing utterly to see or accept any responsibility in the promising child's case is moral confusion worse confounded. From a human or moral point of view it is irresponsible.

Theologically oriented people often get the idea that life is God's alone, to deal with as He wills or pleases. (They stick to this idea even if they practice birth control! The really *consistent* vitalists are across the board opposed equally to contraception, abortion, sterilization, euthanasia — that is, to any form of human initiative and responsibility whatsoever.) One moralist has said that euthanasia is a "destruction of the temple of God and a violation of the property rights of Jesus Christ." But this divine-monopoly theory logically militates against medicine itself, which is trying to lengthen life and defend it from "nature's" threats.

The belief that God is at work directly or indirectly in all natural phenomena is a form of animism or simple pantheism. If we took it really seriously, all science, including medicine, would die away because we would be afraid to "dissect God" or tamper with His activity. Such beliefs are a hopelessly primitive kind of God-thought and God-talk, but they hang on long after theologians generally have bid them good-bye.

The notion that life is sacrosanct is actually a Hindu idea, although Hindus practice things like suttee. It is not Christian or biblical. If it were, all heroism and martyrdom would be wrong, to say nothing of carnivorous diet, capital punishment, and warfare. The sanctity (what makes it precious) is not in life itself, intrinsically; it is only extrinsic and *bonum per accidens*, *ex casu* — according to the situation. Compared to some things, the taking of life is a small evil, and compared to some things, the loss of life is a small evil. Death is not always an enemy; it can sometimes be a friend and servant.

Life is sometimes good, and death is sometimes good. Life is no more a good in itself than any other value is. It is good, when and if it is good, because of circumstances, because of the context. When it is not good, it deserves neither protection nor preservation. Our present laws about "elective death" are not civilized. It is high time we had some constructive guidance, perhaps from a model code committee of the American Law Institute. Let the law favor living, not mere life.

— Joseph Fletcher

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What Makes Bill Buckley Run

by WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Rebuffed by the voters in New York City's 1966 mayoralty campaign, the author persists, and this month offers himself to Yale alumni as a candidate for election to the Yale Corporation, in which post he hopes to influence the education of future Elis, and transform, in whatever way possible, the course of instruction in America's private colleges. Mr. Buckley, once chairman of the YALE DAILY NEWS, *stirred up the Ivy League in 1951 with his book* GOD AND MAN AT YALE, *an eloquent objection to nonsecular education at his alma mater. He is an editor, columnist, and television personality widely associated with conservative causes.*

Q. Mr. Buckley, last October you suddenly announced your candidacy for membership in the Yale Corporation, and the story broke into the front page of the New York *Times*. Tell us, please, why you decided to run.

A. In fact, the idea wasn't my own, but that of a good friend who is also my lawyer and *National Review's*. He is an alumnus of Yale of great distinction, Mr. C. Dickerman Williams, B.A. 1922, LL.B. 1924, former editor of the *Yale Law Journal*, who clerked under Chief Justice William Howard Taft. I mentioned that once to Groucho Marx, in some connection or other, and he was greatly impressed. Overimpressed. It turned out he was under the impression that Mr. Williams had been President Taft's Attorney General.

Q. What was it that your genius lawyer-friend said to you that prompted you to run?

A. What shook me up was Mr. Williams' extraordinary contention that I might just possibly win election to the Yale Corporation. He reasons that many alumni are dissatisfied with various policies at Yale, and that although many of them do not agree with all of my own positions, they do agree that such positions as I tend to take are not vigorously enough defended within the Yale Corporation.

Q. Do you mean to say that some, or even many, alumni will be voting for you who wouldn't be doing so if they thought that your views would prevail?

A. Alas, yes.

Q. Isn't that a little unreasonable?

A. No. It is reasonable to desire that someone within the council of the mighty should put forward the merits of a conservative case, even without committing oneself finally to the merits of that case. A conservative becomes a presence in the room. This doesn't mean that he overwhelms the majority, but it does mean that the majority have a better opportunity to test their own views. You might even go so far as to say that minority representation is an aspect of academic freedom.

Q. Are you suggesting that if you were elected, yours would be the only conservative voice in the Yale Corporation?

A. No. There are undoubtedly other conservatives among the eighteen regular members of the Yale Corporation. But there isn't anyone else who is identified as a sort of public defender of conservative points of view.

Q. Won't it be rather a bore for the Corporation to have you there at every meeting, nagging, and tattling, and filibustering?

A. I shouldn't think they would find me any more boring than I would find them. Actually, I have every reason to believe that they are very nice people, and therefore that I would find myself among people like myself. As for nagging, I don't believe in it, am temperamentally incapable of it. Tattling? I would of course respect the privacy of that organization, even as I have respected the privacy of others I have belonged to. However, I would not go so far as to deprive myself of the freedom I now have to criticize Yale policies as they are publicly discernible. As for filibustering, I assume that the bylaws of the Corporation provide for limiting the time given over to discussion of pending proposals. If there is no such bylaw, I shall propose one.

Q. Has there been public discussion of your candidacy?

A. Most of it has been conversational. Newspapers throughout the country remarked my candidacy, some of them even commented editorially

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on it, but Yale has been publicly silent, at least so far. The *Yale Alumni Magazine*, for instance, has, as of the moment I write, exhibited a most exemplary sangfroid. Not a mention of my candidacy, even in issues which report the social and political doings of the university's white mice. I am very grateful.

Q. You mean there has been no public discussion at Yale of your candidacy?

A. No, I don't mean that. Within a fortnight of my announcement, the student body canvassed its members in two different polls. The first was an open discussion before the Yale Political Union, at which a dozen student speakers arose, some of them to espouse, others to denounce, my candidacy. At the end of the speeches the Union voted in favor of electing me. I attach no significance whatever to this, though it is of course interesting to me that a favorable vote should have followed upon a public *debate* over my candidacy. I like that.

Q. How could the students have known what your views are?

A. Some of them know my views from my writings. One or two of them called me on the telephone while preparing for the debate and elicited answers to several supersensitive questions.

Q. And the other student canvass?

A. Went against me. That was a poll of the entire student body, conducted by the Yale Political Union. Against me were 52 percent of those polled. For me, 36 percent. Don't know, 12 percent.

Q. What was your reaction to that vote?

A. Magnificently political. An editor of the *Yale Daily News* telephoned me before the afternoon of the day the results would be tabulated to ask whether I could be reached for comment at 10 o'clock that night, at which point it would be known whether I had won or lost. I replied that unfortunately I could not be reached at 10 P.M. that particular night, but that — such is my recent education in politics — I was even now prepared to give two statements, one of them suitable for the contingency of my winning, the other suitable if I lost. If the students voted for me, I should be quoted as saying that I had anticipated their *cri de coeur* and was coming fast to the rescue. If the vote was against me, I should be quoted as observing that here was proof of (a) how greatly the students needed my guidance, and (b) how wise Yale's policy is that students are not permitted to vote for Corporation members, not even alumni, until they have been out of college for five years; the presumption being that after five years they will grow wiser. Wise enough to vote for me.

Q. Why, would you say, did the majority of the student body vote against you?

A. In part because it's fashionable to vote against a conservative (ask Goldwater). In part because the publicity given to my candidacy focused on my views of Yale's admissions policy. These views were strenuously misrepresented in the New York *Times*, enough to convince the Yale student who is a graduate of a public high school that were my views to prevail, a graduate of a public high school stands little chance of getting into Yale. The *Times* quoted me as saying: "The son of an alumnus, who goes to a private preparatory school, now has less of a chance of getting in than some boy from P.S. 109 somewhere. There should be a presumption in favor of those who are supporting the University — the alumni."

Q. How does that misrepresent your position?

A. Triumphantly. A few days before announcing my candidacy, I had published a column insisting that the distinction ought to be plain that a positive bias in favor of sons of Yale alumni is not the same thing as a positive bias against graduates of the public schools. My position has been that *all other qualifications being equal*, the son of the Yale alumnus should have preference over the son of a nonalumnus, no matter what school the respective candidates have been attending. In other words, the son of a Yale alumnus who graduates from P.S. 109 should receive favorable consideration over the son of a nonalumnus who graduates from Groton, *assuming* that the two boys are otherwise equally qualified, by which I mean that the two boys achieved roughly equal scores on the college board tests, got comparably enthusiastic recommendations from the headmaster and principal, showed equal zeal for extra-academic pursuits, et cetera.

Q. But, in fact, you must acknowledge the likelihood that in such a case as you mention, it would be the Grotonian who is typically the son of the Yale alumnus rather than the boy from P.S. 109?

A. Yes, I do, but you mustn't jump to conclusions which would betray an inverse snobbism. I believe that there shouldn't be a positive bias against any boy merely because his father sends him to Groton. Yet I do believe that something of the sort has got itself spliced into the thinking of some of those who have fashioned Yale's admissions policies. I grant that my conclusions are impressionistic, but to the extent that it is feasible to substantiate them, let me cite two incidents and some statistics.

1. The headmaster of a prominent Eastern preparatory school told me a year ago, in commenting on Yale's admissions policy, that if he were approached by a superbly qualified student who above all earthly things desired to go on to Yale, the headmaster would counsel him to with-

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draw from his school and enroll in a public school, whence he could more safely count on attracting the favorable attention of Yale's gathering system.

2. The headmaster of another famous private school reported to class agents his concern over Yale's positive bias against graduates of the preparatory schools and sons of alumni, but on being asked to make public his criticisms, was manifestly afraid to do so — one must assume for fear of incurring the retaliatory displeasure of Yale's admissions office.

3. The figures. In the Class of 1940 the percentage of the entering class at Yale whose fathers were alumni was 29. In the Class of 1950, the percentage was 24. In 1960, 22 percent; in 1966, 20 percent; in 1969, 18 percent; in 1971, 14 percent. Now, there are two explanations for the diminishing percentage of Yale undergraduates whose fathers were Yale alumni. One — and it raises an interesting, intellectual question — is that the academic standards for admission to Yale have been rising at a rate beyond the capacity of the typical son of the typical Yale graduate to keep up with, in which case it is time to ask how come the sons of Yale are failing *their* sons? The other explanation is that sons of Yale alumni are being discriminated against for social reasons, giving rise to the equally interesting question, namely, why does Yale disdain the sons of men who were taught the social values of Yale University?

Q. What do you consider the desirable standard for admission to Yale?

A. The desirable standard is the standard that was explicitly adopted by Princeton University after the Second World War, or at least, specifically acknowledged at that time; a standard from which, by the way, Princeton now appears to have retreated, under the pressures of atmospheric egalitarianism. What a spokesman for Princeton said as recently as 1958 was very simply this: We reserve the right to set academic standards for the freshman class as high as we like. However, having set them at the level we desire to set them, we shall admit into the freshman class the son of any alumnus of Princeton whose academic record and achievement tests indicate that he would graduate with his class, provided he is also qualified on the basis of the normal extra-academic considerations.

Q. Isn't it so that such policies would tend to make the great private universities sort of endogamous, class-conscious havens for the privileged?

A. Yes and no. Yes to that much of what you allege which is desirable and also by the way realistic; no to that much which is undesirable and unrealistic. Neither Yale nor Princeton nor Harvard nor Stanford — nor any university, no matter how fecund its graduates — can procreate, one wife at a time, fast enough to make for freshman classes composed entirely of alumni sons, so that there is bound to be a biological watering of the freshman class with sons of fathers who were not alumni. When Princeton was meticulously observing the policy of granting preference to Princeton sons provided-they-could-graduate-with-their-class, only about 20 percent of Princeton's entering class were Princeton sons.

I deduce from the figures of the admissions committee that if every alumni son who applied for admission to the Class of 1970 had been admitted, even then the freshman class would have been only 55 percent sons-of-alumni. Suppose that had happened? One has only to imagine the high esteem of the first-rank university whose pedagogy proved so durable and so animating that the majority of the sons of its graduates succeeded in establishing their competitive parity with the very best sons of the very best parents from all quarters of American society.

In other words, the fear that a private university that favors the sons of its alumni will become incestuous and fetid breaks down under scrutiny. It need only be added that such is the diversity even among Yale graduates that if one assumed that the first-born of each one of them had a preemptive right to admission — which is a travesty on what I am recommending — it would not necessarily follow that the cultural or educational effect upon the university would be suffocating. There are as many differences among sons of Yale alumni — cultural, biological, glandular, intellectual — as there are among the sons, if not of any random sample group of American citizens, at least among a random sample group of such parents as in fact constitute the parents of existing freshman classes.

Q. You have elaborated what you consider to be the desirable admissions policy. Suppose you answer the question: why *should* a college favor the sons of its alumni? For purely mercenary reasons?

A. No, not for *purely* mercenary reasons, though "purely mercenary reasons" can be transmuted by the lightest rhetorical legerdemain into "purely altruistic reasons." There are several reasons. Probably the easiest to dispose of is also the most vulgar — which is also the most frequently raised — to wit, your leering question about the mercenary consideration.

Permit me to answer it by asking you a question. Why *should* an alumnus contribute to his alma mater? I recognize one answer to that as pretty convincing: every graduate of every college that paid out more toward his education than the graduate paid in tuition fees ought to feel psychologically indebted at least for the difference.

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Suppose that it cost Yale $12,000 to cope with me, and that as an undergraduate I paid Yale $6000. There is a debt of honor there, by my figuring, of $6000. Not, to be sure, a debt to which anyone can lay formal claim. But a debt of considerable moral cogency.

All right. Now, to whom is this debt payable? The automatic answer — to your alma mater — is, upon reflection, unconvincing. At least, it is unconvincing under the existing philanthropical rubric, which is that your subsidy is utterly unrelated to your being a member, so to speak, of the Yale (read Princeton, Harvard, Columbia, what-have-you) family. If your education by Yale was a benefaction which records nothing more than Yale's generic interest in higher education, then the debt that you incurred is repayable to the Cause of Higher Education wherever you spot that cause as marginally most efficient. Indeed, if we measure our debt to our alma mater in the coin of a reciprocated devotion to the cause of education, then we quite reasonably observe the criteria of our own university in distributing our largesse: don't give to the privileged few, give to others. Don't give to Yale, give to Tuskegee. Now, I know very well the case for multiplying the advantages of the few. But the acceptance of the case for the few requires corollary suppositions which existing admissions standards are reluctant to acknowledge, suppositions the disavowal of which requires the conscientious alumnus to ask: Why, then, give money to Yale, at a time when the College of the Ozarks is also wanting? Yale has got itself a gymnasium the yearly maintenance cost of which is more than the Ozarks pays all its liberal arts faculty. Doesn't it then follow that an appeal by Yale for funds, to the extent that it is based on reminding us that we were the beneficiaries of higher education, is an appeal which we can most plausibly respond to — in the context of its existing admissions policy — by addressing our contributions to the College of the Ozarks?

Q. Are you suggesting that contributions to your alma mater should be based on self-interest?

A. You have a faculty for vulgarizing. I am leading up to the point that self-interest isn't necessarily antisocial, no more in education than in commerce. If "good" reasons are "social" reasons, then I say flatly: there are no "social" reasons for giving money to any one top-flight private university. The best reasons for giving support to a university *are* "selfish": such reasons as that you desire a particular university to maintain the highest standards because (a) it is a university which is committed to taking on your son assuming he qualifies to study in that community, and/or — brace yourself — (b) that university fulfills a particular function, the fulfilling of which endows the nation in which you live with citizens whose attitudes toward their country are such as indirectly to endow that country, and hence you and your progeny, with the benefit of their education and dedication.

Q. Do you then conceive of Yale and other front-rank private universities as educational watering places for a governing class?

A. I am of course aware that you are not permitted to use the phrase "governing class" in America. What makes the term invidious is its association with the class system, or even the caste system, in such societies as England's or India's. Curiously, there is no opprobrium attached in America to the concept of individual families being associated over the course of generations with public service, loosely viewed. We are proud of the Adams family, of the Lodges, of the Rockefellers, of the Roosevelts. We should also be proud of institutions an exposure to which sets the mind to thinking in terms of a general sense of obligation to society. Instead, we denounce them as havens for the privileged, summon the spirit of Andy Jackson, and reach for our democratic leveling guns.

There are those who so overstate the imperatives of the democratic tradition that they find themselves, in effect, hard at work attempting to fracture the elite. That spirit is of course codified in the progressive income tax that rises, or did until recently, to levels of 91 percent. It is a robust and thoroughly commendable American tradition that there should be instant access to the top for everyone who qualifies, and that there should be ample opportunities to qualify. But recent admissions policies of the large private colleges seem to argue that it is equally important to fracture coalescing classes of governors. The effect of such policies is in part to absorb new members into the governing class, in part to demote others even if they have done nothing to earn that demotion. "You will laugh," I wrote a while ago, and some people did laugh, "but it is true that a Mexican-American from El Paso High with identical scores on the achievement tests, and identically ardent recommendations from their headmasters, has a better chance of being admitted to Yale than Jonathan Edwards the Sixteenth from St. Paul's School."

Any college that wishes to serve within the American tradition should guard against exclusivity for the sake of it. It should never exclude the talented in order to give preferences to its own grossly untalented. But it should not decline to include its own simply in order to multiply opportunity. We should bear in mind that there must emerge a *reason* for the private college if the private college is going to survive. If Yale has no sense of obligation to its alumni, no sense of adherence to any

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special traditions, why should it be private? I have no doubt that the state of Connecticut would gratefully accept the gift of the plant, facilities, and faculty contracts of Yale University, which gift would (a) provide the final solution to the problem of financing Yale, and (b) forever allay any suspicion that Yale is undemocratic.

Q. Are you then predicting that the private colleges will disappear — or that they will adopt your approach?

A. The private colleges, as nobody tires of saying, are in crisis. They need more money. Paradoxically, the crisis appears to deepen even as the people become more affluent.

A decade ago, the emphasis had already begun to move from support by individuals to support by corporations. There had been an important test case in 1951 when a stockholder objected to the A. P. Smith's Company giving money to Princeton. The judge ended up authorizing the philanthropy, although on grounds most embarrassing to university officials. The gift was legal, said the judge, because "Princeton emphasizes by precept and indoctrination the principles which are vital to the preservation of our own democratic system of business and government." It being a clear violation of currently understood standards of academic freedom for a college to emphasize anything by precept or indoctrination, the language of the decision was avoided like a litany from a Black Mass. Even so, the universities interpreted the decision as carte blanche for corporations to give large sums of money to colleges and universities. Accordingly, in the spring of 1956, the presidents of the large private colleges issued a set of "Guiding Principles for Industrial Gifts." The preamble to the "Guiding Principles" began by remarking such things as "colleges and universities have a deep obligation to society," and then hurried on to discuss "the form of corporate giving most useful to the college or university [cash]." Delicately, the presidents warned colleges and universities against permitting "their names to be used in any related advertising" of their corporation donors, but hastened to grant that corporations obviously deserve the good will that is the natural and appropriate dividend of genuine philanthropy. (The distinction for which they were groping is not altogether clear. Presumably, it is all right to establish a Colgate Chair of Political Economy, but not a Colgate "It Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth" Chair of anything at all.) Accordingly, such things as the plain and simple Socony Mobil Professorship of Nuclear Engineering (Princeton) started to crop up.

But we see now, ten years later, that the corporations couldn't, or at any rate didn't, give enough. So that McGeorge Bundy, who was educated at Yale when Charles Seymour was its president — a gentleman of progressive inclination and humane disposition who warned repeatedly against incurring any dependency on the federal government — now calls for "a drastic increase in government support." Yale has not, then, ceased to have wants. But is she no longer worthy of her past history? Or of the sometime devotion of her alumni? Why?

Q. Well, why? Purely because of this positive bias you speak of against sons of alumni?

A. I think it goes beyond that. There is the sense of mission, clumsily formulated by the judge in the A. P. Smith case who, unwittingly and in a single sentence, challenged root and branch the central presumptions, not to say vanities, of that special kind of academic freedom which is nihilistic in its implications. The conventional argument against Yale, made by its critics, myself included, has been along conservative-liberal lines — the charge, for instance, that not only is Yale in practice distinctly and observably hostile to one point of view (the conservative point of view), and therefore living outside the bounds of true impartiality, but that such partiality as Yale does exercise is intellectually and politically faddish, and very dimly related to the higher ambitions of a great university.

Q. Do you have in mind, specifically, the activities of such conspicuous Yalemen as Staughton Lynd and William Sloane Coffin, Jr.?

A. *Former* Yaleman Staughton Lynd (Yale is not powerless suavely to excommunicate, when the will is finally mustered). Concerning Dr. Coffin, it is true that he is conspicuous, and that although he has a great deal of support among the students and faculty of Yale (which support is of his political opinions and activities, one has to acknowledge, rather than of the Christian fires that rage within his breast), he is not an *official* spokesman for Yale. But the argument that Dr. Coffin's activities are not to be confused with the mind-set of Yale University is not altogether convincing. It was only a very few years ago that official Yale conferred a doctor of laws on Martin Luther King, who more clearly qualifies as a doctor of lawbreaking. It seems to me that even if you accept totally unexamined the most fanatical statements on academic freedom, for instance those in Professor Robert MacIver's book, then you definitely need, for the sake of balance, for the sake of intellectual excitement, for the sake of its survival as a private university, a conservative revival at Yale.

Q. What are you doing to try to encourage such a revival?

A. Running for the Corporation.

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MAN IN THE DRAWER

A soft shalom I thought I heard, but considering the Slavic cast of the driver's face, it seemed unlikely. He had been eyeing me in the rearview mirror since I had stepped into his taxi, and to tell the truth, I had momentary apprehensions. I'm forty-four and have recently lost weight but not, I admit, nervousness. It's my American clothes I thought at first, one is a recognizable stranger. Unless he was tailing me to begin with, but how could that be if it was a passing cab I had hailed myself?

He had picked me up in his noisy Volga of ancient vintage on the Lenin Hills, where I had been wandering all afternoon in and around Moscow University. Finally I had had enough of sight-seeing, and when I saw the cab, hallooed and waved both arms. The driver, cruising in a hurry, had stopped, you might say, on a kopek, as though I were someone he was dying to give a ride to; maybe somebody he had mistaken for a friend, whom, considering my recent experiences in Kiev, I wouldn't mind being mistaken for.

From the first minute our eyes were caught in a developing recognition although we were complete strangers. I knew nobody in Moscow except an Intourist girl or two. In the rectangular mirror his face seemed globular, the eyes small but canny — they probed, tugged, doubted, seemed to beg to know — give him a word and he'd be grateful, though why and for what cause he didn't say; then, as if the whole thing wearied him insufferably, he pretended no further interest.

Serves him right, I thought, but it wouldn't be a bad thing if he paid a little attention to the road once in a while or we'll never get where we're going, wherever that is. I realized I hadn't said because I wasn't sure myself — anywhere but back to the Metropole just yet. It was one of those days I couldn't stand my hotel room.

"Shalom!" he said finally out loud. It came forth like a declaration of faith.

"Shalom to you." So it was what I had heard, who would have thought so? We both relaxed, looking at opposite sides of the street.

The taxi driver sat in his shirt sleeves on a cool June day, not more than fifty-five Fahrenheit. He was a man in his thirties who looked as if what he ate didn't fully feed him — in afterthought a discontented type, his face on the worn side; not bad-looking even though the head seemed pressed a bit flat by somebody's heavy hand although protected by a mat of thick uncombed hair. His face, as I said, veered to Slavic: bony, broad cheekbones tapering to sensitive chin; but he sported a longish nose and distinctive larynx on a slender hairy neck, a mixed type, you might say. At any rate, the shalom

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A Story by Bernard Malamud

had seemed to change his appearance, even of the probing eyes. He was dissatisfied for certain this fine June day — his lot, fate, himself, what? Also a sort of indigenous sadness hung on him, God knows from where, and he didn't mind if who he was was visible; not everyone could do that or wanted to. This one showed himself. Not too prosperous, I'd say, yet no underground man. He sat firm in his seat, all of him driving, perhaps a little frantically. I have an experienced eye for such details.

"Israeli?" he finally asked.

"Amerikansky." I know no Russian, just a few polite words.

He dug into his pocket for a thin pack of cigarettes and swung his hairy arm back, the Volga swerving to avoid a truck making a turn.

"Take care!"

I was thrown sideways, no apologies. Extracting a Bulgarian cigarette I wasn't eager to smoke — too strong — I handed him his pack. I was considering offering my prosperous American pack in return but didn't want to affront him.

"Feliks Levitansky," he said. "How do you do? I am the taxi driver." His accent was strong, verging to fruity but redeemed by fluency of tongue.

"Ah, you speak English? I sort of thought so."

"My profession is translator — English, French." He shrugged sideways.

"Howard Harvitz is my name. I'm here for a short vacation, about three weeks. My wife died not so long ago and I'm traveling partly to relieve my mind."

My voice caught, but then I went on to say that if I could manage to dig up some material for a magazine article or two, so much the better.

In sympathy Levitansky raised both hands from the wheel.

"Please watch out!"

"Horovitz?" he asked.

I spelled it for him. "Frankly, it was Harris after I entered college, but I changed it back recently. My father had it legally changed after I graduated from high school. He was a doctor, a practical sort."

"You don't look to me Jewish."

"Not particularly, I admit."

After a minute he asked, "For which reason?"

"For which reason what?"

"Why you changed back your name?"

"I had a crisis in my life."

"Existential? Economic?"

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"To tell the truth I changed it back after my wife died."

"What is the significance?"

"The significance is that I am closer to my true self."

The driver popped a match with his thumbnail and lit his cigarette.

"I am marginal Jew," he said, "although my father — Avrahm Isaakovich Levitansky — was Jewish. Because my mother was gentile woman I was given choice, but she insisted me to register for internal passport with notation of Jewish nationality in respect for my father. I did this."

"You don't say?"

"My father died in my childhood. I was rised — raised? — to respect Jewish people and religion, but I went my own way. I am atheist. This is inevitable."

"You mean Soviet life?"

Levitansky did not reply, smoked, as I grew embarrassed at my question. I looked around to see if I knew where we were. In afterthought he asked, "To which destination?"

I said, still on the former subject, that I had been a reluctant Jew myself, one might say. "My mother and father were thoroughly assimilated."

"By their choice?"

"Of course by their choice."

"Do you wish," he then asked, "to visit Central Synagogue on Arkhipova Street? Very interesting experience."

"Not just now," I said, "but take me to the Chekhov Museum on Sadovaya Kudrinskaya."

At that the driver, sighing, seemed to take heart.

Rose, I said to myself, you're really gone.

I blew my nose. After her death I had planned to visit the Soviet Union but couldn't get myself to move. I'm a slow man after a blow; though I confess I've never been one for making up his mind in a hurry, at least not on important things. Eight months later, when I was more or less packing, I felt that some of the relief I was looking for was, also, from the necessity of making an unexpected important personal decision. Out of loneliness I had begun to see my former wife, Lillian, in the spring, and before long, since she had remained unmarried and attractive, to my surprise — these things can slip from one sentence to another before you know what's going on — there was some hesitant talk of remarriage. In which case we could turn the Russian trip into a sort of honeymoon — I won't say second because we hadn't had much of a first. In the end, since our lives had been so frankly complicated — hard on each other — I found it impossible to make up my mind, though Lillian, I give her credit, seemed to be willing to take the chance. My feelings were so difficult to define to myself, I decided to decide nothing for sure. Lillian, who is a forthright type with a mind like a lawyer's, asked me if I was cooling off to the idea, and I told her that since the death of my wife I had been examining my life and needed more time to see where I stood. "Still?" she said, meaning the self-searching, and implying, I thought, forever. All I could answer was, "Still," and then, in anger, "forever." I warned myself afterward: stay out of any more complicated entanglements.

Anyway, that almost killed it. It wasn't a particularly happy evening, though it had its moments, you might say. I had once been deeply in love with Lillian. I figured then that a change of scene, maybe a month abroad, would be helpful. I had for a long time wanted to visit the U.S.S.R., and taking time to be alone, and, I hoped, at ease to think things through, might give the trip an additional value.

So I was surprised, when my visa was granted, though not too surprised, that my anticipation was by now blunted and I was experiencing uneasiness. I blamed it on a dread of traveling that sometimes hits me before long trips, that I have to make my peace with before I can move. Will I get there? Will I get lost? Maybe a war breaks out, and I'm surrounded by enemies on all sides. To be frank, though I've resisted the idea, I consider myself an anxious man, which, when I try to explain it to myself, means being this minute halfway into the next. I sit still in a hurry, worry uselessly about the future, and carry the burden of an overripe conscience.

I realized that what troubled me about going into Russia were those stories in the papers of some tourist or casual traveler in this or that Soviet city, who is suddenly grabbed by the secret police on charges of spying, "illegal economic activity," "hooliganism," or whatnot. This poor guy, like somebody from Sudbury, Mass., is held incommunicado until he confesses, and then is sentenced to a prison camp in the wilds of Siberia. After I got my visa I sometimes had fantasies of a stranger shoving a fat envelope of papers into my fist and then arresting me as I was reading them — of course for spying. What would I do in that case? I think I would pitch the envelope into the street, crying out, "Don't try that one on me, I can't even read Russian," and walk away with dignity, hoping that would freeze them in their tracks. A man in danger, if he's walking away from it, seems indifferent, innocent. At least to himself; but then in my mind I hear the sound of footsteps coming after me, and since my reveries tend to the rational, two KGB men grab me, shove both my arms against my back, and make the arrest. Not for littering the

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streets, as I hope might be the case, but for "attempting to dispose of certain incriminating documents," a fact it's difficult to deny.

I see Harvitz shouting, squirming, kicking his captors, till his mouth is shut by somebody's stinking palm, and he is dragged by superior force, not to mention a blackjack blow on the cranium, into the inevitable black Zis that I've read about and seen on movie screens.

The cold war is a frightening business, though I suppose for some more than others. I've sometimes wished spying had reached such a pitch of perfection that both the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. knew everything there is to know about the other, and having sensibly exchanged this information by trading computers that keep facts up to date, let each other alone thereafter. That ruins the spying business; there's that much more sanity in the world, and for a man like me, the thought of a trip to the Soviet Union is pure pleasure.

Right away, at the Kiev airport, I had a sort of fright, after flying in from Paris on a mid-June afternoon. A customs official confiscated from my suitcase five copies of *Visible Secrets*, a poetry anthology for high school students I had edited some years ago, which I had brought along to give away to Russians I met who might be interested in American poetry. I was asked to sign a document the official had slowly written out in Cyrillic except that *Visible Secrets* was printed in English, with "secrets" underlined. The uniformed customs officer, a heavyset man with a layer of limp hair on a small head and red stars on his shoulders, said that the paper I was required to sign stated I understood it was not permitted to bring five copies of a foreign book into the Soviet Union, but I would get my property back anyway at the Moscow airport when I left the country. I worried that I oughtn't to sign but was urged to by my lady Intourist guide, a bleached blonde with wobbly high heels, whose looks and good humor kept me more or less calm, though my clothes were frankly steaming. She said it was a matter of no great importance and advised me to write my signature because it was delaying our departure to the Dnipro Hotel.

At that point I asked what would happen if I willingly parted with the books, no longer claimed them as my property. The Intouristka inquired of the customs man, who answered calmly, earnestly, and at great length.

"He says," she said, "that the Soviet Union will not take away from a foreign visitor his legal property."

Since I had only four days in the city and time was going fast, faster than usual, I reluctantly signed the paper plus four carbons — one for each book? — and was given a copy, which I filed in my billfold.

Despite this incident — it had its comic side — my stay in Kiev, in spite of the loneliness I usually feel my first few days in a strange city, went quickly and interestingly. In the mornings I was driven around in a private car on guided tours of the hilly, broad-avenued, green-leaved city, whose colors reminded me of a subdued Rome. But in the afternoons I wandered around alone. I would start by taking a bus or streetcar, riding a few kilometers, then getting off to walk within a particular neighborhood. Once I walked into a peasants' market where collective farmers and country people in beards and boots out of a nineteenth-century Russian novel sold their produce to city people. I thought I must write about this to Rose; I meant, of course, Lillian. Another time, in a deserted street when I happened to think of the customs receipt in my billfold, I turned in my tracks to see if I was being followed. I wasn't, but enjoyed the adventure.

An experience I didn't appreciate so much was getting lost one late afternoon several kilometers above a boathouse on the Dnieper. I was walking along the riverbank enjoying the sight of the boats and island beaches, and before I knew it, was a good distance from the hotel and eager to get back because I was hungry. I didn't feel like retracing my route on foot — too much tourism in three days — so I thought of a taxi or maybe an autobus that might be going in the general direction I had come from. Nothing doing, though I searched on some of the inner avenues for half an hour. I tried approaching a few passersby whom I addressed in English, or pidgin-German, and occasionally trying "*pardonnez-moi*"; but the effect was apparently to embarrass them. One young woman ran from me a few steps before she began to walk again. I stepped into an oculist's shop to ask advice of a professional-looking older woman, wearing pince-nez, a hairnet, and white smock. When I spoke in English, after momentary amazement her face froze, and she turned her back on me. Hastily

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In this beautifully woven creation, Bernard Malamud demonstrates the ultimate art of fiction-writing: invention out of knowledge. His story of a writer in the Soviet Union struggling for the right to create and to be heard needs no relevance beyond its telling, but receives it anyway from the fresh round of official suppression of intellectuals and trials of writers in Moscow. Mr. Malamud, the author of four novels and two collections of short stories, has twice won the National Book Award (for THE MAGIC BARREL *and* THE FIXER, *which also won the Pulitzer Prize for 1967). He is writing in Cambridge and teaching at Harvard.*

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thumbing through my guidebook to the phonetic expressions in Russian, I asked, "*Gdye* hotel?" adding "Dnipro?" To that she answered, "*Nyet*." "Taxi?" I asked. "*Nyet*," this time clapping a hand to her heaving bosom. I figured I'd better leave. Though frustrated, annoyed, I spoke to two men passing by, one of whom, the minute he heard my first word, walked on quickly, his eyes aimed straight ahead, the other indicating by gestures that he was deaf and dumb. On impulse I tried him in halting Yiddish that my grandfather had long ago taught me, and was then directed, in an undertone in the same language, to a nearby bus stop.

As I was unlocking the door to my room, thinking this was a story I would be telling friends all autumn, my phone was ringing. It was a woman's voice. I understood "Gospodin Garvitz" and one or two other words as she spoke at length in musical Russian. In fact, her voice was like a singer's. Though I couldn't get the gist of her remarks, I had this sudden vivid reverie, you might call it, of walking with a pretty Russian girl in a birchwood or thereabouts, coming out on the other side in a field that sloped to the water, and then rowing her around on a small lake. It was a very peaceful business. That was the general picture; but when she was done talking, whatever I had to say I said in English, and she slowly hung up.

The next morning after breakfast, she, or someone who sounded like her — I recognized the contralto quality — called again.

"If you could understand English," I said, "or maybe a little German or French — even Yiddish, if you happen to know it — we'd get along fine. But not in Russian, I'm afraid. *Nyet Russki*. I'd be glad to meet you for lunch, or tea if you like; so if you get the drift of these remarks why don't you say *da*? Then dial the English interpreter on extension 37. She could tell me what's what, and we can meet at your convenience."

I had the impression she was listening with both ears but after a while the phone hung silent in my hand. I wondered where she had got my name, and whether someone was testing me to find out if I did or didn't speak Russian. I honestly did not.

Afterward I wrote a short airmail letter to Lillian, telling her I would be leaving for Moscow via Aeroflot, tomorrow at 4 P.M., and I intended to stay there for two weeks, with a break of maybe three or four days in Leningrad, at the Astoria Hotel. I wrote down the exact dates and later mailed the letter in a box some distance from the hotel, whatever good that did. I hoped Lillian would get it in time to reach me by return mail before I left the Soviet Union. To tell the truth, I felt uneasy all day.

But the next morning my mood had changed, and as I was standing at the railing in a park above the Dnieper, looking at the buildings going up across the river in what had once been steppeland, I had an expansive feeling. The vast construction I beheld — it was as though two or three scattered cities were rising out of the earth — astonished me. This sort of thing was going on all over Russia — halfway around the world — and when I considered what it meant in terms of sheer labor, capital goods, plain morale I was then and there convinced that the Soviet Union would never willingly provoke a war, nuclear or otherwise, with the United States. Neither would America, in its right mind, with the Soviet Union.

For the first time since I had come to Russia, I felt safe and secure and enjoyed there, at the breezy railing above the Dnieper, a rare few minutes of euphoria.

WHY is it that the most interesting architecture is from Czarist times I asked myself, and if I'm not mistaken Levitansky quivered, no doubt a coincidence. Unless I had spoken to myself aloud which I sometimes do; I decided I hadn't. We were on our way to the museum, hitting a fast eighty kilometers, which translated to fifty miles an hour was not too bad because traffic was sparse.

"What do you think of my country, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics?" the driver inquired, turning his head a half circle to see where I was.

"Please watch where we're going."

"Don't be nervous, I drive now for years."

"I don't care for needless risks."

Then I said I was impressed by much I had seen. It was obviously a great country.

Levitansky's face appeared in the mirror globularly smiling, his dark teeth eroded. The smile seemed to emerge from within the mouth. Now that he had revealed his half-Jewish background I had the impression he looked more Jewish than Slavic, and possibly more dissatisfied than I had thought.

"Also our system — Communism?"

I answered carefully, not wanting to give offense. "I'll be perfectly honest. I've seen some unusual things here — even inspiring — but my personal taste is for more individual freedom than people seem to have here. America has its serious faults but at least we're privileged to criticize, if you know what I mean. My father used to say, 'You can't beat the Bill of Rights.' It's an open society, which means freedom of choice, at least in theory."

"Communism is altogether better system," Levitansky replied calmly after a minute, "although is not in present stage totally realized. In present stage" — he gulped for air, swallowed, and did not finish the thought. Instead he said, "Our

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revolution was magnificent holy event. I love early Soviet history, excitement of Communist idealism, and victory over bourgeois and imperialist forces. Overnight was lifted up — uplifted — the whole suffering Russian masses. It was born a life of new possibilities for all in society. Pasternak called this 'splendid surgery.' Evgeny Zamyatin spoke thus: 'The revolution consumes the earth with the fire but then is born a new life.' "

I didn't argue, each to his own revolution.

"You told before," said Levitansky, glancing at me again in the mirror, "that you wish to write articles of your visit. Political or not political?"

"I don't write on politics although interested in it. What I have in my mind is something on the literary museums of Moscow for an American travel magazine. That's the sort of thing I do. I'm a free-lance writer." I laughed a little apologetically. It's strange how stresses shift when you're in another country.

Levitansky politely joined in the laugh, stopping in midcourse. "I wish to be certain, what is free-lance writer?"

"Well, an editor might propose an article, and I either accept the idea or I don't. Or I can write about something that happens to interest me and take my chances I can sell it. Sometimes I don't, and that's so much down the drain financially. What I like about it is I am my own boss. I also edit a bit. I've done anthologies of poetry and essays, both for high school kids."

"We have here free-lance. I am also a writer," Levitansky said solemnly.

"You don't say? You mean as a translator?"

"Translation is my profession, but I am also original writer."

"Then you do three things — write, translate, and drive this cab?"

"The taxi is not my true work."

"Are you translating anything now?"

The driver cleared his throat. "In present time I have no translation project."

"What sort of thing do you write?"

"I write stories."

"Is that so? What kind, if I might ask?"

"I will tell you what kind — little ones — short stories imagined from life."

"Have you published any?"

He seemed about to turn around to look me in the eye but reached instead into his shirt pocket. I offered my American pack. He shook out a cigarette and lit it, exhaling slowly.

"A few pieces but not recently. To tell the truth" — he sighed — "I write for the drawer. Like Isaac Babel, 'I am master of the genre of silence.' "

"I've heard the expression," I said, not knowing what else to say.

"The mice should read and criticize," Levitansky said bitterly. "This what they don't eat they make their drops — droppings? — on. This is perfect criticism."

"I'm sorry about that."

"We arrive now to Chekhov Museum."

I leaned forward to pay him and made the impulsive mistake of adding a one-ruble tip. He was immediately angered. "I am Soviet citizen." He forcibly returned the ruble.

"Call it a thoughtless error," I apologized. "No harm meant."

"Hiroshima! Nagasaki!" he taunted as the Volga took off in a cloud of smoke. "Aggressor against poor people of Vietnam!"

"None of that is any of my doing!" I called after him.

An hour and a half later, after I had signed the guest book and was leaving the museum, I saw someone standing, smoking, under a linden tree across the street. Nearby was a parked taxi. We stared at each other — I wasn't certain at first who it was but Levitansky nodded amiably to me, calling "Welcome! Welcome!" He waved an arm, smiling openmouthed. He had combed his thick hair and was now wearing a loose dark suit coat over his tieless white shirt, and yards of baggy pants. His socks, striped red-white-and-blue, you could see under his sandals.

I am forgiven, I thought. "Welcome to you," I said, crossing the street.

"How did you enjoy Chekhov Museum?"

"I did indeed. I've made a lot of notes. You know what they have there? They have one of his black fedoras and also his pince-nez that you see in pictures of him. Awfully moving."

Levitansky wiped one eye, to my surprise. He seemed not the same man, at any rate somewhat modified. It's funny, you find out a few personal facts about a stranger and he changes as he speaks. The taxi driver is now a writer, even if part-time. Anyway that's my dominant impression.

"Excuse me my former anger," Levitansky said. "Now is not for me the best of times. 'It was the best of times, it was the worst of times,' " he quoted, smiling sadly.

"So long as you pardon my unintentional blunder. Are you perhaps free to drive me to the Metropole, or are you here by coincidence?"

I looked around to see if anyone was coming out of the museum.

"If you wish to engage me I will drive you, but at first I will show you something — how do you say? — of interest?"

He reached through the open front window of the taxi and brought forth a flat package wrapped in brown paper tied with string.

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"Stories which I wrote."

"I don't read Russian," I said quickly.

"My wife has translated of them, four. She is not by her profession a translator, although her English is advanced and sensitive. She has been for two years in England for Soviet Purchasing Commission. We became acquainted in university. I prefer not to translate my own stories because I do not translate so well Russian into English although I translate beautifully the opposite. Also I will not force myself — it is like self-imitation. Perhaps the stories are a little awkward in English — also my wife admits this — but at least you can read and form opinion."

He offered me the package as if it were a bouquet of spring flowers. I thought to myself, can it be

some sort of trick? Are they checking up on me because I signed that damned document at the Kiev airport, five copies no less?

Levitansky seemed to read my mind. "It is purely stories."

He bit the string in two, and laying the package on the fender of the Volga, unpeeled the wrapping. There were four stories, clipped separately, typed on long sheets of thin blue paper. I took one Levitansky handed me and scanned the top page — it seemed a story — then I flipped through the other pages and handed the manuscript back. "I'm not much of a critic of stories."

"I don't seek a critic. I seek for reader of literary experience and taste. If you have redacted books of poems and also essays, you will be able to judge literary qualities of my stories. Please, I request that you will read them."

After a long minute I heard myself say, "Well I might at that." I didn't recognize the voice and could hardly understand why I was saying it. You might say I spoke apart from myself, with a reluctance that either he didn't recognize or didn't care to acknowledge.

"If you respect — if you approve my stories, perhaps you will be able to arrange for publication in Paris or either London?" His large larynx wobbled nervously.

I stared at the man. "I don't happen to be going to Paris, and I'll be in London only between planes to the U.S.A."

"In this event, perhaps you will show to your publisher, and he will publish my work in America?" Levitansky was now visibly miserable.

"In America?" I said, raising my voice in disbelief.

For the first time he gazed around cautiously before replying.

"If you will be so kind to show them to publisher of your books — is he reliable publisher? — perhaps he will also wish to put out volume of my stories? I will make contract whatever he will like. Money, if I could get, is not an ideal."

"What volume are you talking about?"

He said that from thirty stories he had written he had chosen eighteen, of which these four were a sample. "Unfortunately more are not now translated. My wife is biochemist assistant and works long hours in laboratory. I am sure your publisher will enjoy to read these. It will depend on your opinion."

Either the man has a fantastic imagination or he's out of his right mind, I thought. "I wouldn't want to get myself involved in smuggling a Russian manuscript out of Russia."

"I have informed you that my manuscript is only made-up stories."

"That may be, but it's still a chancy enterprise. I'd be taking chances I have no particular desire to take, to be frank."

"At least if you will read," he sighed.

I took the stories again and thumbed slowly through each. What I was looking for I couldn't say: maybe a booby trap? Should I or shouldn't I? I thought. Why should I?

He handed me the wrapping paper, and I rolled up the stories in it. The quicker I read them, the quicker I've read them. I got into the cab.

"As I said, I'm at the Metropole," I told him. "Come by tonight about nine o'clock, and I'll give you my opinion for what it's worth. But I'm afraid I'll have to limit it to that, Mr. Levitansky, without further obligation or expectations, or it's no deal. My room number is 538."

"Tonight? — so soon?" he said, scratching both palms. "You must read with care so you will realize the art."

"Tomorrow night, then. I'd rather not have them around in my room longer than that."

Levitansky agreed. Whistling softly through his eroded teeth, he drove me carefully to the Metropole.

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That night, sipping vodka from a drinking glass, at first reluctantly I read Levitansky's stories. They were simply and strongly written — I can't say I was surprised, I sort of expected it — and not badly translated; in fact the translation read better then I had been led to think although there were of course gaffes here and there, odd constructions, ill-fitting words surrounded by question marks, taken, I suppose, from a thesaurus. And the stories, short tales dealing — somewhat to my surprise — mostly with Jews and you might say their problems, were good, really moving. The situation they revealed wasn't news to me: I'm a careful reader of the New York *Times*. But the stories weren't written to complain, nothing of the kind. What they had to say was achieved as form, no telling "the dancer from the dance." I finished reading, poured myself another glass of potato potion — I was beginning to feel high, with occasional thoughts of wondering why I was putting so much away — just relaxing, I guess. I then reread the stories with a sense of growing admiration for Levitansky. I had the feeling he was no ordinary man. At first I felt excited, then depressed, as if I had been let in on a secret I didn't want to know.

It's a hard life here for a fiction writer, I thought.

Afterward, having the stories around began to make me uneasy. In one of them a Russian writer starts to burn his stories in the kitchen sink. But nobody had burned these. I thought to myself, if I'm caught with them in my possession, considering what they indicate about conditions here, there's no question I'd be in trouble. I wish I had insisted that Levitansky come back for them tonight.

There was a solid rap on the door. I felt as though I had risen a good few inches out of my seat. It was, after a while, Levitansky.

"Out of the question," I said, thrusting the stories at him. "Absolutely out of the question!"

The next night we sat facing each other over cognac in the writer's small, book-crowded study. He was dignified, at first haughty, wounded, hardly masking his impatience. I wasn't myself exactly comfortable.

I had come out of courtesy and other considerations, I guess; principally a sense of dissatisfaction I couldn't exactly define, except it tied up in my mind with who I was and wanted to be, issues that disturb me, to say the least, because they sometimes compel me to get involved in ways I don't want to get involved, always a dangerous business.

Levitansky, the taxi driver rattling around in his Volga-Pegasus and amateur trying to palm off a half-ass manuscript, had faded in my mind, and I saw him simply as a serious Soviet writer with publishing problems. What can I do for him? I thought. Why should I?

"I didn't express what was on my mind last night," I apologized. "You sort of caught me by surprise I'm sorry to say."

Levitansky was scratching each hand with the fingers of the other. "How did you acquire my address?"

I reached into my pocket for a wad of folded brown wrapping paper. "It's right on this — Novo Ostapovskaya Street, 488, Flat 59. I took a cab."

"I had forgotten this."

Maybe, I thought.

Still, I had practically had to put my foot in the door to get in. Levitansky's wife had answered my uncertain knock, her eyes uneasily worried, which I took to be the expression she lived with. The eyes were astonished to behold a stranger, and outright hostile once I had inquired in English for her husband. I felt, as in Kiev, that my native tongue had become my enemy.

"Have you not the wrong apartment?"

"I hope not. Not if Mr. Levitansky lives here. I came to see him about his — er — manuscript."

Her eyes darkened as her face blanched. Ten seconds later I was in the flat, the door shut tightly behind me.

"Levitansky!" she summoned him. It had a reluctant quality: come but don't come.

He appeared at once in apparently the same shirt, pants, tri-colored socks. There was at first pretend-boredom in a tense, tired face. He could not, however, conceal excitement, his lit eyes roving, returning, roving.

"Oh, ho," Levitansky said, whatever it meant.

My God, I thought, has he been expecting me?

"I came to talk to you for a few minutes, if you don't mind," I said. "I want to say what I really think of your stories that you kindly let me read."

He curtly said something in Russian to his wife, and she snapped an answer back. "I wish to introduce my wife, Irina Filipovna Levitansky, biochemist. She is patient although not a saint."

She smiled tentatively, an attractive woman about twenty-eight, a little on the hefty side, in house slippers and plain dress. The edge of her slip hung below her skirt.

There was a bit of British in her accent. "I am pleased to be acquainted." If so one hardly noticed. She stepped into black pumps and slipped a silver bracelet on her wrist, a lit cigarette dangling from the corner of her mouth. Her legs and arms were shapely, her brown hair cut short. I had the impression of tight thin lips in a pale face.

"I will go to Kovalevsky, next door," she said.

"Not on my account, I hope? All I have to say —"

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"Our neighbors in the next flat." Levitansky grimaced. "Also thin walls." He knocked a knuckle on a hollow wall.

I chuckled politely.

"Please, not long," Irina said, "because I am afraid."

Surely not of me? Agent Howard Harvitz, CIA, a comical thought.

THEIR living room wasn't unattractive, but Levitansky signaled the study inside. He offered a slightly sweet cognac in whiskey tumblers, then sat facing me on the edge of his chair, his repressed energy all but visible. I had the momentary sensation his chair might begin to move, even fly off.

If he goes he goes alone.

"What I came to say," I told him, "is I like your stories and am sorry I didn't say so last night. I like the primary quality of the writing. The stories impress me as strong, if simply wrought, and I appreciate your feeling for people and at the same time the objectivity with which you render them. It's sort of Chekhovian in quality. For instance, that story about the old father coming to see the son who ducks out on him. I guess I can't comment on your style, having only read the stories in translation."

"Chekhovian," Levitansky admitted, smiling through his worn teeth, "is fine compliment. Mayakovsky, our poet, described him 'the strong and gay artist of the word.' I wish I was so gay in respect of enjoyment of art and life." He looked at the drawn shade in the room, though maybe no place in particular, then said, perhaps heartening himself, "In Russian is magnificent my style — precise, economy, including wit. The style is difficult to translate in English, which is less rich language."

"I've heard that said. In fairness I should add I have some reservations about the stories, yet who hasn't about any given piece of creative work?"

"I have myself reservations."

The admission made, I skipped the criticisms. I had been looking at a picture on his bookcase, and asked who it was. "It's a face I've seen before. The eyes are quite poetic, you might say."

"So is the voice. This is Boris Pasternak as young man. On the wall yonder is Mayakovsky that I mentioned to you. He was also remarkable poet, wild, joyous, neurasthenic, a lover of the revolution. He spoke, 'This is *my* Revolution.' To him was it 'a holy washerwoman who cleaned off all the filth from the earth.' Unfortunately he was later disillusioned and shot himself."

"I read that somewhere."

"He wrote: 'I wish to be understood by my country — but if no, I will fly through Russia like a slanting rainstorm.' "

"I bet it sounds magnificent in Russian. Have you by chance read *Doctor Zhivago?*"

"I have read," the writer sighed, and then began to recite in Russian, I guessed some lines from a poem.

"It is to Marina Tsvetayeva, Soviet poetess, friend of Pasternak." Levitansky fiddled with the pack of cigarettes on the table with the cognac. "The end of her life was unfortunate."

"I guess why I really came," I said, "is I wanted to express to you my sympathy and respect."

Levitansky popped a match with his thumbnail. His hand trembled, so he shook the flame out without lighting the cigarette.

Embarrassed for him, I pretended to be looking elsewhere. "It's a small room. Does your son sleep here?"

"Don't confuse my story which you read with life of author. My wife and I are married eight years but without children."

"Might I ask whether the other experience you describe in that same story — the interview with the editor — was that true?"

"Not true," the writer said impatiently. "I write from imagination. I am not interested to repeat contents of diaries or total memory."

"On that I go along with you."

"Also, which is not in story, I have submitted to Soviet journals sketches and tales many times but only few have been published, although not my best."

"Did you submit any of the Jewish stories?"

"Please, stories are stories, they have not nationality."

"I mean by that those about Jews."

"Some I have submitted, but they were not accepted."

Brave man, I thought. "After reading the four you gave me, I wondered how it was you write so well about Jews? You call yourself a marginal one — I believe that was your word — but you write with authority about them. Not that one can't, I suppose, but it's surprising when one does."

"Imagination makes authority. My work is work of imagination. When I write about Jews comes out stories, so I write about Jews. I write about subjects that make for me stories. Is not important that I am marginal Jew. What is important is observation, feeling, also the art. In the past I have observed my Jewish father. Also I observe sometimes Jews in the synagogue. I sit there on the bench for strangers. The gabbai watches me, and I watch him. But whatever I write, whether is about Jews, Galicians, or Georgians, must be a work of invention or it does not live."

"I'm not much of a synagogue-goer myself,"

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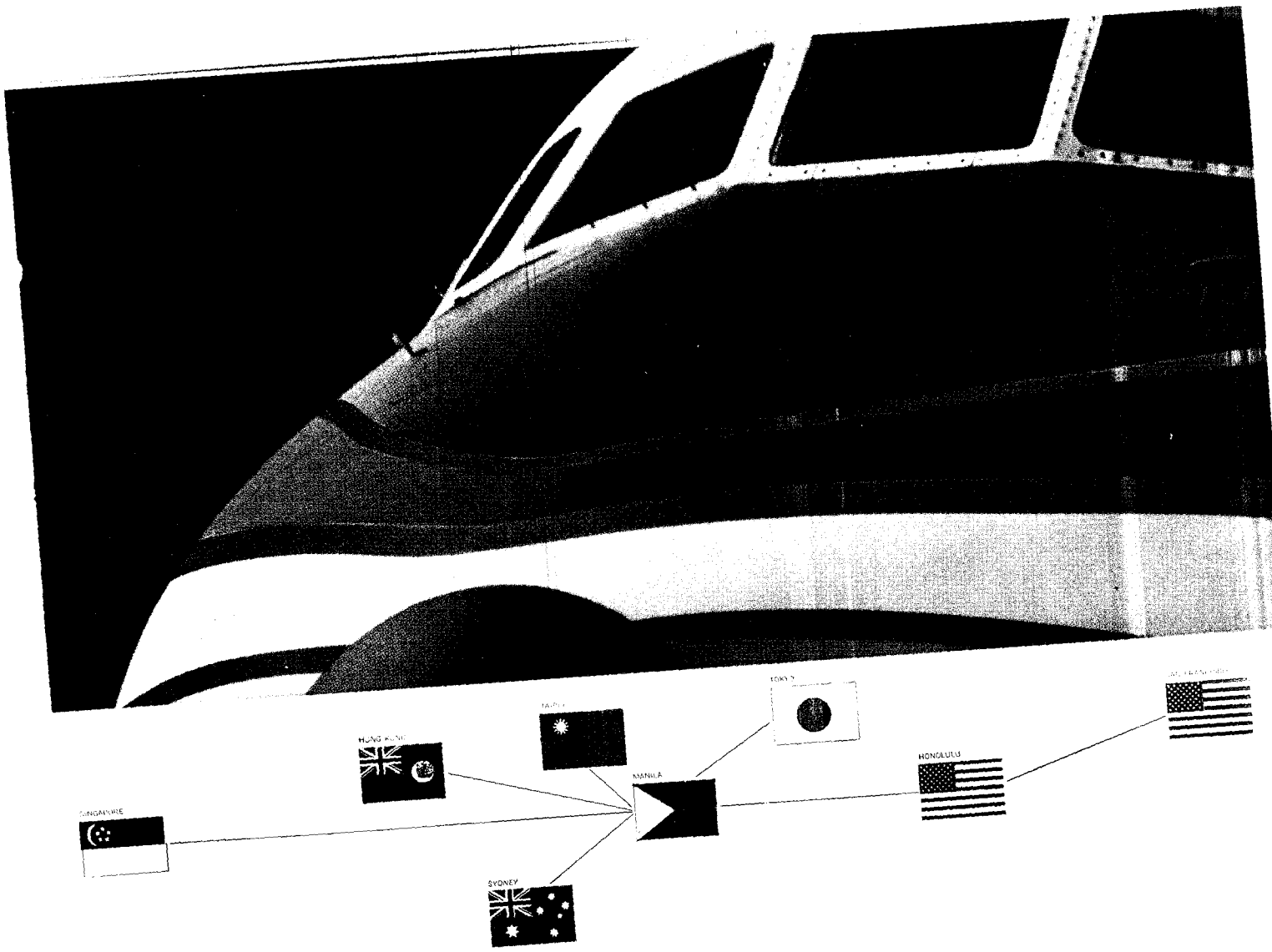

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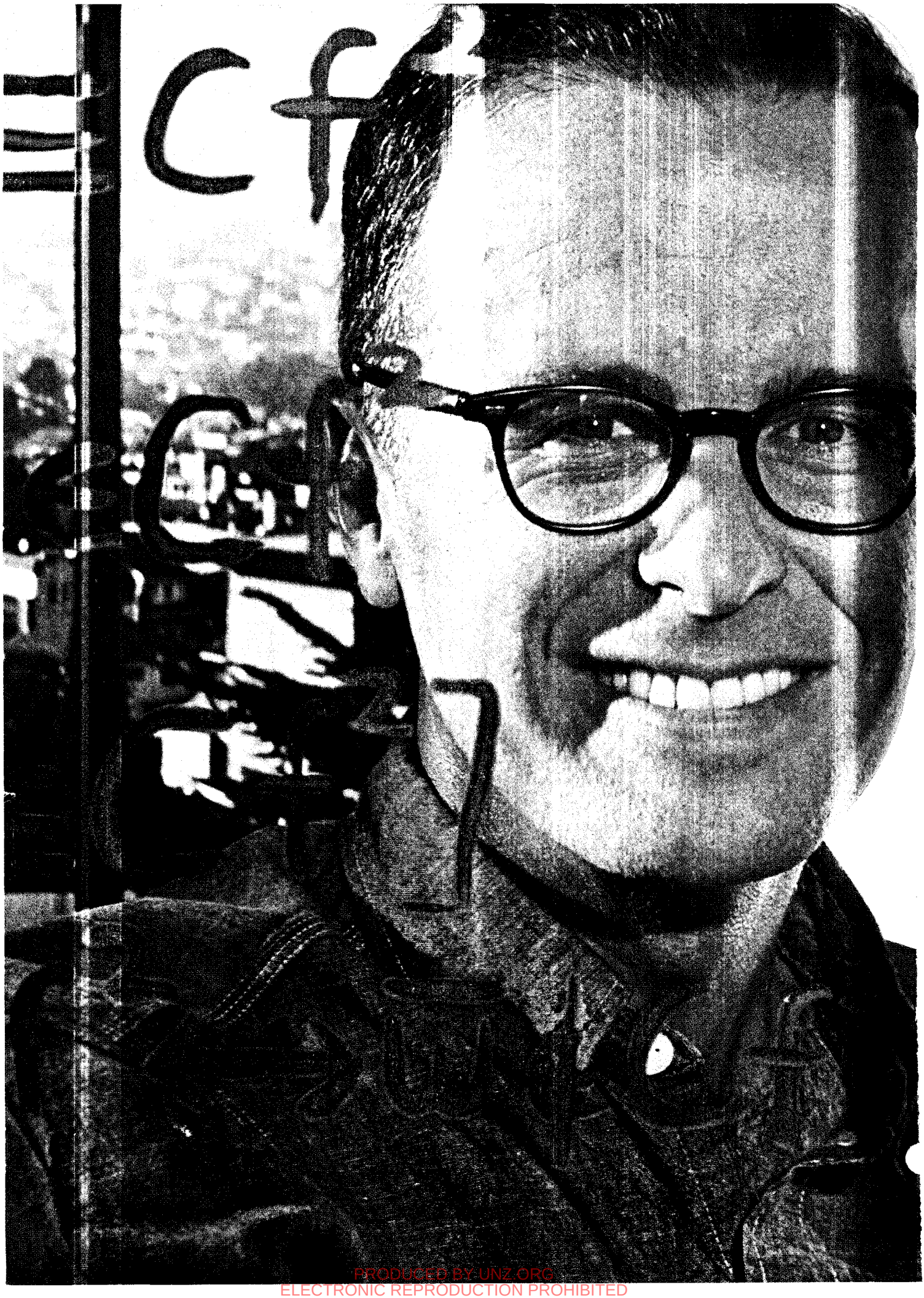

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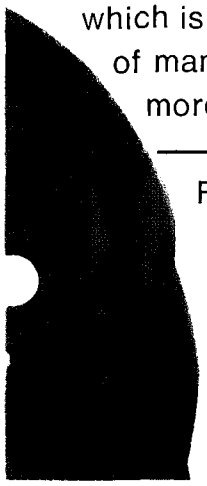

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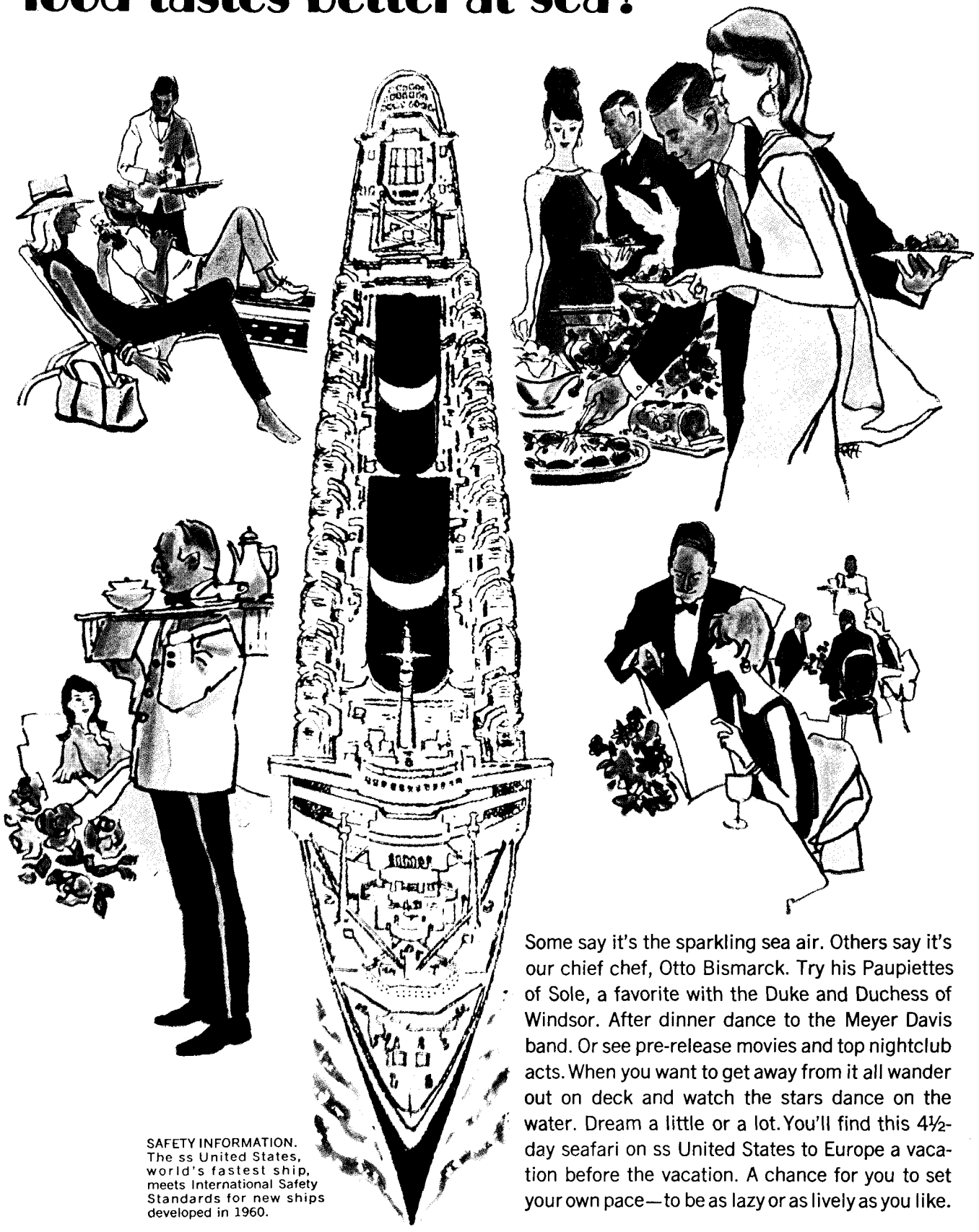

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I told him, "but I like to drop in once in a while to be refreshed by the language and images of a time and place where God was. That's funny because I had no religious education to speak of."

"I am atheist."

"I understand, though, what you mean by imagination — for instance that praying shawl story. But am I right" — I lowered my voice — "that I detect you might also be saying something about the condition of the Jews — er — at the moment?"

"I do not make propaganda," Levitansky said sternly. "I am not Israeli spokesman. I am Soviet artist."

"I didn't mean you weren't, but there's a strong current of sympathy, and after all, ideas come from somewhere."

"My purpose belongs to me."

"One senses, if I might say, an attack on injustice."

"Whatever is the injustice, the product must be art."

"Well, I respect your philosophy."

"Please do not respect so much," the writer said irritably. "We have in this country a quotation: 'It is impossible to make out of apology a fur coat.' The idea is similar. I appreciate respect but need now practical assistance."

Expecting words of the sort, I started to say something noncommital.

"Listen at first to me," Levitansky said, smacking the table with his palm. "I am in desperate condition — situation. I have written for years, but little is published. In the past, one, two editors who were my friends told me, private, that my stories are excellent, but I violate socialist realism. This what you call objectivity, they called it excessive naturalism and sentiment. It is hard to listen to such nonsense. They advise me to walk but not with my legs. They warned me; also they have made excuses for me to others. Even they said I am crazy, although I explained to them I submit my stories *because* Soviet Union is great country. A great country does not fear what artist writes. A great country breathes in its lungs work of writers, painters, musicians, and becomes more great, more healthy. This is what I told to them, but they replied I am not enough realist. This is the reason that I am not invited to be member of Writers Union." He smiled sourly. "They warned me to stop submitting to journals my work, so I have stopped."

"I'm sorry about that," I said. "I don't myself go for exiling the poets."

"I cannot continue longer anymore in this fashion," Levitansky said, laying his hand on his heart. "I must free from drawer my imagination. I feel I am myself locked in drawer with my poor stories. Now I must get out or I suffocate. It becomes for me each day more difficult to write. I need help. It is not easy to request a stranger for such important personal favor. My wife advised me not. She is angry, also frightened, but is impossible for me to go on in this way. I am convinced I am important Soviet writer. I must have my audience. I wish to have in someone's mind different than my own and my wife acknowledgment of my art. I wish them to know my work is related to Russian writers of the past, as well as modern. I am in tradition of Chekhov, Gorky, Isaac Babel. I know if book of my stories is published, it will make for me good reputation. This is reason why you must help me — it is necessary for my interior liberty."

His confession came in an agitated burst. I use the word advisedly because that's partly what upset me. I have never cared for confessions of this kind, which are a way of involving unwilling people in others' personal problems. Russians are past masters of this art — you can see in their novels.

"I appreciate the honor of your request," I said, "but all I am is a passing tourist. That's a pretty tenuous relationship between us."

"I do not ask tourist — I ask human being, man," Levitansky said passionately. "Also you are free-lance writer. You know who I am and what is on my heart. You sit in my house. Who else can I ask? I would better prefer to publish in Europe my stories, maybe with Mondadori or Einaudi in Italy, but if this is impossible to you I will publish in America. Someday will my work be read in my country, maybe after I am dead. This is terrible irony, but my generation lives on such ironies. Since I am not now ambitious to die, it will be great relief to me to know that at least in one language is alive my art. Osip Mandelstam wrote: 'I will be enclosed in some alien speech.' Better so than nothing."

"You say I know who you are but do you know who *I* am?" I asked him. "I'm a plain person, not very imaginative though I don't write a bad article. My whole life, for some reason, has been without much adventure, except I was divorced once and remarried happily to a woman whose death I am still mourning. Now I'm here more or less on a vacation, not to jeopardize myself by taking serious chances of an unknown kind. What's more — and this is the main thing I came to tell you — I wouldn't at all be surprised if I am already under suspicion and would do you more harm than good."

I told Levitansky about the airport incident in Kiev and the paper I had signed five copies of. "I signed a document I couldn't even read, which was a foolish thing to do."

"In Kiev this happened?"

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"That's right."

Levitansky laughed dismally. "It would not happen to you if you entered through Moscow. In the Ukraine — what is your word? — they are rubes, country people."

"That might be — nevertheless, I signed the paper."

"Do you have copy?"

"Not with me. It's in my room in the hotel."

"I am certain this is receipt for your books which officials will return to you when you depart from Soviet Union."

"That's just what I'd be afraid of."

"Why afraid?" he asked. "Are you afraid to receive back umbrella which you have lost?"

"I'd be afraid one thing might lead to another — more questions, more searches. It would be foolhardy to have your manuscript in my suitcase, in Russian no less, that I can't read. Suppose they accuse me of being some kind of courier or spy?"

The thought raised me to my feet. I then realized the tension in the room was thick as steam, mostly mine.

Levitansky rose, embittered. "There is no question of spying. I do not think I have presented myself as traitor to my country."

"I didn't say anything of the sort. All I'm saying is I don't want to get into trouble with the Soviet authorities. Nobody can blame me for that. In other words, the enterprise is not for me."

"I have made inquirings," Levitansky said desperately. "You will have nothing to fear for a tourist who has been a few weeks in U.S.S.R. under guidance of Intourist and does not speak Russian. My wife said to me your baggage will not be further inspected. They sometimes do so to political people, also to bourgeois journalists who have made bad impression. I would deliver to you manuscript in the last instance. It is typed on less than one hundred fifty sheets thin paper and will make small package. If it should look to you like trouble you can leave it in dustbin. My name will not be anywhere and if they find it and track — trace to me the stories, I will say I have thrown them out myself. They won't believe this but what other can I say? It will make no difference anyway. If I stop to write I may as well be dead. No harm will come to you."

"I'd rather not if you don't mind."

With what I guess was a curse in Russian, Levitansky reached for the portrait on his bookcase and flung it against the wall. Pasternak struck Mayakovsky, splattered him with glass, breaking his own, and both pictures crashed to the floor.

"Free-lance writer," he shouted, "go to hell back to America! Tell to Negroes about Bill of Rights! Tell them they are free although you keep them slaves! Talk to sacrificed Vietnamese people!"

Irina Filipovna entered the room on the run. "Feliks," she entreated, "Kovalevsky hears every word!"

"Please," she begged me, "please go away. Leave poor Levitansky alone. I beg you from my miserable heart."

I left in a hurry. The next day I left for Leningrad.

THREE days later, not exactly at my best after a tense visit to Leningrad, I was sitting loosely in a beat-up taxi with a cheerful Intouristka, a half hour after my arrival at the Moscow airport. We were driving to the Ukraine Hotel, where I was assigned for my remaining few days in the Soviet Union. I would have preferred the Metropole again because it's so conveniently located and I was used to it; but on second thought, better someplace where a certain party wouldn't know I lived. The Volga we were riding in seemed somehow familiar, but if so it was safely in the hands of a small stranger with a large wool cap, a man wearing sunglasses who paid me no particular attention.

I had had a few pleasant minutes in Leningrad on my first day. On a white summer's evening, shortly after I had unpacked in my room at the Astoria, I discovered the Winter Palace and Hermitage after a walk along the Nevsky Prospekt. Chancing on Palace Square, vast and deserted, I felt an unexpected emotion, you might say, in thinking of the revolutionary events that had occurred on this spot. My God, I thought, why should I feel myself part of Russian history? It's a contagious business, what happens to men. On the Palace Bridge I gazed at the broad ice-blue Neva, in the distance the golden steeple of the cathedral built by Peter the Great, gleaming under masses of wind-driven clouds in patches of green sky. It's the Soviet Union but it's still Russia.

The next day I woke up anxious. In the street I was approached twice by strangers speaking English; I think my suede shoes attracted them. The first, gray-faced and badly dressed, wanted to sell me black market rubles. "*Nyet*," I said, tipping my straw hat and hurrying on. The second, a bearded boy of nineteen, with a left-sided tuft longer than that on the right, wearing a home-knitted green pullover, offered to buy jazz records, "youth clothes," and American cigarettes. "Sorry, nothing for sale." I escaped him too, except that he in his green sweater followed me for a mile along one of the canals. I broke into a run, then forced myself to stop. When I looked back he had disappeared. I slept badly at night — it stayed light to long past midnight; and in the morning inquired about the possibility of an immediate flight to Helsinki. I was informed I couldn't possibly get

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one for a week. Calming myself, I decided to return to Moscow a day before I had planned to, mostly to see what they had in the Dostoevsky Museum.

I had been thinking a good deal about Levitansky. How much of a writer was he really? I had read four of eighteen stories he wanted to publish. Suppose he had showed me the four best and the others were mediocre or thereabouts? Was it worth taking a chance for that? I thought, the best thing for my peace of mind is to forget the guy. Before checking out of the Astoria I received a chatty letter from Lillian, forwarded from Moscow, apparently not an answer to my recent letter to her, but one written earlier. Should I marry her? Who knows, I don't. The phone rang piercingly, and when I picked up the receiver, no one answered. In the plane to Moscow I had visions of a crash. There must be many in the Soviet Union nobody ever reads of.

In my room on the twelfth floor of the Ukraine I relaxed in a plastic "leather" armchair. There was also a single low bed, and a utilitarian pine-wood desk, an apple-green phone plunked on it for instant use. I'll be home in a week, I thought. Now I'd better shave and see if anything is left over downstairs in the way of a concert or opera ticket for tonight. I'm in the mood for a little music.

The electric plug in the bathroom didn't work, so I put away my shaver and was lathering up when I jumped to a single explosive knock on the door. I opened it cautiously, and there stood Levitansky with a brown paper packet in his hand.

Is this son of a bitch out to compromise me?

"How did you happen to find out where I was only twenty minutes after I got here, Mr. Levitansky?"

"How I found you?" the writer shrugged. He seemed deathly tired, a bit popeyed, the face longer, leaner, resembling in a way a hungry fox on his last unsteady legs but still canny. "My brother-in-law was the chauffeur for you from the airport. He heard the girl inquire your name. We have spoke of you. Dmitri — this is my wife's brother — informed me you have registered at the Ukraine. I inquired downstairs your room number, and it was granted to me."

"However it was," I said firmly, "I want you to know I haven't changed my mind. I don't want to get involved. I thought it all through while I was in Leningrad, and that's my final decision."

"I may come in?"

"Please, but for obvious reasons I'd appreciate a short visit."

Levitansky sat, somewhat shriveled, skinny knees pressed together, in the armchair, his parcel awkwardly on his lap. If he was happy to have found me, his face didn't show it.

I finished shaving, put on a fresh shirt, and sat down on the bed. "Sorry I have nothing to offer in the way of an aperitif, but I could call down for something."

Levitansky twiddled his fingers no. He was dressed without change down to his red-white-and-blue socks. Did his wife wash out the same pair every night, or were all his socks red-white-and-blue?

"To speak frankly," I said, "I have to protest about this constant tension you've whipped up in and around me. Nobody in his right mind can expect a total stranger visiting the Soviet Union to pull his personal chestnuts out of the fire. It's your own country that's restricting you as a writer, not me or the United States of America, and since you live here, what can you do but live with it?"

"I love my country," Levitansky said with dignity.

"Who said you didn't? So do I love mine, though love for country, let's face it, is a mixed bag of marbles. Nationality isn't soul, as I'm sure you will agree. But what I'm also saying is there are things about a man's country he might not like that he has to make his peace with. I'm not saying it's easy but if you're up against a wall you can't climb or dig under or outflank in some way, at least stop banging your head against it, not to mention mine. Make your peace in some way. It's amazing, for instance, all that can be said in a fairy tale."

"I have written already my fairy tales," Levitansky said moodily. "Now is the time for truth without disguises. I will make my peace to this point where it interferes with work of my imagination — my interior liberty; and then I must stop to make my peace. My brother-in-law has also told to me, 'You must write acceptable stories, others can do it, so why can't you?' and I have answered him, 'They must be acceptable to *me. Ich kann nicht anders!*'"

"In that case, aren't you up against the impossible? If you permit me to say so, are those Jews in your stories, if they can't have their matzos and prayer books, any freer in their religious lives than you are as a writer? That's what you're really saying when you write about them. What I mean is, one has to face up to his society."

"I have faced up. Do you face up to yours?" he said, with a flash of scorn.

"Not as well as I might, I admit. My own problem is not that I can't express myself but that I don't. In my own mind Vietnam is a terrifying mistake, though I've never spoken out against it

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except to sign a petition or two. My first wife used to criticize me. She said I wrote the wrong things and was involved in everything but action. My second wife knew this but she made me think she didn't."

From the heat of my body I knew I was blushing.

Levitansky's large larynx moved up like a flag on a pole, then sank wordlessly.

My God, not another confession, I hoped.

He tried again, saying, "The Soviet Union preservates for us the great victories of our revolution. Because of this I have remained for years at peace with the State. Communism is still to me inspirational ideal, although this historical period is spoiled by leaders who have taken impoverished view of humanity. They have pissed on revolution."

"Stalin?"

"Him, but also others. Even so I have obeyed Party directives, and when I could not longer obey, I wrote for drawer. I said to myself, 'Levitansky, history changes every minute, and Communism also will change.' I believed if the State restricts two, three generations of artists, what is this against development of true socialist society — maybe best society of world history? So what does it mean if some of us are sacrificed to Party purpose? The aesthetic mode is not in necessity greater than politics — than needs of revolution. And what if are suppressed two generations of artists? Therefore will be so much less bad books, paintings, music. Then in fifty years more will be secure the State and all Soviet artists will say whatever they will. This is what I thought, but I do not longer think so in this manner. I do not believe more in *partiinost*, which is guided thought. I do not believe in bolshevization of literature. I do not think revolution is fulfilled in country of unpublished novelists, poets, playwriters, who hide in drawers whole libraries of literature that will never be printed, or if so, it will be printed after they stink in their graves. I think now the State will never be secure — never. It is not in the nature of politics to be finished with revolution. After revolution comes revolution. Evgeny Zamyatin told: 'There is no final revolution. Revolutions are infinite!' "

"I guess that's along my own line of thinking," I said, hoping for reasons of personal safety maybe to forestall Levitansky's ultimate confession — one he, with brooding intense eyes, was already relentlessly making — lest in the end it imprison me in his will and history.

"I have learned from my stories," the writer was saying, "as I wrote them, that imagination is enemy of the State. I have learned from my stories that I am not free man. This is my conclusion. I ask for your help not to harm my country, which still has magnificent possibilities, but to help me escape the worst errors. I do not wish to defame Soviet Union. My purpose in my work is to show its true heart. So have done our writers from Pushkin to Pasternak. If you believe in democratic humanism, you must help artist to be free. Is not true?"

I got up, I think to shake myself free of the question. "What exactly is my responsibility to you, Levitansky?"

"If I am drowning you must assist to save me. We are members of mankind."

"In unknown waters if I can't swim?"

"If not, throw to me a rope."

"I'm just a visitor here. Besides, I've told you already that I may be suspect, and for all I know you yourself might be a Soviet agent out to get me, or this room might be bugged, and then where will we be? Mr. Levitansky, I don't want to hear or argue anymore. I'll just plead personal inability and ask you to leave."

"Bugged?"

"Some sort of listening device planted in this room."

Levitansky turned slowly gray. He sat for a minute in motionless meditation, then rose wearily from the chair.

"I withdraw now request for your assistance. I accept your word that you are not capable. I do not wish to make criticism of you. All I wish to say, Gospodin Garvitz, is it requires more to change a man's character than to change his name."

Levitansky left the room, leaving in his wake some fumes of cognac. He had also passed gas.

"Come back!" I called, not too loudly, but if he heard through the door he didn't answer. Good riddance, I thought, not that I don't sympathize with him, which I do, but look what he's done to *my* interior liberty. Who has to come all the way to Russia to get caught up in this kind of mess? It's a helluva way to spend a vacation.

The writer had gone, but not his sneaky manuscript. It was lying on my bed.

"It's his baby, not mine." Seeing red, I knotted my tie and slipped on my coat, then via the English language number, called a cab. But I had forgotten his address. A half hour later I was still in the taxi, riding frantically back and forth along Novo Ostapovskaya Street until I spotted the house I thought it might be. It wasn't, it was another like it. I paid the driver and walked on till once again I thought I had the house. After going up the stairs and getting a whiff of the cooking smells, I was sure it was. When I knocked on Levitansky's door, the writer, looking

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older, more distant — as if he had been away on a trip and had just returned, or maybe simply interrupted at his work, his thoughts still in his words on the page on the table, his pen in hand — stared blankly at me.

"Levitansky, my heart breaks for you, I swear, but I can't take the chance. I believe in you but am not, at this time of my life, considering my condition and recent experiences, in much of a mood to embark on a dangerous adventure. Please accept deepest regrets."

I thrust the manuscript into his hand and rushed down the stairs. Hurrying out of the building, I was, to my horror, unable to avoid Irina Levitansky coming in. Her eyes lit in fright as she recognized me an instant before I hit her full force and sent her sprawling along the cement walk.

"Oh, my God, what have I done? I sincerely beg your pardon!" I helped the dazed, hurt woman to her feet, brushing off her soiled skirt, and futilely, her pink blouse, split and torn on her lacerated arm and shoulder. I stopped dead when I felt myself experiencing erotic sensations.

Irina Filipovna held a handkerchief to her bloody nostril and wept a little. We sat on a stone bench, a girl of ten and her brother watching us. Irina said something to them in Russian, and they moved off.

"I was frightened of you also as you are of us," she said. "I trust you now because Levitansky does. But I will not urge you to take the manuscript. The responsibility is for you to decide."

"It's not a responsibility I want," I said unhappily.

She said then as though talking to herself, "Maybe I will leave Levitansky. He is wretched so much it is no longer a marriage. He drinks; also he does not earn a living. My brother Dmitri allows him to drive the taxi two, three hours in the day, to my brother's disadvantage. Except for a ruble or two from this, I support him. Levitansky does not longer receive translation commissions. Also a neighbor in the house — I am sure Kovalevsky — has denounced him to the police for delinquency and parasitism. There will be a hearing. Levitansky says he will burn his manuscripts."

"Good God, I've just returned the package of them to him."

"He will not," she said. "But even if he burns he will write more. If they take him away in prison, he will write on toilet paper. When he comes out, he will write on newspaper margins. He sits now at his table. He is a magnificent writer. I cannot ask him not to write, but now I must decide if this is the condition I want for myself the rest of my life."

She sat in silence, an attractive woman with shapely legs and feet, in a soiled skirt and torn pink blouse. I left her sitting on the stone bench, her handkerchief squeezed white in her fist.

That night — July 2, I was leaving the Soviet Union on the fifth — I underwent great self-doubt. If I'm a coward, why has it taken me so long to find out? Where does anxiety end and cowardice begin? Feelings get mixed, sure enough, but not all cowards are necessarily anxious, and not all anxious men are cowards. Many "sensitive" (Rose's word), tense, even frightened human beings did in fear what had to be done, the fear in some cases giving energy when it came time to fight or jump off a rooftop into a river. There comes a time in a man's life when to get where he has to go — if there are no doors or windows — he walks through a wall.

On the other hand, suppose one is courageous in a foolish cause — you concentrate on courage and not enough on horse sense? To get to the nub of the problem on my mind, how do I finally decide it's a sensible and worthwhile thing to smuggle out Levitansky's manuscript, given my reasonable doubts about the ultimate worth of the operation? Granted, as I now grant, he's trustworthy, and his wife is that and more; still does it pay a man like me to run the risk?

If six thousand Soviet writers can't do very much to enlarge their freedom as artists, who am I to fight their battle? — H. Harvitz, knight of the free lance from Manhattan. How far do you go, granted you have taken to heart the creed that all men (including Communists) are created free and equal and justice is for all? How far do you go for art if you're for Yeats, Rouault, and Ludwig von Beethoven? Not to mention Gogol, Tolstoy, and Dostoevsky. So far as to get yourself internationally involved: the HH MS. Smuggling Service? Will the President and State Department, not to speak of the CIA, send up three loud cheers for my contribution to the cause of international social justice? And suppose it amounts to no more than a gaffe in the end? — what will I prove if I sneak out Levitansky's manuscript, and all it turns out to be is just another passable book of stories?

That's how I argued with myself on several occasions, but in the end I argued myself into solid indecision.

What it boils down to, I'd say, is he expects me to help him because I'm an American. That's quite a nerve.

Two nights later — odd not to have the Fourth of July on July fourth (I was even listening for firecrackers) — a quiet light-lemon summer's evening in Moscow, after two monotonously uneasy days, though I was still making museum notes, for relief I took myself off to the Bolshoi to hear *Tosca*. It was sung in Russian by a busty lady and handsome tenor, but the Italian plot was unchanged, and in

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the end, Scarpia, who had promised "death" by fake bullets, gave, in sneaky exchange, a fusillade of real lead; another artist bit the dust, and Floria Tosca learned the hard way that love wasn't what she had thought.

Next to me sat another full-breasted woman, this one a lovely Russian of maybe thirty in a white dress that fitted a well-formed body, her blond hair piled in a birdlike mass on her head. Lillian could sometimes look like that, though not Rose. This woman — alone, it turned out — spoke flawless English in a mezzo-soprano with a slight accent.

During the first intermission she asked in friendly fashion, managing to seem detached but interested: "Are you American? Or perhaps Swedish?"

"Not at all Swedish. American is right. How'd you happen to guess?"

"I noticed perhaps a certain self-satisfaction, if it does not bother you that I say so?" she remarked with a laugh.

"You got the wrong party," I said.

When she opened her purse a fragrance of springtime burst on the scene — fresh flowers, the warmth of her body rose to my nostrils. I was moved to memories of the hungers of my youth — desire, love, ambition.

In the intermission she said in a low voice, "May I ask a favor? Do you depart soon the Soviet Union?"

"In fact tomorrow."

"How fortunate for me. Would it offer too much difficulty to mail wherever you are going an airmail letter addressed to my husband, who is presently in Paris? Our airmail service takes two weeks to arrive in the West. I shall be grateful."

I glanced at the envelope, addressed half in French, half in Cyrillic, and said I wouldn't mind. But during the next act sweat grew active on my body, and at the end of the opera, after Tosca's shriek of suicide, I handed the letter back to the not wholly surprised lady, saying I was sorry. Nodding to her, I left the theater. I had the feeling I had heard her voice before. I hurried back to the hotel, determined not to leave my room for any reason other than breakfast, then out and into the wide blue yonder.

I later fell asleep over a book and a bottle of sweet warm beer a waiter had brought up, pretending to myself I was relaxed, though I was as usual dealing beforehand with worried thoughts of the departure and flight home; and when I awoke, three minutes on my wristwatch later, it seemed to me I had made the acquaintance of a spate of nightmares. I was momentarily panicked by the idea that someone had planted a letter on me, and I actually searched through the pockets of my two suits. *Nyet*. Then I recalled that in one of my dreams a drawer in a table I was sitting at had slowly come open, and Feliks Levitansky, a dwarf who lived in it along with a few friendly mice, managed to scale the wooden wall on a comb he used as a ladder, and to hop from the drawer ledge to the top of the table, where he leered into my face, shook his Lilliputian fist, and shouted in high-pitched but (to me) understandable Russian: "Atombombnik! You murdered innocent Japanese people! Amerikansky bastards!"

"That's unfair," I cried out. "I was no more than a kid in college at the time. If it was up to me such things would never have happened." I also remember crying, which was where the dream had ended.

That's a sad dream, I thought.

Afterward this occurred to me: Suppose what happened to Levitansky happens to me. Suppose America gets into a war with China in some semi-reluctant way, and to make fast hash of it (despite my loud protestations: mostly I wave my arms and shout obscenities till my face turns green) we spatter them with a few dozen H-bombs, boiling up a thick atomic soup of about two hundred million Orientals — blood, gristle, bone marrow, and lots of floating Chinese eyeballs. We win the war because the Soviets hadn't been able to make up their minds whom to shoot their missiles at first. And suppose that after this slaughter, about ten million Americans, in self-revulsion, head for the borders to flee the country. To stop the loss of goods and capital, the refugees are intercepted by the army and turned back. Harvitz hides in his room with shades drawn, writing, in a fury of protest, a long epic poem condemning the mass butchery by America. What nation, Asiatic or other, is next? Nobody wants to publish the poem because it might start riots and another flight of refugees to Canada and Mexico; then one day there's a knock on the door, and it isn't the FBI but a bearded Levitansky, in better times a tourist, a modern not medieval Communist. He offers to sneak the manuscript of the poem out for publication in the Soviet Union.

Why? Harvitz suspiciously asks.

Why not? To give the book its liberty.

I awoke after a restless night. I had been instructed by Intourist to be in the lobby with my baggage two hours before flight time at 11 A.M. I was shaved and dressed by six, and at seven had breakfast — I was hungry — of yogurt, sausage and eggs, tea with lemon, in the twelfth-floor buffet. I then went out to hunt for a taxi. They were hard to come by at this hour, but I finally found one near the American Embassy, not far from the hotel. Speaking my usual mixture of primitive

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German and French, I persuaded the driver, by slipping him an acceptable two rubles, to take me out to Levitansky's house and wait a few minutes till I came out. Going hastily up the stairs, I knocked on his door, apologizing when he opened it to the half-pajamaed, iron-faced writer, his head looking slightly flatter, for awaking him this early in the day. Without peace of mind or certainty of purpose, I asked him whether he still wanted me to smuggle out his manuscript of stories. I got for my trouble the door slammed in my face.

A half hour later I had everything packed and was locking the suitcase. A knock on the door — half a rap you might call it. For the suitcase, I thought. I was for a moment frightened by the sight of a small man in a thick cap, wearing a long trench coat. He winked, and with a sinking feeling, I winked back. I had recognized Levitansky's brother-in-law, Dmitri, the taxi driver. He slid in, unbuttoned his coat, and brought forth the familiar manuscript. Holding a finger to his lips, he handed it to me before I could say I wasn't interested.

"Levitansky changed his mind?"

"Not change mind. Was afraid your voice to be heard by Kovalevsky."

"I'm sorry, I should have thought of that."

"Levitansky say not write to him," the brother-in-law whispered. "When is published book please send to him copy of *Das Kapital*. He will understand what means this."

I reluctantly agreed.

The brother-in-law, a thin figure with sad Jewish eyes, winked again, shook hands with a steamy palm, and slipped out of the room.

I unlocked my suitcase and laid the manuscript on top of my things. Then I unpacked half the contents and slipped the manuscript into a folder containing my notes on literary museums and a few letters from Lillian. I then and there decided that if I got back to the States I would ask her to marry me. The phone was ringing as I left the room.

On my way to the airport in a taxi, alone — to my surprise no Intourist girl accompanied me — I felt, on and off, nauseated. If it's not the sausage and yogurt it must be ordinary fear, I thought. Still, if Levitansky has the courage to send these stories out, the least I can do is give him a help. When you think of it, it's little enough one does for freedom in the course of his life. At the airport, if I can dig up some bromo or its Russian equivalent I'll feel better.

The driver was observing me in the mirror, a stern man with the head of a scholar, impassively smoking.

"*Le jour fait beau*," I said.

He pointed with an upraised finger to a sign in English at one side of the road to the airport.

"Long live peace in the whole world!"

Peace with freedom. I smiled at the thought of somebody, not Howard Harvitz, painting that in red on the Soviet sign.

We drove on, I foreseeing my exit from the Soviet Union. I had made discreet inquiries from time to time, and an Intouristka in Leningrad had told me I had first to show my papers at the passport control desk, turn in my rubles — a serious offense to walk off with any — and then check luggage; no inspection, she swore. And that was that. Unless, of course, the official at the passport desk found my name on a list and said I had to go to the customs office for a package. In that case (if nobody said so I wouldn't remind them) I would go get the books. I figured I wouldn't open the package, just tear off a bit of the wrapping, if they were wrapped, as if making sure they were the books I expected, and then sort of saunter away with the package under my arm. If they asked me to sign another five copies of a document in Russian, I would write at the bottom: "It is understood I can't read Russian," and sign my name to that.

I had heard that a KGB man was stationed at the ramp as one boarded the plane. He asked for your passport, checked the picture, threw you a stare, and if there was no serious lack of resemblance, tore out your expired visa, pocketed it, and let you embark.

In ten minutes you were aloft, seat belts fastened in three languages, watching the plane banking west. I thought maybe if I looked hard I might see in the distance Feliks Levitansky on his roof, waving his red-white-and-blue socks on a bamboo pole. Then the plane leveled off, and we were above the clouds flying westward. And that's what I would be doing for five or six hours unless the pilot received radio instructions to turn back; or maybe land in Czechoslovakia, or East Germany, where two big-hatted detectives boarded the plane. By an act of imagination and will I made it some other passenger they were arresting. I got the plane into the air again, and we flew on without incident until we touched down in London.

As the taxi approached the Moscow airport, fingering my ticket and gripping my suitcase handle, I wished for courage equal to Levitansky's when they discovered he was the author of the book of stories I had managed to sneak out and get published, and his trial and suffering began.

Levitansky's first story of the four in English was about an old father, a pensioner, who was not feel-

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ing well and wanted his son, with whom he had continuous strong disagreements, and whom he hadn't seen in eight months, to know. He decided to pay him a short visit. Since the son had moved from his flat to a larger one, and had not forwarded his address, the father went to call on him at his office. The son was an official of some sort with an office in a new state building. The father had never been there, although he knew where it was, because a neighbor on a walk with him once had pointed it out.

The pensioner sat in a chair in his son's large outer office, waiting for him to be free for a few minutes. "Yuri," he thought he would say, "all I want to tell you is that I'm not up to my usual self. My breath is short, and I have pains in my chest. In fact, I am not well. After all, we're father and son and you ought to know the state of my health, seeing it's not so good and your mother is dead."

The son's assistant secretary, a modern girl in a tight skirt, said he was attending an important administrative conference.

"A conference is a conference," the father said. He wouldn't want to interfere with it and didn't mind waiting, although he was still having twinges of pain.

The father waited patiently in the chair for several hours; and though he had a few times risen and urgently spoken to the assistant secretary, he was, by the end of the day, still unable to see his son. The girl, putting on her pink hat, advised the old man that the official had already left the building. He hadn't been able to see his father because he had unexpectedly been called away on an important state matter.

"Go home, and he will telephone you in the morning."

"I have no telephone," said the old pensioner impatiently. "He knows that."

The assistant secretary, the private secretary, an older woman from the inside office, and later the caretaker of the building all attempted to persuade the father to go home, but he wouldn't leave.

The private secretary said her husband was expecting her, and she could stay no longer. After a while the assistant secretary with the pink hat also left. The caretaker, a man with wet eyes and a ragged mustache, tried to persuade the old man to leave. "What sort of foolishness is it to wait all night in a pitch-dark building? You'll frighten yourself out of your wits, not to speak of other discomforts you'll suffer."

"No," said the father, "I will wait. When my son comes in tomorrow morning, I'll tell him something he hasn't learned yet. I'll tell him that what he does to me his children will do to him."

The caretaker departed. The old man was left alone waiting for his son to appear in the morning.

"I'll report him to the Party," he muttered.

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The second story was about an old man, a widower of sixty-eight, who hoped to have matzos for Passover. Last year he had got his quota. They had been baked at the State bakery and sold in State stores; but this year the State bakeries were not permitted to bake them. The officials said the machines had broken down, but who believed them.

The old man went to the rabbi, an older man with a tormented beard, and asked him where he could get matzos. He was frightened that he mightn't have them this year.

"So am I," confessed the old rabbi. He said he had been told to tell his congregants to buy flour and bake them at home. The State stores would sell them the flour.

"What good is that for me?" asked the widower. He reminded the rabbi that he had no home to speak of, a single small room with a one-burner electric stove. His wife had died two years ago. His only living child, a married daughter, was with her husband in Birobijan. His other relatives, the few who were left after the German invasion — two female cousins his age — lived in Odessa; and he himself, even if he could find an oven, did not know how to bake matzos. And if he couldn't, what should he do?

The rabbi then promised he would try to get the widower a kilo or two of matzos, and the old man, rejoicing, blessed him.

He waited anxiously a month, but the rabbi never mentioned the matzos. Maybe he had forgotten. After all he was an old man with many worries, and the widower did not want to press him. However, Passover was coming on wings, so he must do something. A week before the Holy Days he hurried to the rabbi's flat and spoke to him there. "Rabbi," he begged, "you promised me a kilo or two of matzos. What has happened to them?"

"I know I promised," said the rabbi, "but I'm no longer sure to whom. It's easy to promise." He dabbed at his brow with a damp handkerchief. "I was warned one can be arrested on charges of profiteering in the production and sale of matzos. I was told it could happen even if I were to give them away for nothing. It's a new crime they've invented. Still, take them anyway. If they arrest me, I'm an old man, and how long can an old man live in Lubyanka? Not so long, thank God. Here, I'll give you a small pack, but you must tell no one where you got the matzos."

"May the Lord eternally bless you, rabbi. As

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for dying in prison, rather let it happen to our enemies."

The rabbi went to his closet and got out a small pack of matzos, already wrapped and tied with knotted twine. When the widower offered in a whisper to pay him, at least the cost of the flour, the rabbi wouldn't hear of it. "God provides," he said, "although at times with difficulty." He said there was hardly enough for all who wanted matzos, so one must take what he got and be thankful.

"I will eat less," said the old man. "I will count mouthfuls. I will save the last matzo to look at if there isn't enough to last me. God will understand."

Overjoyed to have even a few matzos, he rode home on the trolley car and there met another Jew, a man with a withered hand. They conversed in Yiddish in low tones. The stranger had glanced at the almost square package, then at the widower and had hoarsely whispered, "Matzos?" The widower, tears starting to his eyes, nodded. "With God's grace." "Where did you get them?" "God provides." "So if He provides, let Him provide me," the stranger brooded. "I'm not so lucky. I was hoping for a package from relatives in Cleveland, America. They wrote they would send me a large pack of the finest matzos, but when I inquire of the authorities they say no matzos have arrived. You know when they will get here?" he muttered. "After Passover by a month or two, and what good will they be then?"

The widower nodded sadly. The stranger wiped his eyes with his good hand, and after a short while left the trolley amid a number of people getting off. He had not bothered to say good-bye, and neither had the widower, not to remind him of his own good fortune. When the time came for the old man to leave the trolley he glanced down between his feet where he had placed the package of matzos but nothing was there. His feet were there. The old man felt harrowed, as though someone had ripped a nail down his spine. He searched frantically throughout the car, going a long way past his stop, querying every passenger, the woman conductor, the motorman, but no one had seen his matzos.

Then it occurred to him that the stranger with the withered hand had stolen them.

The widower in his misery asked himself, would a Jew have robbed another of his precious matzos? It didn't seem possible. Still, who knows, he thought, what one will do to get matzos if he has none.

As for me I haven't even a matzo to look at now. If I could steal some, whether from Jew or Russian, I would steal them. He thought he would even steal them from the old rabbi.

The widower went home without his matzos and had none for Passover.

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The third story, a folktale called "Tallith," concerned a youth of seventeen, beardless but for a few stray hairs on his chin, who had come from Kirov to the steps of the synagogue on Arkhipova Street in Moscow. He had brought with him a capacious prayer shawl, a white garment of luminous beauty which he offered for sale to a cluster of congregants on the synagogue steps, Jews of various sorts and sizes — curious, apprehensive, greedy at the sight of the shawl — for fifteen rubles. Most of them avoided the youth, particularly the older Jews, despite the fact that some of the more devout among them were worried about their prayer shawls, eroded on their shoulders after years of daily use, which they could not replace. "It's the informers among us who have put him up to this," they whispered among themselves, "so they will have someone to inform on."

Still, in spite of the warnings of their elders, several of the younger men examined the tallith and admired it. "Where did you get such a fine prayer shawl?" the youth was asked. "It was my father's who recently died," he said. "It was given to him by a rich Jew he had once befriended." "Then why don't you keep it for yourself, you're a Jew, aren't you?" "Yes," said the youth, not the least embarrassed, "but I am going to Kharborovsk as a Komsomol volunteer, and I need a few rubles to get married. Besides I'm a confirmed atheist."

One young man with fat unshaven cheeks, who admired the deeply white shawl, its white glowing in whiteness, with its long silk fringes, whispered to the youth that he might consider buying it for five rubles. But he was overheard by the gabbai, the lay leader of the congregation, who raised his cane and shouted at the whisperer, "Hooligan, if you buy that shawl, beware it doesn't become your shroud." The fat Jew with the unshaven cheeks retreated.

"Don't strike him," cried the frightened rabbi, who had come out of the synagogue and saw the gabbai with his upraised cane. He urged the congregants to begin prayers at once. To the youth he said, "Please go away from here, we are burdened with enough troubles as it is. It is forbidden for anyone to sell religious articles. Do you want us to be accused of criminal economic activity? Do you want the doors of the shul to be closed forever? Do us a mitzvah and go away."

The congregants went inside. The youth was left standing alone on the steps; but then the gabbai came out of the door, a man with a deformed spine

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and with a wad of cotton stuck in his leaking ear.

"Look here," he said. "I know you stole it. Still, after all is said and done a tallith is a tallith, and God asks no questions of His worshipers. I offer eight rubles for it, take it or leave it. Talk fast before the services end and the others come out."

"Make it ten and it's yours," said the youth.

The gabbai gazed at him shrewdly. "Eight is all I have, but wait here and I'll borrow two rubles from my brother-in-law."

The youth waited impatiently. Dusk was thickening. In a few minutes a black car drove up, stopped in front of the synagogue, and two policemen got out. The youth realized at once that the gabbai had informed on him. Not knowing what else to do he hastily draped the prayer shawl over his head and began loudly to pray. He prayed a passionate kaddish. The police hesitated to approach him while he was praying, and they stood at the bottom of the steps waiting for him to be done. The congregants then came out and could not believe their eyes or ears. No one imagined the youth could pray so fervently. What moved them was his tone, the wail and passion of a man truly praying. Perhaps his father had indeed recently died. All listened attentively, and many wished he would pray forever, for they knew that when he stopped he would be seized and thrown into prison.

It has grown dark. A moon hovers behind murky clouds over the synagogue steeple. The youth's voice is heard in prayer. The congregants are huddled in the dark street, listening. Both police agents are still there, although they cannot be seen. Neither can the youth. All that can be seen is the white shawl luminously praying.

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The last of the four stories translated by Irina Filipovna was about a writer of mixed parentage, a Russian father and Jewish mother, who had secretly been writing stories for years. He had from a young age wanted to write but had at first not had the courage to — it seemed such a merciless undertaking — so he had gone into translation work instead; and then when he had, one day, started to write seriously and exultantly, after a while he found to his surprise that many of his stories, about half, were about Jews.

Well, for a half-Jew that's a reasonable proportion, he thought. The others were about Russians who sometimes resembled members of his father's family. "It's good to have such different sources for ideas," he said to his wife. "In this way I can cover a more varied range of experiences in life."

After several years of work he had submitted a selection of his stories to a trusted friend of university days, Viktor Zverkov, an editor of the Progress Publishing House; and the writer appeared one morning after receiving a hastily scribbled cryptic note from his friend, to discuss his work with him. Zverkov, a troubled man to begin with — he told everyone his wife did not respect him — jumped up from his chair and turned the key in the door, his ear pressed a minute at the crack. He then went quickly to his desk and withdrew the manuscript from a drawer he had first to unlock with a key he kept in his pocket. He was a heavy-set man with a flushed complexion, stained eroded teeth, and a hoarse voice; and he handled the writer's manuscript as though it might leap up and wound him in the face.

"Please, Tolya," he whispered breathily, bringing his head close to the writer's. "You must take these dreadful stories away at once."

"What's the matter with you? Why are you shaking so?"

"Don't pretend to be so naïve. You know why I am disturbed. I am frankly amazed that you are even considering submitting such unorthodox material for publication. My opinion as an editor is that they are of doubtful literary merit — I do not say devoid of it, Tolya, I wish to be honest — but as stories they are a frightful affront to our society. I can't understand why you should take it on yourself to write about Jews. What do you really know about them? Your culture is not in the least Jewish, it's Soviet Russian. The whole business smacks of hypocrisy, and you may be accused of anti-Semitism."

He then got up to shut the window and peered into a closet before sitting down.

"Are you out of your mind, Viktor? My stories are in no sense anti-Semitic. One would have to read them standing on his head to make that sort of judgment."

"There can be only one logical interpretation," the editor argued. "According to my most lenient analysis, which is favorable to you as a person of let's call it decent intent, the stories fly in the face of socialist realism and reveal a dangerous inclination — perhaps even a stronger word should be used — to anti-Soviet sentiment. Maybe you're not entirely aware of this — I know how a story can take hold of a writer and pull him along by the nose. As an editor I have to be sensitive to such things. I know, Tolya, from our conversations that you are a sincere believer in our kind of socialism; I won't accuse you of being defamatory to the Soviet system, but others may. In fact I know they will. If one of the editors of *Oktyabr* was to read these stories, believe me, your career would explode in a mess. You seem not to have a normal

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awareness of what self-preservation is, and what's appallingly worse, you're not above entangling innocent bystanders in your fate. If these stories were mine, I assure you I would never have brought them to you. I urge you to destroy them at once, before they destroy you."

The editor drank thirstily from a glass of water on his desk.

"That's the last thing I would do," said the writer. "These stories, if not in tone or subject matter, are written in the spirit of our early Soviet writers — the free spirits of the years just after the Revolution."

"I think you know what happened to many of those 'free spirits.' "

The writer for a moment stared at him.

"Well, then, what of those stories that are not about the experiences of Jews? Some are simply pieces about homely aspects of Russian life; for instance, the one about the pensioner father and his invisible son. What I hoped is that you might recommend one or two such stories to *Novy Mir* or *Yunost*. They are innocuous sketches and well written."

"Not the one about the two prostitutes," said the editor. "That contains hidden social criticism and is too adversely naturalistic."

"A prostitute lives a social life."

"That may be, but I can't recommend it for publication. I must advise you, Tolya, if you expect to receive further commissions for translations from us, you should immediately get rid of this whole manuscript so as to avoid the possibility of serious consequences both to yourself and family, and for this publishing house that has employed you so faithfully and generously in the past."

"Since you didn't write the stories yourself, you needn't be afraid, Viktor Alexandrovich," the writer said coldly.

"I am not a coward, if that's why you're hinting, Anatoly Borisovich, but if a wild locomotive is running loose on the rails, I know which way to jump."

The writer hastily gathered up his manuscript, stuffed the papers into his leather case, and returned home by bus. His wife was still away at work. He took out the stories, and after quickly reading through one, began to burn it page by page, in the kitchen sink.

His nine-year-old son, returning from school, said, "Papa, what are you burning in the sink? That's no place for a fire."

"What am I burning?" said the writer. "My integrity." Then he said, "My heritage. My talent."

The Deserted Poet

by Peter Davison

This part of the country is underpeopled.
Not a word waits in hiding under the ferns
To reach up for my hand and lead me out
Of myself. No words have passed this way this season:
I have forgotten even the sound of their footsteps
Whickering through the leaves at my approach.

Look at my face, never an honest one.
It covers my desertion by pretending
That words have never meant a thing to me.
This face settles for the lie. It puts on
Creases of feigned anger between the eyes,
Furrows of mock surprise across the brow.

I wear the mask of an actor who returns
From a long journey to find his wife and children dead.

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POEMS by Leslie Norris

DRUMMER EVANS

There was a great elm in Drummer Evans' garden.
Half of his house it kept in daylight shadow; all summer
A chaffinch sang in its highest branches, swinging
In an invisible cage its music was so local.
Drummer dribbled it crumbs from his fingers
As he sat on a log, his back to the elm trunk,
One slow leg straight before him, and his yellow hand,
His fingers, playing intricate patterns on his other knee.
He was small, his eyes looked upward always.
His face was mild and ivory, composed and smooth.
He wore a black suit and a very wide hat and he called
All women Mrs. Jones, because it was easier.
I went to him Tuesdays and Saturdays, for lessons.

My kettle-drum set on its three-legged stand,
He would flick its resonance with a finger and say,
"Now boy, two with each hand, away you go; and
Don't let the drumstick tamp." Tamp was a word for bounce,
We always used it. Away I'd go, two with each hand,
Back of the wrists to the skin, sticks held lightly,
And clumsily double beat with each hack fist,
Tap-tap, tap-tap, tap-tap, until that unskilled knock
Snarled in my tired arms and stuttered out.
I don't remember getting any better, but he'd nod,
Still for a while his drumming hand, and smile,
And say, "Again."
    When I could play no more he'd take the sticks
And give to my stubborn drum a pliant eloquence.
I'd leave then. The bird was nearly always singing.
It never rained in Drummer Evans' garden.

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Because I knew that I would never make
On an echoing hull those perfect measures
Heard in my head as I marched at the head of armies
Or rattling between the beat of my running heels,
I left the Drummer.
It was an idle sun
Recalled his garden, and an unclaimed bird
Singing from a thorn his tame bird's song
That brought the old man back,
Martial hands parading and muttering.
I went by the river's edge and stone bridge
To his thundering cottage.

For the air for half a mile was rhythmical thunder.
Roll after roll of exact, reverberant challenge,
The flames of history unfurled their names from my books,
Agincourt, Malplaquet, Waterloo, Corunna,
And I reached at a gasp the Drummer's beleaguered garden.

Ringed by standing friends at the rim of his anger,
He stood strapped for war from the fury of their kindness,
Striking his sharp refusal of all pity
The women offered. "Come on," they called,
"Ah, come on Mr. Evans."
But he swept them away with the glory of his drumfire,
Hands flying high in volleys of retaliation.
The tree held its sunlight like a flag of honor
And helpless, uniformed men spoke out to him softly;
But his side-drum returned defiance for this old man
Whose proud skill told us he was Drummer Evans,
No common mister to be hauled to the Poorhouse.

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THREE MEN

1. BILLY PRICE

He would open the loft early
And his soft-voiced flock
Turned in the morning
Like a bird with a hundred wings.

On workless days he would sing
Freely, and girls in neighboring
Backyards applauded him
With joined choruses and the frankness of their smiles.

At evening he would signal in his pigeons.
When I began to whistle I learned this call;
A ladder of falling notes across the bars as the birds
Folded themselves home.

2. HARRY THE BLACK

We spent our boyhoods throwing him insults
And stones, but they bounced off his round dignity.
Later we spoke to him with careful, adolescent seriousness
While our friends tied "Little Demons" to his coattails.

He leaped through the Police Station doorway
Yelling "Jesus!" at every explosion.
His face was Jamaican black.
We avoided him if we were alone.

One of the Dowlais boys, home from the Irish Guards,
Brought with him an exotic Chinese wife.
Harry was appalled. "Foreigners," he said,
"Bloody foreigners in our country!"

3. JOHN WILLIAMS

His father had drunk away many acres
And a whole flock of mountain sheep.
He had been tall, red-bearded, strong as legend,
Ridden to market on a pony much too small,

But John Williams was deliberately not like this.
Mild and silver from his youth,
He had refused even to grow very much.
At fourteen I was inches over his eighty years.

The day he was eighty we leaned on his gate
And he told me of his fading eyes.
There was a signpost on the horizon opposite
He could scarcely see. Staring at that far

Mountain-edge, I could see only the dissolving
Motes of the air. But he had turned away.
"When you are old," he said, "when you are o'
You know where all the fingerposts are."

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BOOKS and MEN *For months before publication, the new autobiographical book by Norman Podhoretz, editor of* COMMENTARY *magazine, was the subject of tense speculation, heated gossip, and wouldn't-touch-it-with-a-bangalore-torpedo disclaimers in New York's books-and-brains circles. Now Mr. Podhoretz's* MAKING IT *is out, and the public is allowed to consider what all the sotto voce shouting was about. The author of this critique is a New York-based critic and novelist whose latest book was, appropriately enough,* OFFICE POLITICS.

Making It in the Big City

BY WILFRID SHEED

"But what did you *do* in the bordello, Mr. Fitzgerald?" Scott, in the famous story, had been trying to shock Edith Wharton with tales of his early days in Paris. Mrs. Wharton was, at best, politely curious. So, too, with readers of Norman Podhoretz's much self-acclaimed book *Making It*.

What does Mr. Podhoretz do in the bordello? Simply sits up there and purrs, as far as we can make out. His ruthless confession must rank with the great literary teases of all time; or with the fake pornography they used to fob off on teen-agers in the bad old days.

"It is better to be a success than a failure," it says on page one. See the unveiling of Little Egypt, gentlemen. One thousand breezy photos. But "being a success," as Chesterton pointed out years ago, is one of the most meaningless phrases in the language. It may get us into the tent, but it is no substitute for a real bump and grind.

This is the first impression of *Making It:* that of a burlesque queen solemnly striding up and down to the strains of "Temptation," and nothing coming off. Hour after pitiless hour. Norman likes money (tiny bump), Norman likes to be well-regarded (desultory twirl of tassel). Sorry men, no refunds. It is only on the way home that we realize that we have seen a rather dirtier show than we thought, and that Norman has shown us plenty.

The theme of the book must be familiar by now. Podhoretz's life has lacked specific content as perhaps only an American life can. For example, he was raised as a Jewish boy simply because his unbelieving father wanted to keep him unassimilated. At a Jewish seminary college he consumed enough Hebrew lore to become class valedictorian without ever supposing that any of it mattered. By the time he got to Columbia University, he had apparently severed the act of learning from its natural objects, and was free to concentrate on such phantoms as pleasing the teacher, getting good grades, and being in the intellectual swim; at the same time, he found himself being pressed into WASP gentility, an ideal as attenuated and irrelevant as his father's Jewishness had been. A Jew and not a Jew, a WASP and not a WASP, scholar and operator: all set now for "Making It," "travelling first-class," and all the other empty cans we append to celebrity.

Pleasing his elders for rather obscure objectives seems to have been Podhoretz's story all along — somewhat like the man in *H.M.S. Pinafore* who "polished that handle so carefully that now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee." First a platoon of doting relatives, then a Dragon Lady schoolmarm. Next Lionel Trilling at Columbia, followed by F. R. Leavis at Cambridge; a short ugly inter-

Photograph of Norman Podhoretz by Dorothy S. Gelatt.

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lude in the army, with no parents at all; next, Elliot Cohen, his patron at *Commentary* magazine; and then a whole host of elders, veritably a faculty, the Family of New York intellectuals, who made him their ultimate pet. Home again, safe and sound.

Now, as editor of *Commentary*, with no more elders to conquer (except the American Jewish Committee and Group Captain Norman Mailer), Podhoretz asks himself what it all means. But instead of drawing at least one obvious conclusion — that a career founded largely on showing off the grown-ups is likely to result in a fairly infantile version of success: comfort, admiration, power, for their own sakes, the baby's triumvirate — he has decided to celebrate both the career and the success, and to elevate them to the rank of universal desirables. It is that the intellectual community is as greedy as the next fellow, but that our author is the first one honest enough to admit it. Courageous in a way — suppose he turned out to be wrong? Suppose he really was the only greedy one? Henry VIII grunting over his chicken bone. But Podhoretz takes no chances on this. He absolutely insists on sharing his vices. As in his famous essay "My Negro Problem — and Ours," where he botched a useful mini-confession by demanding, in effect, that everyone else sign it, he again inflates himself to the size of a Significant Social Index. When Norman sins, *everybody* sins. Which means, of course, that nobody sins.

No doubt, he is just right enough. Every intellectual is a little bit greedy; some more, some less. Podhoretz calls this a "dirty little secret," but for all that, I cannot imagine any intellectual claiming, "I do *not* want money, fame, or power," even if it were true. The dirty secret cuts both ways. No one admits to greed, but no one denies it either. The rules governing self-display, both one's virtues and vices, are quite ambiguous and a good deal more interesting than you would ever guess from this rather simple manual.

Ambiguity is totally alien to Podhoretz's book, which has but one gear and one track and rolls down it like a *Daily News* van. For instance, the dirty little secret of sex has been unveiled for some time, yet we still frown on people who boast about their sexual prowess as much as we frown on people who boast about their money. Envy? (but our own prowess may be even greater). Squeamishness? (but our conversation may be a solid stream of sex or money in other respects, and nobody minds that).

A tradition of conversational manners is a complicated affair devised originally to ward off dullness and pain, although sometimes causing both. Podhoretz's revision of the code would surely do so. People sitting around discussing their success, even their success at Columbia University, would be as inspiring as executives modeling long johns in the locker room. Civilization has its reasons for keeping such talk to a minimum. Mr. Podhoretz, who tells us that he has made the upper middle class (you can tell it by his clothes: no more colorful folk costume for him), knows this quite well. Hence his reticence. He does not really talk about his success.

At certain points, the book turns the reader off quite primly, shuts the porter's gate on him. How does Norman make it with servants, other children's parents, and rich bores? Can he join any club he wants to? Does he ever find the whole thing a bit stuffy? Before we go haring after him, we would like to know about these things. But the upper middle class doesn't tell.

We would also like, since this is presumably a full-blown investigation of the subject, to hear some case histories besides his own. Are other Family men and women snobs and climbers? and if so, which ones? The names come tumbling out like clowns from a circus car. Mary and Dwight and Philip — but then he gets stuck. A gentleman doesn't rat on his friends. He simply uses them to pad his index.

An anatomy of *Making It* should not bog down on the first navel it comes to. Why have we been brought here anyway? Anyone who has paddled about in these literary wading pools knows at the very least that George Plimpton looks over your head and Podhoretz looks under your armpit and that Macdonald looks you periodically right in the eye. (Our bad luck that the armpit man wrote the book.) Podhoretz is mildly informative about the structure of the literary establishment, but only mildly, and his lack of social observation is blinding. How does an establishment man furnish his house? Whom does he marry and why? Podhoretz thinks the novel is on the way out — but a novelist could change Philip Rahv's name and tell us something about him. Podhoretz can only take this liberty with one person — himself. And even his one big scene, his Eliza Doolittle debut into the Family, is flat and unevocative, for want of other actors.

But the real point of the book is not to describe a scene or even himself, but to rationalize and justify his own living standard. It is as if he wanted the reader to say, it's OK, you can keep the money. He is demanding, through bluster and wheedle, some kind of open-ended absolution. The words we might use to condemn him have all lost their jurisdiction overnight: from arriviste to apple polisher to sellout. So uncompromising is he that we can't be sure whether those words could still apply to anybody; whether there is any mode of progress so self-serving that even he would con-

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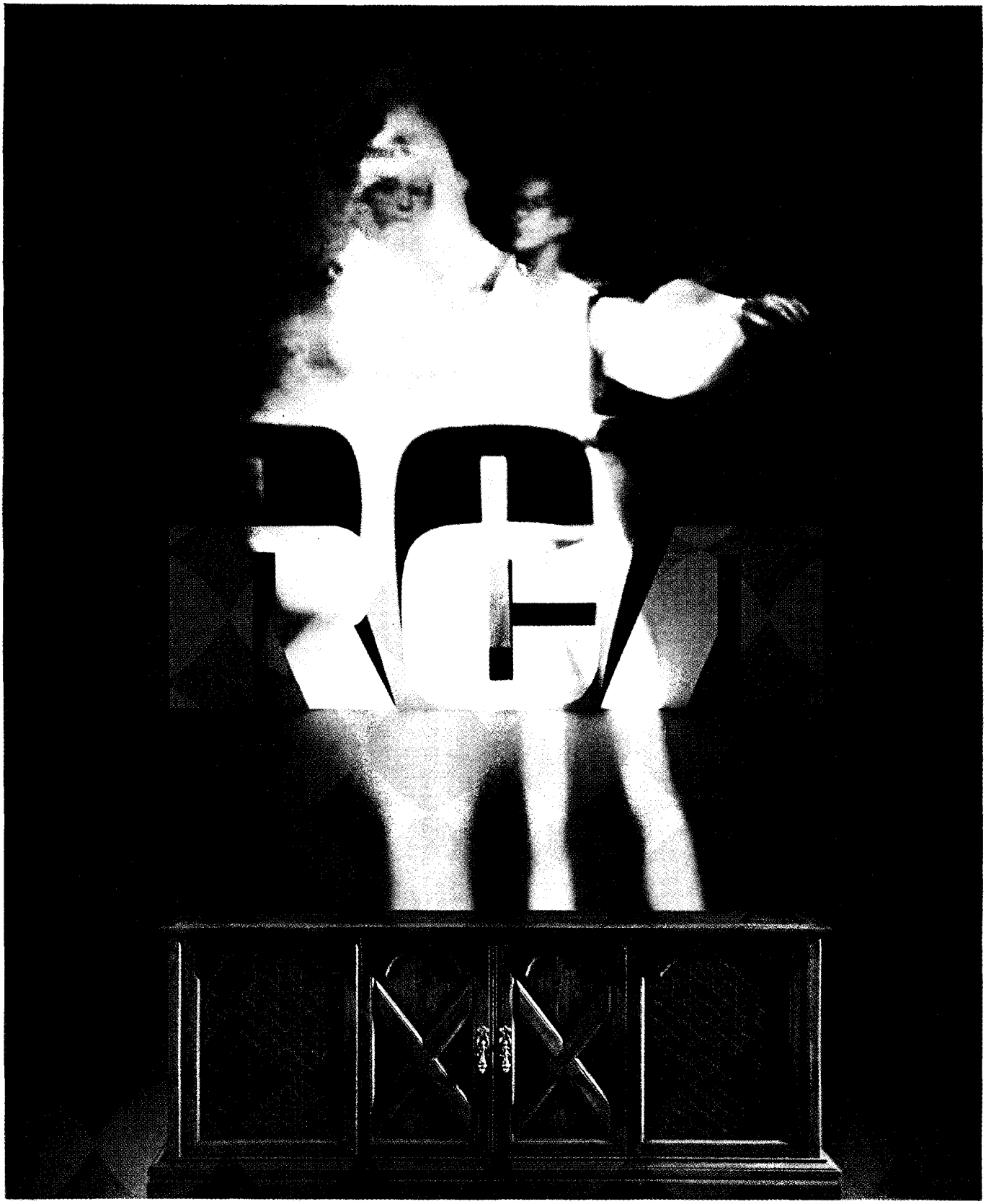

RCA STEREO—FOR REALISM THAT RIVALS THE CONCERT HALL

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demn it. (From his upper-middle-class aerie, he knows that there are such modes, because — another garment that fails to come off — his own rise is shown to have been remarkably clean and disinterested. Only his thoughts are impure.)

Podhoretz's Damascus occurred during a jamboree on an island owned by Huntington Hartford, when Norman, frosted glass in hand, looked around him and saw that it was good. One looks despairingly for irony in this scene. Podhoretz to cover himself puts a tiny twist in his voice, but nothing like enough. Finding happiness in one of the less poverty stricken corners of the Caribbean is no great trick. Religious creeds are more convincing when uttered in adversity, and Norman's doctrine of self-interest would ring more commandingly from a hovel in Trinidad than from Mr. Hartford's spotless beach.

No one demands of a left-wing writer (Podhoretz claims to be of that persuasion) that he turn down luxury. It is good practice for going to prison, but that will not arise in Norman's case. American writers don't have to keep in training like their Eastern brethren. It doesn't take much wind to sign a petition.

But we do still have our little problems in the West, and it is mildly surprising to find so little allusion to these in *Making It*. It may be all right to have your tabs picked up by some chuckleheaded tycoon, or even by Mr. Hartford. But this can lead to certain bad habits. It becomes a drag having to look into how the tycoon got his money, his labor practices, and so forth, and now on top of that one has the further nuisance of worrying about the CIA and such. Jason Epstein has noted in the *New York Review of Books* that since the cold war began, certain types of thinkers have enjoyed more winter cruises than other types. The success that Podhoretz talks about always has to be paid for by someone. The complexity of Foundation living has made it hard at times to trace that someone.

In other words, a modicum of training is still useful. The conventional wisdom about ambition which Mr. Podhoretz revises so airily has always known this. It is based not so much on Christian asceticism as on a determination to function when the patron dies or turns ugly. (A good deal of Christian asceticism is based on the same thing, but that's another story.) You don't function so well when you, or your wife, or your in-laws have become used to silk sheets. One apologizes for the truisms. But in his lightning survey of Western thought on the subject (two credits, freshmen) Podhoretz seems to have overlooked them completely.

Mr. Podhoretz's own prosperity is probably built on air and luck like most people's. The magazine he edits is subsidized by a most benign master, the American Jewish Committee. He is allowed at present all the freedom an editor could want. But suppose his bosses change their minds? He could always find another job: either a smaller one with the same freedom, or a bigger one with less. In either case, he would be joining the rest of the human race, with its familiar discontents. And no more talk about making it.

That a man with such an Ayn-Rand-and-water program should call himself a man of the left is symptomatic of the fifties and sixties. Podhoretz has given us some intellectual history here after all — his mind moving, with the rest of the salmon, to pro-Americanism and back, but his tastes moving steadily to individual profit, and winding up somewhere to the right of Horatio Alger. This means that his left-wing opinions are just talk. And talk is cheap.

Podhoretzism is a baneful doctrine for any writer anywhere. Twentieth-century politics aside, one never knows when any writer will be called on by some private or public reverse to double as hero or saint. A diet of guilt-free softness will not help. And beyond that, self-satisfaction is every artist's enemy. The ego that sets you to writing in the first place hangs around like a great swollen, sensitive fool, demanding an impossible payment in flattery and love: do not hurt me, it screams to the world. My master thinks he wants criticism, but don't listen to him, listen to me.

It might be argued that this is the state of the insecure writer, and not one who has been taking Dr. Podhoretz's success medicine and learning to love himself as he deserves. But even if the medicine worked, vanity would still be the writer's enemy, for it maketh him sloppy and humorless and it dimmeth his wits. See *Making It*, *passim*. To advise writers to wallow in their occupational disease rather than fight it is, to put it temperately, mischievous.

But besides this seedy moral and professional manifesto, Podhoretz has written a personal story of a slightly more touching sort. He suffered from a brutal case of precocity, a disease which can make both childhood and adulthood wretched, with just a few good years in between. Norman grew up in Brownsville, a tough neighborhood to be precocious in. And he must have exerted, even overdeveloped, his political gifts trying to be one of the boys. In *Making It* he assures us that he succeeded; but in "My Negro Problem — and Ours," he gives some hint of the anxiety underneath it, his fear of the colored marauder and the fragility of his own confidence.

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Having learned more or less how to make like a tough guy, he then had to unlearn it at Columbia and Cambridge. At the former he was resented as pushy; at the latter he is under the impression that he wasn't. His experience there also gave him a notion that class in England is quite different from class in the United States, that it has nothing to do with manners or dress. I have heard Englishmen make the same point over here. It takes time and much observation for a foreigner to learn what is actually going on.

Anyway, those were the golden years for Norman, and he lovingly records every A plus as if it had happened yesterday. At that point in time he was ahead of the field, and he wants it on permanent record now. Since then, a lot of people have caught up and passed him. Boys who were making C's and waitresses, while Norman was busy imitating Professor Trilling's style, have straightened out and made their moves. And Norman is no longer a boy wonder, no longer the promising young man that all the older men are gruffly impressed with, but another thirty-seven-year-old writer who didn't do anything last year or the year before: a good enough position to be in, but not if you've tasted glory; not if you ran the hundred in 9.5 in high school.

This subject could have made a good book — has, in fact, made many good books. Romantics like Fitzgerald and Connolly have done fine things with it. Podhoretz's trophies carefully lined up for inspection are like old dance programs, or like Fitzgerald's overseas cap never worn, genuinely touching mementos. But what Connolly and Fitzgerald never did was to pretend that things are just the same now: that a nice apartment and being on some damn presidential committee and affording a smart school for your daughter are valid extensions of the old dreams. In his late thirties, Fitzgerald was writing *The Crack-up*, a study of encroaching middle age, of a sensibility dwindling and cooling, and of a break with his past self that could not be mended. Now, more tragically, Podhoretz comes bounding along to tell us how well he's still doing — first, A pluses, and then, lots of money. Great territory, you should move there.

This is the sense in which the book is revealing after all. Podhoretz would rather show himself to be a crass operator (well, at least I'm honest) than an anxiety-ridden failure counting his assets and looking prosperous for the sake of the customers. Of course, he is not really a failure; he is a good editor and an adroit essayist; but no one could ever be the success he felt like at twenty-one. And second best is a hard pill to gag down.

Thus, we get this book instead, which refuses to face the fact, to say the words. It must be hard for a man of Podhoretz's intelligence to be so obtuse, but self-respect demands it, and the big fool Vanity says go ahead, we'll make a mint. And we get these terrible flights of self-congratulation that have made the book funny to so many people, but could just as well make them cry.

"I toyed with the idea of doing a book about Mailer that would focus on the problem of success," but he decided to make it a book about himself instead; as if to say, I was going to write about Rockefeller and money, but decided to write about the local branch manager instead. The book is to be a "bid for literary distinction, fame, and money all in one package." A great economy offer that only lacks a set of dishes. The precocious child cannot just write a book like other people and take his chances; he must write a *great* book, nothing less will do, and ram it down our throats.

In this mixture of complacency and agitation, he has written a book of no literary distinction whatever, pockmarked by clichés and little mock modesties and a woefully pedestrian tone. There are one or two shrewd observations — for instance, the distinction he makes between jealousy and envy, and some of his remarks about the writing process: in particular, that people take up this career because they find they do it well, and not because they have something to say. But they usually do get something to say eventually, or else they give up. Podhoretz has been rummaging among his belongings and come up with this. One can't imagine what he keeps underneath it.

Meanwhile, mediocrities from coast to coast will no doubt take *Making It* to their hearts and will use it for their own justification; they will prate about power and honesty and add another wing to the game room. In the present condition of our society and the world, I cannot imagine a more feckless, silly book.

One last note might be added, because the matter comes up a good deal in conversation and not, for obvious reasons, in print. It has been suggested that Podhoretz also implicates Jewishness in his peculiar syndrome. I do not believe he does this: Jewishness is part of his story, but a coincidental part. He could just as well be an Irishman. The book could simply be titled *America 1967;* slickness, shallowness, and the flight from pain and death and art — all in one package.

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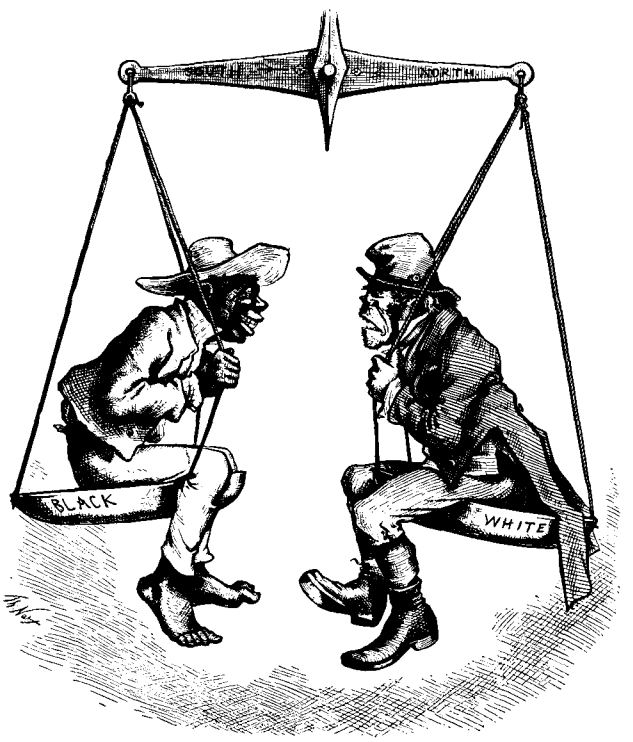
THOMAS NAST and the First Reconstruction

by Morton Keller



1. The Ignorant Vote — Honors Are Easy.

The political cartoonist who drew the elephant and donkey as symbols of the two political parties, Thomas Nast chronicled the hopes and later the disillusions of the mid-nineteenth-century's civil rights leaders. Morton Keller, professor of history at Brandeis University and an authority on the post-Civil War era, restores to the public light this timeless and timely cartoonist in the following article adapted from his book THE ART AND POLITICS OF THOMAS NAST, *to be published this month by Oxford University Press.*

In the wake of a bloody and protracted war, Americans turned their attention to the most intractable of their social problems. Influential media of news and opinion and a major political party vigorously championed Negro civil rights. But soon this movement lost its force, and foundered on the Negrophobia that darkly streaked the society. Intellectuals came to doubt that Negro political activity offered much hope of beneficial social change. Public hostility and indifference grew, and soon the politicians dropped a cause that seemed both futile and dangerous. Such was the course — of the Radical Republican movement for Negro rights after the Civil War.

Since World War II there has been a revolution in Negro civil rights that C. Vann Woodward aptly calls "the Second American Reconstruction." But now the historical parallel has a new and ironic dimension. There is reason to fear that once again this nation will be witness to a great tragedy — a tragedy of ennobling social aspirations thwarted by indifference and hate. We face what has come to be a recurring feature of our public life: a surge of belief that we can quickly reform our society, and then an angry, wasting disillusionment when unrealistic hopes run afoul of stubborn social realities. The experience of the First Reconstruction reminds us that once before Americans ventured boldly against the labyrinthine stronghold of racial discrimination; and that once before idealism was compromised, hope deferred.

Thomas Nast's political cartoons are the best record we have of that era of American public life a century ago. He published more than 3000 drawings over the course of his career, the great majority of them in *Harper's Weekly* between 1862 and 1885. No record of that time better conveys the mood of optimism, the belief in the perfectibility of the Great Republic, that came on the heels of the Civil War. And no one more poignantly expressed the painful disillusionment with the political process that spread over important areas of public opinion in the 1870s.

It is easy to forget that post-Civil War American

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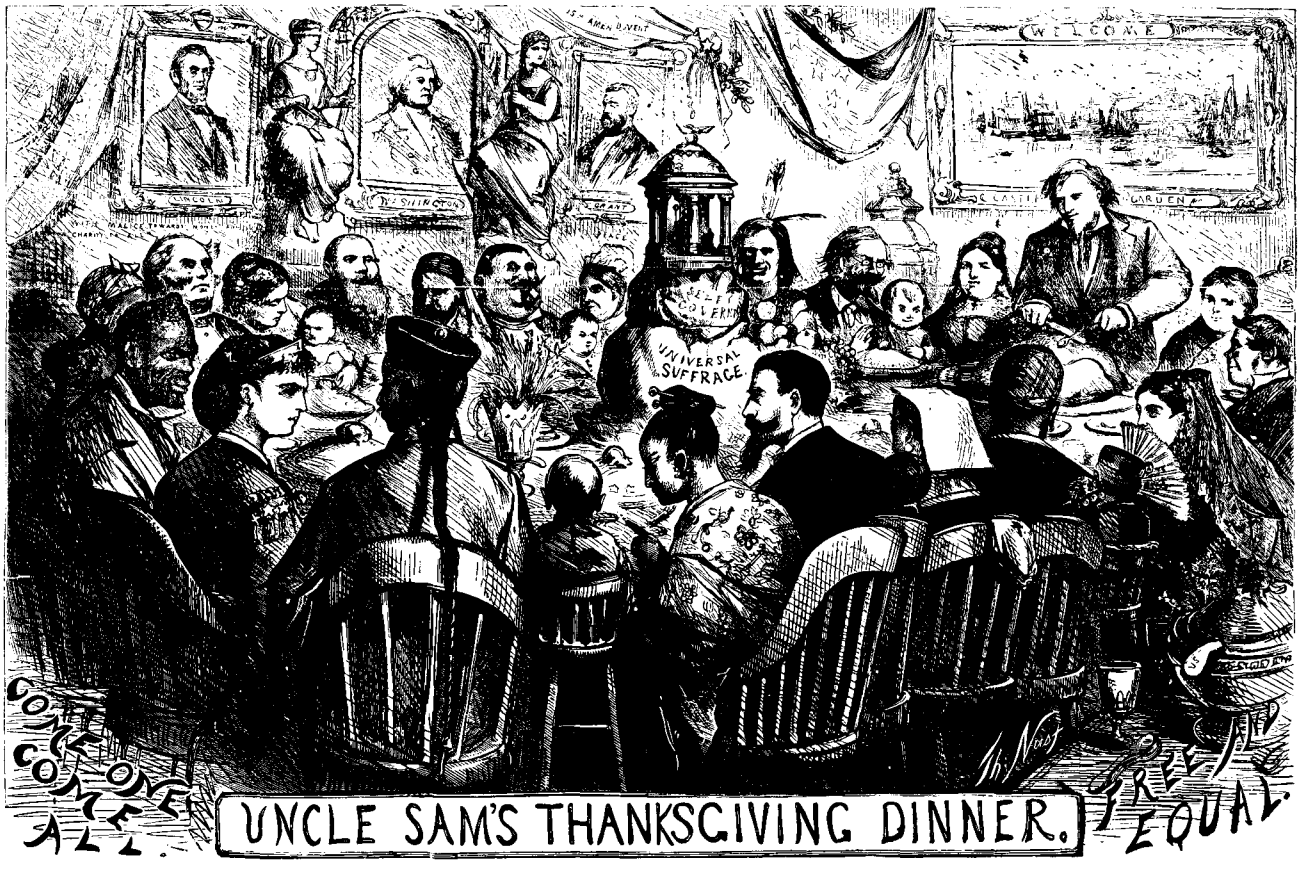
life was something more than Vernon Parrington's Great Barbecue, Mark Twain's Gilded Age. Nast spoke to, and for, a vast number of Americans who were ready to believe that the good society lay close at hand, and that the Republican Party was God's chosen instrument to achieve this goal. The end of the Civil War found most publicists and intellectuals in a state of euphoric optimism. Horace Greeley intoned in his New York *Tribune:* "A new world is born. . . . Never before had nation so much cause for devout Thanksgiving; never before had a people so much reason for unrestrained congratulations and the very extravagance of joy." The historian John Lothrop Motley told a friend: ". . . sometimes I wish to live twenty years longer that I may witness the magnificent gains to freedom and civilization and human progress which are sure to result from our great triumphs." James Russell Lowell found the Northern victory evidence of "the amazing strength and no less amazing steadiness of democratic institutions."

The political process, especially the Republican Party, was the instrument by which the gains of the war — national union and human freedom — would be consolidated in peacetime. George W. Curtis, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, summed up the Radical Republican political attitude: "A hearty faith in the great principles of popular government, a generous hospitality toward new views and constant progress, a practical perception of the close relation between morals and politics, a deep conviction of the vital necessity of intelligence to a true republic will generally lead a man to act with the Republican party. . . ."

Thomas Nast was admirably suited to be the artistic spokesman for this Radical Republican spirit. He came of age with the ideological and technological conditions that made it possible for him to become the first, and perhaps the greatest, of America's political cartoonists. Born in Germany in 1840 and brought to New York in 1846, he grew up imbued with the mid-nineteenth-century belief in nationalism, liberalism, democracy, and progress. The development of the Civil War as a struggle for American nationalism and human freedom had great emotional meaning for him. During the last years of the conflict he frequently drew allegorical representations of the war's inner significance. These drawings had an enormous impact on his *Harper's Weekly* audience. His cousin-in-law, the biographer James Parton, thought that Nast's "powerful emblematic pictures" were "as much the expression of heartfelt conviction



2. Universal Suffrage.

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as Mr. Curtis' most impassioned editorials, or Mr. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech." Lincoln himself more pragmatically called Nast "our best recruiting sergeant. His . . . cartoons have never failed to arouse enthusiasm and patriotism, and have always seemed to come just when those articles were getting scarce."

The issues that most strongly engaged the American people before 1861 — the Revolution and Independence and, almost a century later, the debate over slavery and states' rights — evoked great words, not great pictures. Pamphlets, books, and broadsides sped over the vast country far more rapidly and less expensively than etchings, lithographs, or engravings. But in the 1850s there appeared the first devices by which an art of political commentary might flourish. *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, the first successful pictorial magazine in the United States, began publication in 1855. *Harper's Weekly*, which was to serve as Nast's great medium, followed in 1857. By the eve of the Civil War *Leslie's* had a circulation of over 160,000; *Harper's* had almost 100,000; and each copy had many readers. During the same years Currier & Ives lithographs, sometimes treating political topics, habituated large numbers of Americans to the pictorial representation of ideas and events. The Civil War provided the new outlets for American graphic art with their first great theme. And Thomas Nast had gifts of technique, imagination, and feeling powerful enough to reach and move the vast audience now at hand.

Inevitably Emancipation was one of Nast's wartime themes. And Negro civil rights emerged as the touchstone issue of post-war Radical Republicanism. It might seem that political expediency — the lure of Negro votes in the South and the lower North — sufficiently explains the party's commitment. But to call for Negro suffrage and other civil rights entailed political dangers as well. Negroes suffered under a heavy, and popular, burden of civil disability in most Northern states. Time and again white voters in the North made it clear that while they opposed secession and slavery, they had no desire to see Negroes enjoy the blessings of equal citizenship.

One must go beyond political considerations to understand the adherence of so many Republican politicians, journalists, and intellectuals to the cause of Negro civic equality. Men whose public lives had been taken up with the struggle against slavery and the defense of the Union were reluctant to accept a political environment where nothing divided the parties but a lust for office. To champion the cause of the Freedmen was to perpetuate the moral idealism of the war years. So at a time when racist assumptions had an important place in intellectual circles throughout the Western world and an overt Negrophobia was the prevailing sentiment among white Americans, Republican spokesmen in growing numbers supported the cause of Negro civil equality.

The Republican effort was not limited to the Radical Reconstruction governments of the Southern states. Party organizations in the North set out to eliminate the restrictions on Negro voting and other civil rights that encrusted their states' constitutions and statute books. Typical was the Minnesota Republican platform of 1865: "The measure of a man's political rights should be neither his religion, his birthplace, his race, his color, nor any merely physical characteristics." (Typically, too, the people of the state in 1867 rejected Negro suffrage.) Michigan Republicans in 1866 declared: "We scout and scorn . . . that political blasphemy which says, 'This is the white man's Government.' It is not the white man's Government, nor the black man's Government. It is God's Government made for man!"

Legislation approached, if it did not match, this rhetoric. Massachusetts passed the first state civil rights act a month after Appomattox; Pennsylvania followed in 1867, New York and Kansas in 1874. Other states repealed laws that restricted the movement and legal rights of Negroes. A national civil rights act in 1866 gave the Freedmen national citizenship and federal protection against state discrimination. The Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution in 1870 authorized Congress to guarantee Negro voting everywhere. The Civil Rights Act of 1875 was the last major statement of Radical Republican racial policy. Holding that the object of legislation was "to enact great principles into law," the bill guaranteed to all the right to "full and equal enjoyment of the accommodations, advantages, facilities, and privileges of inns, public conveyances on land or water, theaters, and other places of public amusement."

As a good Republican, Nast of course had a political interest in Negro suffrage. But he viewed the mistreatment of Negroes with an indignation that rested on more than party considerations. He had a strong sense of the United States as a nation of diverse peoples, welded together by self-government and universal suffrage. (Plate 2.) The brutal repression of Negroes by an intransigent — and Democratic — South outraged his moral sensibilities. So did Northerners who reacted to Negro equality with hypocrisy or fear.

But the post-war movement for Negro civil equality had a short and stunted life. Custom and the courts quickly stripped civil rights legislation of its effective force. Southern Radical Republican governments based on Negro suffrage could not sustain themselves, and most American intellectuals

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and publicists took this as evidence of Negro racial inferiority.

More than the cause of Negro equality was abandoned in the 1870s. Politicians, entrepreneurs, and publicists once were bound together by a common belief in the evil of slavery and the inviolability of the Union. Now, as new issues arose and the old ones receded, they went their separate ways. Political leaders devoted themselves increasingly to the demanding, technical business of strengthening their party organizations. Businessmen, farmers, and workingmen, struggling with the harsh depression that began in 1873, had little time for issues not germane to their immediate economic needs.

Intellectuals and journalists had growing doubts about a party system that was less and less interested in great national issues, that gave itself over so openly, and corruptly, to the niggling demands of practical business and practical politics. E. L. Godkin's *Nation*, created in 1865 to preserve in post-war America the abolitionist spirit of Radical reform, soon became the voice of the Mugwump: querulous, frustrated, disillusioned. Political novels of the seventies — Mark Twain's and Charles Dudley Warner's *The Gilded Age*, Henry Adams' *Democracy* — looked cynically at a party life that seemed to have no purpose but its own perpetuation and enrichment. John W. DeForest's *Honest John Vane* (1874), an ironic examination of the corruption of a young congressman, suggests the new mood. Vane tells an older colleague: "I thought general legislation was the big thing . . . reform, foreign relations, sectional questions, constitutional rights, and so on." "All exploded, my dear sir!" is the response. "All dead issues, as dead as the war. Special legislation . . . is the sum and substance of Congressional business in our day."

3. The "Practical" Politician's Love for the Negro.

Nast brilliantly portrayed the new political order as he had the old one. He made the elephant and the donkey the symbols of the major parties. With great prescience he had caught the transformation of a politics of sharp ideological confrontation into a politics of competing placemen: for no discernible ideological difference distinguished these valueless, neuter beasts from one another. But while he described the new politics, he could not accept it. In 1884 the artist of post-war Republicanism bolted his party to support the Democrat Grover Cleveland for the presidency.

Nor could Nast escape the prevailing change in racial attitudes. The cause of Negro civil rights fell victim to his increasing disenchantment with the Republican Party. He came to equate the Irish of the North and the Negroes of the South as "the ignorant vote." (Plate 1.) By the early 1880s he shared the general Northern view that Negro rights had become little more than the device of cynical politicos. (Plate 3.)

Nast lived on to 1902, bedeviled by artistic and financial insufficiency. *Harper's Weekly* observed at the time of his death: "He belongs so much to the past that the impression has naturally spread that he is an old man"; in fact, he was sixty-two. His art belonged to a brief but distinctive era, by the turn of the century only a faint (and distasteful) memory. Not until our own time could Nast's aspirations and his disappointments regain their original evocative power.

This is not to say that the generation of the Second American Reconstruction is condemned by some immutable law of history to repeat the experience of the first. But the fate of the Radical Republican commitment to Negro civil rights does suggest how evanescent are political moods in American life, and how complex and difficult is social change even in a society supposedly dedicated to the pursuit of happiness.

A tougher-minded realism — alien alike to Nast's Radical Republicans and to much of the contemporary civil rights movement — may, it is true, discourage bold aspirations. But it may also prevent the wasting disillusionment — the disillusionment that swept over Nast and is so endemic today — that comes when undue hopes are duly disappointed.

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A Story by George Mackay Brown

Time was lines and circles and squares.

"You will go home at once to your father," said Miss Ingsetter, rapping her desk with a ruler, "and tell him I sent you because you have not prepared the mathematics lesson I told you to prepare. Now go!"

A rustle went through the classroom. The pupils looked around at me, wide-eyed. A few made little sorrowing noises with their lips. For it was a terrible punishment. My father was a magnate, a pillar of authority in the island — Justice of the Peace, Kirk Elder, Registrar, Poor Inspector, a member of the Education Committee itself. He was, in addition, the only merchant in the place and kept the shop down by the pier; even before I was born he had decided that his boy would be a credit to him — he would go to the university and become a minister, or a lawyer, or a doctor.

Now, this summer afternoon, while bluebottles like vibrant powered inkblots gloried in the windows and the sun came foursquare through the burning panes, my stomach turned to water inside me.

"Please, Miss Ingsetter," I said, "I'm sorry I didn't learn the theorem. I promise it won't happen again. I would be glad if you punished me yourself."

The bust of Shelley gazed at me with wild blank eyes.

Her spectacles glinted. Down came the ruler with a snap. "You will go to your father, now, at once, and tell him of your conduct."

The bright day fell in ruins about me. I crossed the floor on fluttering bare feet, and was soon outside.

"You, Willie Sinclair," I heard her shouting through the closed door, "stand up and give us the theorem of Pythagoras."

A red butterfly lighted on my hand, clung there for a moment, and went loitering airily across the school garden, now here among the lupines, now there over the flowering potatoes, as if it were drunk with happiness and didn't know on what bright lip to hang next. I watched it till it collapsed over the high wall, a free wind-tipsy flower.

Inside the classroom, the formal wave gathered and broke.

". . . is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides," concluded Willie Sinclair in a sibilant rush.

"Very good, Willie," said Miss Ingsetter.

Despised and rejected, I turned for home.

The croft of Myers stands beside the road, looking over the Sound, and the hill rises behind it like a swelling green wave. Sophie, a little bent woman, her gray shawl about her head, was throwing seed to the twelve hens.

She smelled me on the wind. "Hello there," she cried. I muttered a greeting.

She peered at me. "And who might you be?" she said.

I told her my name.

"Mercy," she said, "but you've grown."

Our voices had roused the old man inside. He

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was suddenly at the door, smiling. Peter's face was very red and round. He had been a sailor in his youth. The backs of his hands, and his wrists, smoldered with blue anchors, blue mermaids, blue whales. "Come in," he cried.

It was like entering a ship's hold, but for the smells of peat and kirn and girdle. I breathed darkness and fragrance.

They ushered me to the straw chair beside the fire. I had hardly got settled in it when Sophie put a bowl of ale between my hands. The sweet heavy fumes drifted across my nostrils. Peter sat filling his pipe in the other straw chair. The old woman never rested for an instant. She moved between the fire and the window and the bed, putting things in order. She flicked her duster along the mantelpiece, which was full of tea caddies and ships in bottles. The collie dog lolled and panted on the flagstones.

"And tell me," said Peter, "what way you aren't at school?"

"I got sent home," I said, "for not learning the lesson."

"You must learn your lessons," said Sophie, setting the fern straight in the tiny window. "Think what way you'll be in thirty years' time if you don't, a poor ignorant fellow breaking stones in the quarry."

I took a deep gulp of ale, till my teeth and tongue and palate were awash in a dark seething wave.

"And tell me," said Peter, "what will you be when you're big?"

"A sailor," I said.

"If that wasn't a splendid answer!" cried Peter. "A sailor. Think of that."

"My grandfather was a gunner on the *Victory*," said Sophie. "He was at Trafalgar. He came home with a wooden leg."

"That was great days at sea," said Peter. "Do you know the ballad of Andrew Ross?"

"No," I said.

A hen, shaped like a galleon, entered from the road outside. She dipped and swayed around the sleeping dog, and went out again into the sunlight.

"Woman," said Peter, "get the squeeze-box."

Sophie brought a black dumpy cylinder from under the bed and blew a spurt of dust from it. Peter opened the box and took out a melodeon.

"Listen," he said. A few preliminary notes as sharp as spray scattered out of the instrument. Then he cleared his throat and began to sing:

> Andrew Ross an Orkney sailor
> Whose sufferings now I will explain
> While on a voyage to Barbados,
> On board the good ship *Martha Jane*. . .

"That was the name of the ship," said Sophie, "the *Martha Jane*."

"Shut up," said Peter.

> The mates and captain daily flogged him
> With whips and ropes, I tell you true,
> Then on his mangled bleeding body
> Water mixed with salt they threw.

"That's what they used to do in the old days, the blackguards," said Sophie. "They would beat the naked backs of the sailors till they were as red as seaweed."

"Damn it," said Peter, "is it you that's reciting this ballad, or is it me?"

> The captain ordered him to swallow
> A thing whereof I shall not name,
> The sailors all grew sick with horror,
> On board the good ship *Martha Jane*.

"What was it Andrew Ross had to swallow?" I asked.

"It was too terrible to put in the song," said Sophie.

"I'll tell you what it was," said Peter, glaring at me. "It was *his own dung*."

The sickness began to work like a yeast in the region of my throat. I took a big swallow of ale to drown it.

Peter sang:

> When nearly dead they did release him,
> And on the deck they did him fling,
> In the midst of his pain and suffering
> "Let us be joyful," Ross did sing.

"He was religious," said Sophie, "and the captain was an atheist. That's the way they badused him."

> The captain swore he'd make him sorry,
> And jagged him with an iron bar.
> Was not that a cruel treatment
> For an honoured British tar!

The house took a long dizzy lurch to starboard, then slowly righted itself. My knuckles grew white on the edge of the chair. The good ship Myers burrowed again into the fluid hill.

"Mercy," said Sophie, "I doubt the boy's too young for a coarse ballad like that."

> Justice soon did overtake them
> When into Liverpool they came,
> They were found guilty of the murder
> Committed on the briny main.

"High time too," said Sophie. "The vagabonds!"

> Soon the fateful hour arrived
> That Captain Rogers had to die,
> To satisfy offended justice
> And hang on yonder gallows high.

I stood erect on the heaving flagstones. "Going to be sick," I said.

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"The pail!" cried Sophie. "Where's the pail?"

But she was too late. Three strong convulsions went through me, and I spouted thrice. The flagstones were awash. The dog barked. Then the cottage slowly settled on an even keel, and I was sitting in the straw chair, my eyes wet with shame and distress. Not even Andrew Ross's sorrow was like unto my sorrow.

Old Sophie was on her knees with a wet clout and a bucket.

Peter patted me on the shoulder. "Don't you worry," he said. "You're not the first sailor that's been sick on his maiden voyage."

Below the kirkyard the waves stretched long blue necks shoreward. Their manes hissed in the wind, the broken thunder of their hooves volleyed along the beach and echoed far inland among cornfields and peat bogs and trout lochs, and even as far as the quiet group of standing stones at the center of the island.

I made my way shoreward, walking painfully along a floor of round pebbles. One had to be careful; Isaac of Garth, going home drunk and singing on Saturday nights, was in the habit of smashing his empty bottles on these rocks. He had done it for so many years that the amphitheater of pebbles above the sand was dense with broken glass — the older fragments worn by the sea to blunt opaque pebbles, the newer ones winking dangerously in the sun. If one of the sharp pieces scored your foot, you might easily bleed to death.

There was no one in sight along the wide curve of the beach, or on the road above. In the kirkyard the gravedigger was up to the hips in a grave he was making for Moll Anderson, who had died at the weekend.

Quickly and cautiously, under a red rock, I took off my clothes — first the gray jersey with the glass button at the neck, next the trousers made out of an old pair of my father's, and finally the blue shirt. Then I ran down to the sea and fell through an incoming wave. Its slow, cold hammer drove the air out of my lungs. I thrashed through the water to a rock thirty yards out and clung to it, gasping and shivering. "Lord," I thought, "suppose Miss Ingsetter or my father saw me now!" A shred of cloud raced across the sun, and the world plunged in and out of gloom in a second. And then, for an hour, I was lost in the cry and tumult of the waves.

The gravedigger paused in his work, and shading his eyes beachward, saw me stumbling out of the waves. He shook his fist at my nakedness. The sand was as hot as new pancakes under my feet. I ran wild and shouting up the beach and fell gasping on my heap of clothes. I lay there for a long time. From very far away, on the other side of the hill, a dog barked. The rock pool shimmered in the heat. The music of the gravedigger's spade rang bright and fragile across the field. Suddenly, three words drifted from the rock above me: "You naked boy." I looked up into the face of Sarah, Abraham the tinker's daughter. She rarely came to school, but whenever she did she sat like a wild creature under the map of Canada. She was sprawling now on the rock with her legs dangling over. Her bare arms and her thighs, through the red torn dress she wore, were as brown as an Indian's.

Sarah said, "I come here every day to watch the boats passing. When the sun goes down tonight we're moving to the other end of the island. There's nothing there but the hill and the hawk over it. Abraham has the lust for rabbits on him."

The tinkers have curious voices, angular outcast flashing accents like the cries of seagulls.

She jumped down from the rock and crouched in front of me. I had never seen her face so close. Her hair lay about it in two blue-black whorls, like mussel shells. Her eyes were as restless as tadpoles, and her small nose shone as if it had been oiled.

"Sarah," I said, "you haven't been to school all week."

"May God keep me from that place forever," she said.

With quick curious fingers she began to pick bits of seaweed out of my hair.

"What will you do," she said, "when you're a tall man? You won't live long, I can tell that. You'll never wear a gold chain across your belly. You're white like a mushroom." She laid two dirty fingers against my shoulder.

"I'm going to be a sailor," I said, "or maybe an explorer."

She shook her head slowly. "You couldn't sleep with ice in your hair," she said.

"I'll take to the roads with a pack then," I said, "for I swear to God I don't want to be a minister or a doctor. I'll be a tinker like you."

She shook her head again. "Your feet would get broken, tramping the roads we go," she said.

Her red dress fell open at the shoulder where the button had come out of it. Her shoulder shone in the wind as if it had been rubbed with sweet oils.

She stretched herself like an animal and lay down on the sand with her eyes closed.

Mr. Brown is the author of two volumes of poetry and of a book of short stories, A CALENDAR OF LOVE, *being published this month by Harcourt, Brace & World.*

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I turned away from her and traced slow triangles and circles in the sand. I turned a gray stone over; a hundred forky-tails seethed from under it like thoughts out of an evil mind. From across the field came the last chink of the gravedigger's spade — the grave was dug now; the spade leaned, miry and glittering, against the kirkyard wall. Two butterflies, red and white over the rock pool, circled each other in silent ecstasy, borne on the stream of air. They touched for a second, then fell apart, flickering in the wind, and the tall grass hid them. I turned quickly and whispered in Sarah's ear.

Her first blow took me full in the mouth. She struck me again on the throat as I tried to get to my feet. Then her long nails were in my shoulder and her wild hair fell across my face. She thrust me back until my shoulder blades were in the burning sand and my eyes wincing in the full glare of the sun. She dug sharp knees into my ribs until I screamed. Then she raveled her fingers through my hair and beat my head thrice on the hard sand. Through my shut lids the sun was a big shaking gout of blood.

At last she let me go. "Next time I come to the school," she said, looking down at me with dark, smiling eyes, "I'll sit at your desk, under the yellow head of the poet." She bent over quickly and held her mouth against my throat for as long as it takes a wave to gather and break. Her hair smelled of ditchwater and grass fires. Then she was gone.

I put on my clothes, muttering through stiff lips, "You bitch! O you bloody bully, I'll have the attendance officer after you in ten minutes, just see if I don't!"

As I left the beach, walking slowly, I could see her swimming far out in the Sound.

She waved and shouted, but I turned my face obstinately toward the white road that wound between the kirkyard and the cornfield. The salt taste of blood was in my mouth.

The gravedigger had finished making Moll Anderson's grave. He was sitting on the shaft of his barrow, smoking a clay pipe. As I turned in at the gate he wagged his beard at me, for he did not associate this shy decently clad boy with the naked insolence he had seen running out of the sea half an hour before. I wandered away from him among the branching avenues of tombstones — the tall urns and frozen angels of modern times; the fiery pillars with the names of grandfathers on them; the scythe-and-hourglass slates of the eighteenth century; and the lichened, leprous tombs of a still earlier age. This small field was honeycombed with the dead of generations — farmers with stony faces; young girls rose-cheeked with consumption; infants who had sighed once or twice and turned back to the darkness; stern Greek-loving ministers; spinsters with nipped breasts and pursed mouths. I stood on the path, terrified for a moment at the starkness and universality of shrouds; at the infinite dead of the island, their heads pointing westward in a dense shoal, adrift on the slow tide that sets toward eternity.

My dreaming feet brought me to a low tombstone set in the east wall:

HERE LIES BURIED
A FOREIGN SEAMAN,
OF UNKNOWN NAME AND NATIONALITY
WHOM THE SEA CAST UP ON THIS ISLAND,
JUNE THE SIXTH, 1856.
"Though I take the wings of
the morning, and flee to the
uttermost places of the sea."

I closed my eyes and saw a little Basque town between the bay and the mountains.

The feast of Our Lady of the Sea was over. The nets and the oars had been blessed. The candles were still burning in their niches among the rocks.

Now the young people are dancing in a square that lies white and black under the moon.

The musician slouches, as if he were drunk or half-asleep, against the fountain. Only his hand is alive, hovering over the strings like a vibrant bird.

The young people are dancing now in long straight lines. The partners clap their hands and bow to each other. They shout; the dark faces are lit up with a flash of teeth. They move around each other with momentarily linked arms. They incline toward each other, their hands on their knees, and stamp their feet. It is all precision, disciplined fluency, a stylized masque of coupling.

Older men and women sit gossiping on the doorsteps. Occasionally they sip from tall glasses. One, a fat man with a yellow beard, looks often through a gap in the houses, at a ship anchored in the harbor.

An old shawled woman stands alone, in the shadow of the church. No one speaks to her; the seal of separation is on her. She is the guardian of the gates of birth and death. In this village she comes to deliver every wailing child, she goes to shroud every quiet corpse. Her eyes are in the dust, from which all this vanity has come, and to which it must return.

The hand over the guitar moves into a new swirling rhythm. Now the square is all one colored wheel, a great wavering orange blossom.

Suddenly there is an interruption. A tall bearded

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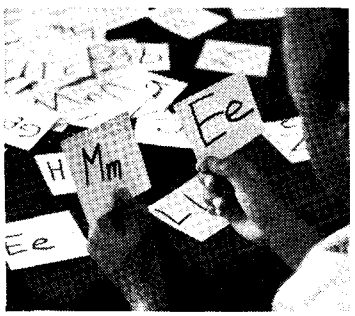
In hope of doing each other some good

Kodak

The efforts of a citizen

We know an alert young citizen from the center of Rochester who can scarcely read the simplest words, though she is almost 9. The school does what it can for Helen.



Some 80 kids from Helen's part of town are bussed 20 miles west each morning to join the other pupils in the Demonstration School of State University College at Brockport. The Demonstration School serves its usual functions in a teacher-training institution and is furthermore examining approaches to prepare suburban educators for integrated education. Troubles with reading as bad as Helen's can turn up in college faculty offspring, even if differently caused.

An office in the Demonstration School is occupied this academic year by a man who is on the payroll not of the State University of New York but of the Kodak Research Laboratories, which have been concentrating for the past 55 years almost exclusively on the application of chemistry and physics to photography. The man has been instructed to find projects where Kodak's resources might be further utilized in solving the present-day problems of education. We hope he finds some.

* * * *

Two other men from the Kodak Research Laboratories have successfully completed a more familiar and easier project that has brought forth a new screen material. Changes in the microstructure of aluminum make projected images at least six times brighter than on screens currently available.

* * * *

In a teachers' magazine we advertise ". . . Brighter than you can imagine. We call it the KODAK Projection SUNSCREEN. Leave room lights on, windows uncovered, and still watch sharp, bright movies. There'll be no more squirming and giggles in the dark. This high-intensity screen makes both color and black-and-white movies absolutely brilliant. It's built into the cover of every KODAK EKTAGRAPHIC 8 and Sound 8 Projector. For details, write for Bulletins V3-8 and V3-9 (to Eastman Kodak Company, Motion Picture and Education Markets Division, Rochester, N.Y. 14650)."

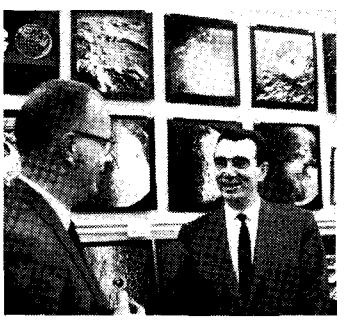
* * * *

The question still remains: will Helen learn to care about the difference between "MEAT" and "BEAT"?

The triumph of an employee

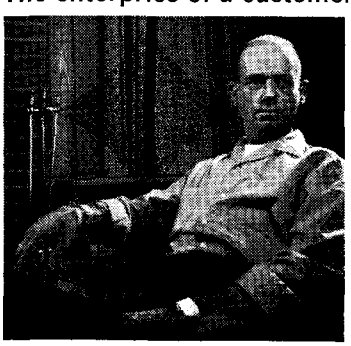
Dr. William Feldman won a NASA Public Service Award with his performance on an assignment. It was Bill who ran the photographic end of Lunar Orbiter, a space project. You may not remember it, since it was in the headlines for only a day or two, quite a few months ago. There were some spectacular closeup shots published of the mountain scenery on the moon. Quite a triumph.

Feldman works for Kodak, a company often regarded as a toy manufacturer because we have long been known by a product that looks toylike in its simplicity and is brought into play on fun-filled occasions. His men made another toy that came in two parts. One part rode in orbit around the moon, taking pictures, processing the film up there, and creating the video signals that were sent to the second part back on earth, from which emerged the finished photographs. In five out of five Lunar Orbiters, this Kodak photographic system proved able to picture at the will of the operator anything anywhere on the lunar surface bigger than a card table. This includes the moon's back side, which turned out to be mysteriously different from the front side.



As a thoughtful man, Bill Feldman can wonder why he should be honored. Is it for raising the level of complexity of the work with which he, his colleagues, and the populace in general occupy themselves? (Tough on those who can't even read!) The thousands of moon pictures that resulted will be studied by scientists for years for evidence about the origin of the earth and the moon, a subject deemed worthy of attention by the founders of civilization millennia ago. (Those blessed with strong intellects have compelling needs of their own.) Or is Bill being honored here in the shareowners' interests because, in a hundred ways that benefit people who care nothing about the origin of the moon, the project demonstrated that an organization tuned to photography (as structural radiography, as instruction, as a fabrication technique, as documentation, as microfilming) has an advantage available to any management for smoothly marshalling men and materials in a significant undertaking?

The enterprise of a customer



Seth C. Hilton, Jr. of Nashville, Tenn. wears a shield he has fashioned to cover the two indwelling shunts in his right forearm. The shunts serve to attach him at least twice a week to a hemodialysis machine, for he has no functioning kidneys of his own. The shield protects from hazards unknown to those who go about their work with flesh unpunctured by hardware. It resists crazing that would cut down the transparency Hilton needs in watching for blood clots.

We know about Mr. Hilton because, in quantities to meet his needs as a manufacturer of these shields, he buys plastic sheet extruded from our tough, transparent TENITE Butyrate. Fortunately from his viewpoint as a businessman, unfortunately from his viewpoint as a sympathetic human being, and comfortingly from his viewpoint as a patient, there are many other forearms fitted with indwelling arterial-venous shunts. Marketing problems do not trouble Mr. Hilton. His output is marketed by a firm that specializes in mechanical aids against grave physical impairment.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

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sailor appears at an alley opening and walks slowly across the square. The guitar falters. The dance is frozen. The old, dark woman raises her head. The officer points to one of the dancers and crooks his finger: he must come, immediately; the ship is sailing tonight.

The seaman — he is only a boy — turns once and looks back. A girl has raised her apron to her face. The yellow-bearded man rises from his doorstep and makes a gesture of blessing: "Lady of Waters, guard him this day and all days till the sail returns to the headland."

Above the village a cross stands among the stars. Through a long silence comes the sound of the sea. The last votive candle gutters and goes out among the rocks.

The little town of moonlight and music will never see that sail again. Her voyage has ended on a northern rock. All her sailors have vanished down the path of gull and lobster, scattered in a wild Atlantic storm. One broken shape only was lifted out of the seaweed. Curious hands have carried the nameless thing in procession across the fields. They have clipped the rags from it and combed its hair, and covered the crab-eaten face. And though there was no priest to sing Latin over it, a Calvinist minister said, "All flesh is grass, and the glory of flesh is as the flower thereof" — the orange blossom of Spain and the little blue Orkney primula, whose circles of beauty are full and radiant for a short time only; and then, drifting winterward, or broken with June tempest, lay separate shining arcs in the dust . . .

My slow circuitous walk had brought me to the new gaping hole in the earth. The gravedigger was still sitting on his barrow. He bored a sidelong glance into me and said: "There's only one way of coming into the world, but ah, God, there's two or three ways of going out."

"That's a fact," I said.

"Would you like," he said, "to see what a man *truly* is?"

Not understanding, I gave a quick nod. He groped with his hand into the small hill of clay beside the open grave, and brought out a skull. Carefully he wiped it on his moleskin trousers. "That's you," he said, "and me, and the laird, and Frank the idiot. Just that."

He laughed. "There's nothing here to make your face so white. It's as harmless as can be, this bone. It's at peace, and not before time. When it lived, it had little rest, with its randy eyes and clattering tongue. This skull belonged to Billy Anderson, Moll's grandfather. He was twice in jail and fathered three illegitimate bairns. Oh, he was a thieving, drunken, fighting character, and it was a good day for him when we threw him in here. Wasn't it, Billy?" he said to the skull, blowing smoke into its eye hollows, "Wasn't it, boy?" The skull grinned back at him.

From the other side of the loch the school bell rang the dismissal.

Over the hill from the village, like a procession of beetles, came the mourners.

After I had finished my lessons that evening, I was summoned into the shop. My father was sitting at the counter between a barrel of paraffin oil and a great dark coil of tobacco. There was a jar of sweets at his elbow. Over his head hung jerseys and scarves and stockings, with price tickets on them. The lamp swung from the hook in the ceiling, smoking a little. There was always a good smell in the shop.

"It's thee, John," he said, raising his head from the ledger for a moment. "Sit down, boy." He counted the sticks of toffee in a glass jar and then said, "How did thu get on at the school the day?"

"Fine," I said.

"I've been thinking about thee," he said, "what to make o' thee, once thee school days are over."

He gathered up a handful of coins, and rang them one by one back into the till. Then he marked the ledger on his desk with a pencil.

"There's no future in this shop, I can tell thee that," he said. "The profits are getting smaller every year. The reason is, the folk are leaving the island. They're going to the cities and the colonies. Not a month passes but another family leaves. And then they send to the mail-order places in the south for their clothes and their ironmongery. A great lot of them do that. They forget that we depend on each other for our livelihood in a small island like this.

"And there's debts, too," he said. "For instance, Mistress Anderson who was buried this afternoon died owing more than six pounds. So it'll be a poor inheritance for thee, this shop."

He licked his pencil and wrote more figures in the ledger. His hair glittered frailly in the lamplight.

"I had a word with Miss Ingsetter this afternoon about thee," he went on. "She called at the shop after school for some flypapers. She seemed surprised thu weren't home yet. I made a point of asking her about thee. She says thu're an able boy, good beyond the general run at reading and writing and history. Not so bright at the mathematics. Sometimes thu're inclined to be inattentive and dreamy, she says. At times, only at times. But there's no harm in the boy, she said, and he's by no means stupid. And it's my opinion, she said, he ought to go to the grammar school in Kirkwall for a secondary education, once he turns twelve."

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"I want to be a sailor," I said.

"The dreaminess," he said, "you take from your mother. After the school comes the university. That'll cost money, a power of money. Still, I'm not bare-handed; I haven't neglected to provide for things like that. With a degree in thee pocket, thu could enter *the professions*. Think of that."

"It's the sea I have a hankering for," I said. "Uncle Ben said he could get me into the Saint Line, anytime I wanted."

"The ministry is an honorable profession," he said. "There isn't a lot of money in it, but you get a free house, and I can tell you old MacFarland doesn't spend a fortune on food. He gets a hen here and a pound of butter there and a sack of taties from the other place. On his rounds, you understand, his visitations. Cheese at the Bu, and fish from Quoys, and a fleece for spinning from Westburn, all for nothing. And nobody can say the work is strenuous."

"Supper is ready," my mother sang out from the kitchen.

"Now doctoring is strenuous, there's no doubt about that. They haven't a moment to call their own. They can't even be sure of a night's sleep. There's always somebody thundering at Doctor Leslie's door after midnight with the toothache, or a pain in the guts, or a hook's got stuck in their hand. It's no wonder he's taken to the drink lately. But, putting all that aside, medicine is a fine calling. Plenty of money in it too, if you can get them to pay their bills."

"I spoke to Mother," I said. "She would like fine for me to be a deep-sea captain. She's going to write to Ben."

"The law," he said, "is a different thing. Not that there's anything wrong with it, if you understand, but there's a shady side to it, there's a certain amount of trickery about it that makes the ordinary honest man wonder sometimes. You can hardly open a newspaper without seeing some lawyer or other in trouble for embezzling his client's money, and carrying on. You'll hear a couple of them arguing a case like mad in the courts, and then, half an hour later, there they'll be walking down the street together cheek by jowl. John," he said, "never go to law if you can possibly help it. Not but what there aren't honest lawyers too."

He unscrewed the lid from a bottle of black-striped balls. He took out a couple between his fingers and handed them across the counter.

"If there's one place I have a longing to see," I said, "it's Japan."

He suddenly withdrew his hand and dropped the black-striped balls back into the jar.

"Not before your food," he said, licking his fingers. "I forgot. Then there's teaching — "

"Are you coming for your supper," chanted my mother impatiently, "or are you not?"

Outside, the dog began to bark. There was a clattering of hooves and wheels over the cobbles. The poultry squawked like mad in the yard. "Mercy," said my father, running to the door, "it's the tinkers. *The hens!*"

I followed him out, into the moonlight. The tinker's cart was opposite the door now. Abraham sat on the shaft. He cracked his whip and cried to the gray pony. In the cart sat Mary, his wife, with an infant slung behind her in a tartan shawl. Sarah walked alongside with her arms full of wild lupines.

They were going to the other end of the island where the rabbits were thick, to camp there.

"That's a fine dog you have there, Mister Sigurdson," Abraham shouted to my father. "I'll take a half pound of bogie roll, and I'll pay you when I come back along next week."

"No," said my father sternly, "you'll pay now, for you owe me sixteen and six already."

"Hello, Sarah," I said. She stood on the road and looked at me through the dark-blue congregated spires of lupines.

"Are you seeking a tin pail, mistress?" yelled Abraham to my mother, who had come out and was standing at the corner of the house guarding the hens.

"Yes," she said, "I'll need one when you come back by next week."

Suddenly my father was furious. "We need no tin pails!" he shouted. "There's plenty of tin pails in the shop!"

"Next weekend, mistress," cried Abraham. He stood between the shafts and cracked his whip. "Giddap!" he yelled. The wheels rolled in crazy circles over the cobbles, and stars streamed from the pony's hooves. There was a sudden wild cluck-cluck-clucking from inside the cart as it moved off. Sarah stood looking at us, smiling through her screen of lupines.

My father went into the shop, muttering. My mother stood at the corner of the house and watched them out of sight. "One of the hens is missing," she said. "I darena tell thee father. He would have the police at them for sure."

A wave of purple blossom rose in front of the moon and showered over me.

Soon the racket died away at the far end of the village. Sarah's mockery sounded from a distance of three fields; I turned back into the house. My face was wet with dew and petals, and the moon raged above the mission hall wilder than ever.

"The very idea!" cried my father from inside the shop. "A sailor! A tin pail! *The thieves!*"

Time was skulls and butterflies and guitars.

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places

The Biggest Sponge Exchange on Earth

by Phoebe Adams

Dodecanese Street announced the character of the Tarpon Springs waterfront at once, with a stucco structure plainly derived from memories of the Erechtheum. Caryatids were mercifully not attempted, but the building had numerous attenuated Ionic columns and a raised porch overlooking the harbor, with a view of placid water, small shrimp fishermen, and boatyards. The place should have been a prosperous restaurant, but it was closed, empty except for an old coot sorting trash on the back staircase and a tangle of abandoned music stands on the porch. Beyond this doomed relic lay a sandy, potholed parking lot and beyond that the actual working waterfront.

Since sponge fishing is the notable enterprise at Tarpon Springs and sponge boats sometimes stay at sea for a couple of months, the waterfront is not constantly active. Something other than sponging must therefore be done to accommodate the tourists that turn up, for nobody likes to see tourists roaming about with no place to spend their money.

The problem has been solved by a row of shops selling, naturally, sponges, coral and shells, and also a variety of objects sharked up around the Caribbean or imported from Japan, India, and even Greece. Most of this stuff is, to be candid, quite ghastly — dust-catching native handicrafts and Laocoöns in pressed marble dust. But the sea remains honest. The shells are lovely; one shop displayed a bouquet of snow crystals two and a half feet high, composed of various delicate sprays and branches of coral; the sponges, set out in wire baskets and kept damp so that their texture can be appreciated, come in all kinds and sizes and prices. They stand in piles along the sidewalk, pale yellow or dead-grass color and dappled with brown shadows.

In addition to the shops, there is a place that deals in good sheep and cattle hide rugs and any other leather that turns up. (The skin of a large boa was drying in the back room, draped over four sawhorses.) There are two boats that take people deep-sea fishing, Pappas' elegant restaurant, three inelegant but more amusing restaurants, and the sponge-diving exhibition.

The east end of the street began with a shop that carried little but sponges, shells, and coral of the highest quality. The proprietor was a rather stout old gentleman with a melancholy expression which I attributed to the necessity of answering, in English, questions which he would have found foolish in Greek. He was, it turned out, concerned about the row over Cyprus, partly on principle (his view of Turks was moderately bloodthirsty) and partly because his wife and daughter were visiting relatives in Greece. He had wired the ladies, ordering them to "go straight to the American Embassy; they will get you home." But he did not know whether he had been obeyed, and hovered about the radio, which sputtered crisis under the counter.

He was a kindly man and forgot his worries long enough to recommend the sponge-diving show. It was, on the word of an old sponge fisher, substantially correct except for no smelly sponges on the boat.

The boat was at the main quay, which was simply another sandy parking lot alongside the street. There were scattered palm trees and benches, and tied up beyond them, three real sponge fishers, two large shrimpers with red and blue nets drying in the rigging, and a pleasure yacht. The shrimpers looked permanently deserted, but on the sponge boats, sunburned men bellowed fiercely in Greek and moved about as softly as cats. None of them were young. Neither were the sponges which lay on the decks, covered with green flies.

Two men, one broad and hearty, the other thin and precise, walked up and down barking for the diving exhibition. The hearty one roared, "Leaving in five minutes," while the thin one bowed to passersby and gently mentioned the catching of sponges, waving a fine-cut hand toward the boat.

This boat was a round-ended, tough-looking tub, the shape of a working sponge boat but minus masts and deckhouse, if deckhouse is the word for the minuscule protuberance on a sponge boat. In their place was a sort of glass house with a light roof. Inside, benches had been installed along the gunwales, and on these the passengers sat. The center of the deck was occupied by hoses, pumps, lines, nameless machinery, and the crew. One man ran the engine and did the talking. A taciturn youth col-

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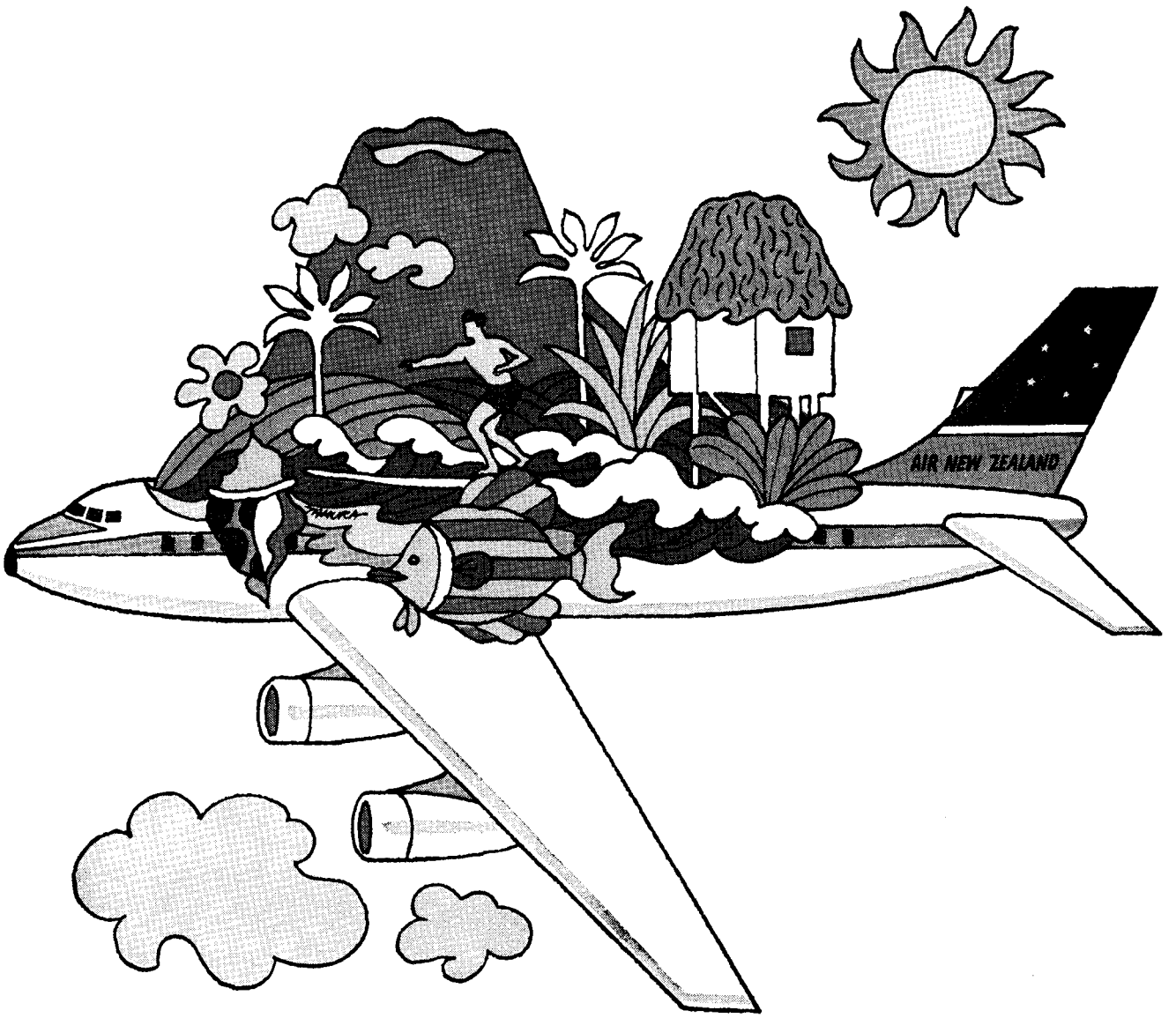

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lected tickets, and a silent walnut-brown ancient minded lines. They were all dark and Greek, but the diver was blue and gold and hopelessly Anglo-Saxon. He was immersed in an enormous dun-colored rubber suit from which only his hands and head protruded, and the lifeline tied around his waist gathered the rig into incongruous monkish folds.

In spite of the huge weighted shoes on his feet, the diver clumped about displaying the suit and assuring everybody that it was just as hot as it looked. He was asked, predictably, "Are you Greek?" and replied, predictably, "No, I'm not." He was then asked, "Why are you diving?" and explained cheerfully that he was "an inadvertent college dropout. Ran out of money."

Everybody patted the suit, which felt like wet rubber, and the boat chugged off down the narrow harbor. While the diver was locked into his helmet by the speechless ancient, the captain-engineer explained that sponges are never found on sandy bottom, that a normal boat carries a crew of six plus two divers, that divers work at depths of 30 to 100 feet, that only one diver works at a time and the boat follows him because divers always move against the current. While working, the diver has two men in attendance, one on the pump and one on the lifeline. The collected sponges are periodically hauled up in a bag.

Then came a detailed account of the weight of the diving rig: shoes, 24 pounds; suit, 18 pounds; copper and brass collar, 22 pounds; copper, brass, and glass helmet, 38 pounds. Shoulder weights totaling 70 pounds are hung over all this, and the diver, incredibly still able to move, sits on the gunwale, swings his feet overside, and simply drops off. "Navy and salvage divers," said the captain contemptuously, "go down a ladder."

At this point the diver, armed with a wire basket and a piece of metal resembling a jimmy, went overboard with a neat plop. The boat hung in the channel, and the passengers crowded to the windows. Presently ripples appeared halfway to shore and the top of the helmet rose above the water. There were outcries and pointings. "It's shallow here," said the captain soothingly. He added that it was fortunate to have sponges so close to town. We were in fact still in town, hardly half a mile from the dock, with pleasant old houses visible behind a screen of brush. Nobody asked whether the sponges had been planted.

The diver came back aboard via a ladder, with a small sponge in his basket. It was carried around and displayed. The diver, hastily relieved of helmet and shoulder weights, urged everybody to touch the sponge (it felt like wet rubber) but only about half the passengers did so. The structure of the sponge was quite visible through a dark, transparent, gelatinous substance which filled all the interstices and formed a thin layer over the outer surface of the creature. Properly speaking, I suppose it was the creature; the marketable sponge is only the skeleton.

On the way back to the dock, we were told that wool sponges are the best kind, but that the several lesser grades also have their uses. The exception is the finger sponge, a branchy, plant-shaped affair good for nothing whatsoever. Presumably for this reason, finger sponges in the local shops are egregiously expensive.

Sponges are cleaned at sea, the captain went on; they are laid on the deck and allowed to rot in the sun, and the crew takes pains to walk over them as much as possible. They are occasionally turned over and whacked about, and if the boat is out any length of time, they are pretty well cleaned when they reach port. The process is simple, but hard on the atmosphere.

Since sea voyages make me hungry, I went from the diving exhibition to a coffee shop down the street. It was a pleasant place, offering sandwiches, pastries labeled in transliterated Greek, and information if anybody cared to ask for it. I asked, and learned that sponges are sold at auction twice a week, and that there would be an auction next morning at the sponge exchange. "Of course you can go to it," said the proprietress, grinning. "I hope you'll come back and tell me what you think of it."

The sponge exchange confronted the street with a plain iron fence, bearing a memorial plaque to John Cheyney. Behind the fence stood several trees and a small cubical building, and gates at either end gave on a courtyard surrounded on three sides by an arcade. The courtyard contained five small live oaks (a small live oak is not a negligible tree) in pots and a utility pole where the sixth pot should have been. The entire complex, including the pots, was made of concrete in the simplest possible design and achieved the elegance of pure, logical functionalism.

Under the arcade, the wall was broken by a row of padlocked doors in metal basket weave of a curious color compounded of rust and silver radiator paint. Each door gave on a small room with a slatted wooden floor and a slatted second story, propped, or suspended, about six feet up. About a dozen of these cribs contained sponges, a few more contained nautical gear, and most of the fifty-eight were empty.

At the back of the court a gap in the arcade led to an inner court, which was closed off by a casual barricade and must have contained as many cribs again. A sign on the left wall, by the entrance gate, exhorted captains — ΚΑΘΑΡΙΖΕΤΕ ΤΑ ΣΦΟΥΓΓΑΡΙΑ ΣΑΣ — clean your sponges thoroughly. This was being done by an old man who was sousing sponges in a galvanized washtub and rinsing them with a hose. Sunlight glittered and sizzled on the sandy courtyard, on a couple of abandoned bottles, and on the back windows of the cubical building, one of which was broken.

Next morning at nine, the exchange did not sizzle. The weather had changed, and a cold wind snarled through the arcades and raised twirls of dust in the court. The auction got slowly under way, with considerable tugging at sweater sleeves and shrugging up of collars.

Three piles of sponges, strung on loops of cord, lay well apart under the arcade, and some twenty men gradually assembled around one of them. Except for three business-suit types bustling about with notebooks, they looked like sponge fishermen. They were all sun-darkened, elderly, and dressed in casually assorted garments of black and dark blue. The unique exception was a juvenile exquisite — he looked a hard-bitten forty — in beige corduroys and a white turtleneck sweater.

Unlike most Greek enterprises, this auction was conducted in silence. There were no loud greetings and no public conversations. New arrivals got a muttered *kalyméra*, and

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any further remarks were exchanged in whispers. Only one man, very tall and wearing a very wide brimmed felt hat, spoke aloud. He proved willing to talk with inquisitive strangers.

Between pauses to watch the action, he explained that the notebook carriers were sponge buyers. "Those other fellows are from the crews, and that man with the necktie represents the captains and takes the bids. If they're too low, there's no sale."

"Do they write the bids?"

"Yes. The highest is read out. And you listen. You'll be surprised."

I was surprised. The pile of first-quality sponges, about enough to cover the bed of a small pickup truck, went for $1800. The larger pile of second-class sponges brought $2300.

It seemed a great deal of money, but the authority pointed out that this was two months' income for two boats, and had to support the boats and at least sixteen men. Sponge crews are paid on a system that is probably older than Odysseus: a percentage of the take of the voyage, determined by each man's function. Divers get more than deckhands, for example.

Men used to be paid a preliminary bounty, on occasion, for signing on a particular boat, but this system was never satisfactory since certain wily rascals instantly vanished with the cash and the captain had to recruit all over again. The best crews gravitated to boats where the food was good and the captain was lucky, meaning able to drop the lead and find sponge bottom. The sponge-yielding bottom in the Gulf of Mexico is estimated at over 9000 square miles, hardly a minor target, yet elusive enough so that boats sometimes stayed out until supplies were exhausted, and returned with no sponges worth mentioning.

"I used to be a diver," said the man with the hat as the crowd silently moved to the third pile of sponges. "Yes, it's hard work. I got married in — let me think — end of October. Two days later I went to sea and didn't get back until January." He stared into space, ruefully amused. "We had to start all over again — getting acquainted.

"That was quite a while back. Sponge fishing isn't what it used to be, and neither is this town. It was 1905 when Cocoris came to Tampa. I don't know why — all Greeks wandered around the country in those days. He found the Americans sponge fishing with hooker boats, a poor way. Cocoris was from the islands, the Dodecanese — we all are — and diving suits had been used a long time there."

Hooker boats are those on which men use a long pole with a hook at the end to drag up sponges. The depth limit is thirty feet, and any surface action of the water interferes with the operation by disturbing the view. The best sponges grow in water deeper than thirty feet. To call this method "a poor way" was polite understatement, for to men from the Dodecanese, accustomed to working in strong currents at dangerous depths, hooking must have seemed a feckless habit.

"He, Cocoris, got hold of Mr. Cheyney on the plaque, who owned some hooker boats, and arranged backing for sponge boats with divers. He went up to New York and went through the Greek coffeehouses, yelling for men from the islands. He found some, and they wrote letters to others or to home. I was out West on a construction job when I heard about it. I'm from Rhodos.

"Cocoris got diving equipment from the old country, and plans for the boats, and we all came to Tarpon Springs. That was in 1905."

"What was it like? There was nothing here, nothing at all. We lived on the boats. But after a while we had a fleet, and we sold sponges, and people kept coming. See that man there? He's just over from Greece. A few still come. But it's not like the old days. Very few come, and the young people all leave. Only a dozen boats now — there used to be a hundred and twenty-seven — and the young people all gone."

This oral history does not entirely agree with the information handed out by the Tarpon Springs Chamber of Commerce, which reports that the town was founded in 1882 and incorporated in 1887 with a population of 52, and adds that the sponge fleet at its highest point numbered better than 200 vessels, of which over 20 are still operating.

The sponge exchange, the biggest one in the world, was built in 1937, and trouble started shortly after-

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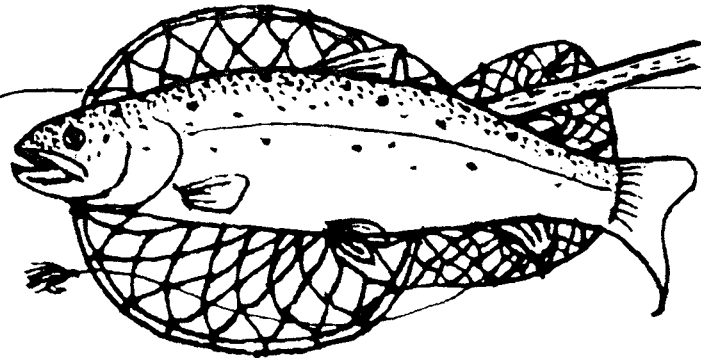

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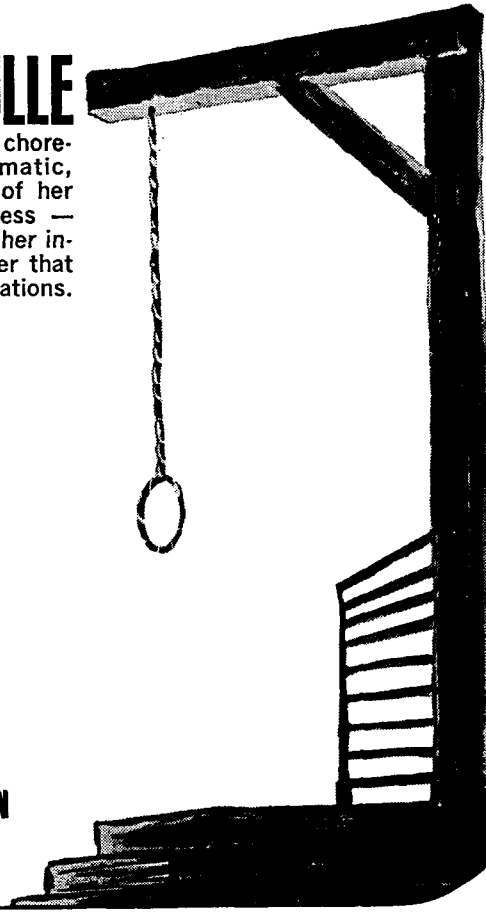

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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

ward when disease struck the sponge beds, a disaster complicated by the appearance of plastic sponges and the departure of young men from the town. The old diver who mourned the decline of sponge fishing said that his own son is a junior professor, or something similar, "up in Kentucky." His tone indicated that he considered the fact unremarkable. It is, of course, entirely unremarkable that people with the ability to enter a profession should refuse to settle for uncertain pay at the hard ancestral trade.

Just how hard sponge diving is was illustrated by the only new enterprise on the waterfront. It was so new that it was not yet finished, and consisted only of masonry walls rising mysteriously around a couple of sunken bathtubs and a wire mesh fence. The walls grew at impressive speed, for there is no Southern languor in Florida building projects, and on the third day, the smaller tub contained a little alligator.

The whole affair was under the supervision, and seemingly the ownership, of a dark, wiry young man who was eager to explain its purposes. "Going to rassle gators. It's easier than diving."

Specifically, he complained of walking against the current at an angle of 45 degrees. A wearing business, he said, but necessary because a diver moving with the current cannot see the sponges through the grass and weed flattened over them. Sharks he dismissed as a trifle. "The navy has never found a good shark deterrent." Tarpon Springs is very conscious of the deficiencies of the navy. "You know what the Greeks use? Ordinary household vinegar. I was never bothered by sharks. But diving's hard work. I made a stake at it, and now I'm going to try the gators. I've got a big one coming in a couple more days. This place needs a little variety."

He looked down Dodecanese Street, which contained, at the moment, a number of elderly Greeks and a busload of soft-voiced, slow-moving, distinctly-middle-aged tourists. He himself and the yellow-haired exhibition diver were the only people in sight under the age of fifty. His resolute expression became a trifle wistful. "I hope it goes. In some ways, this is kind of a strange town."

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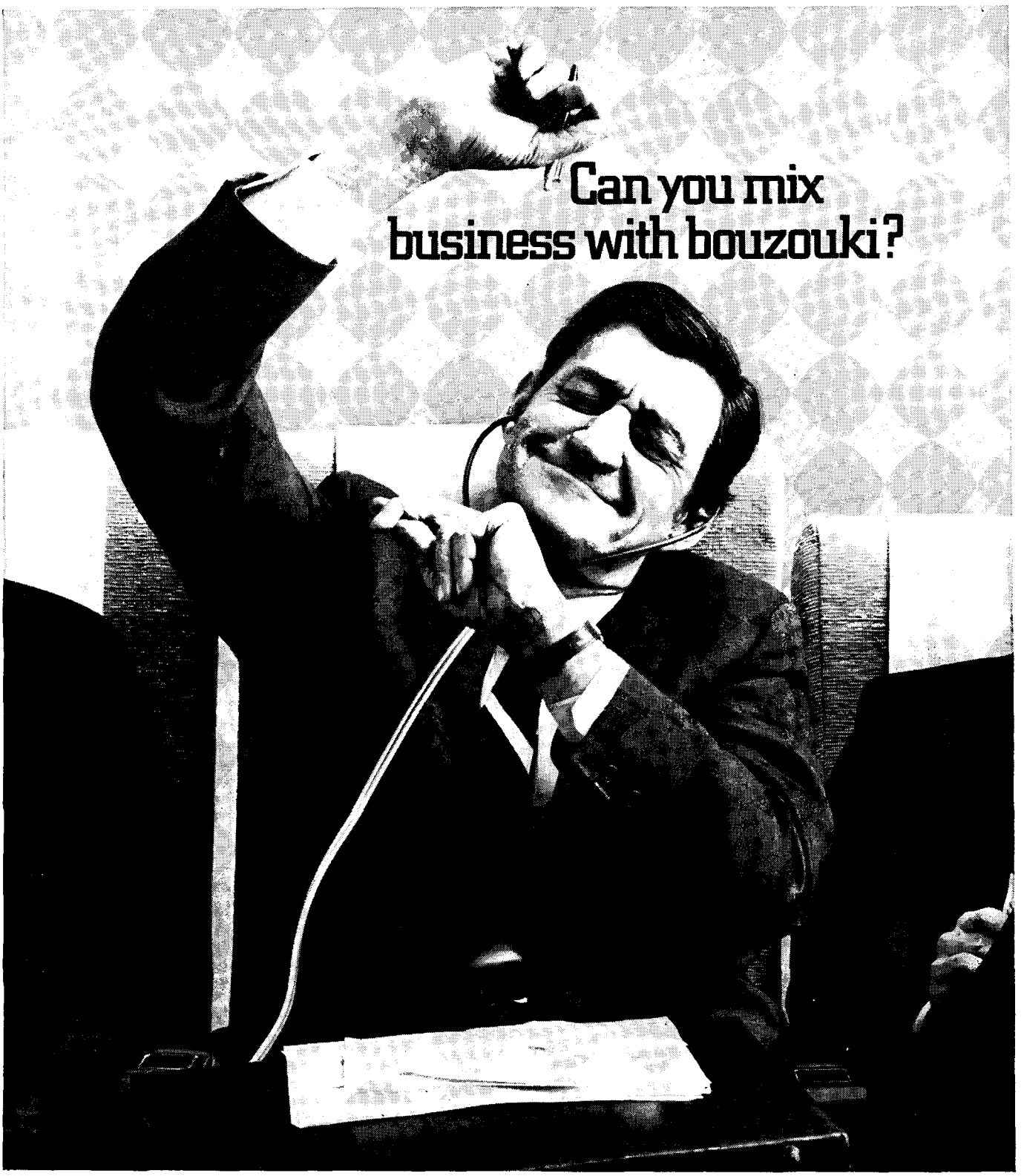

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music

From Tara to Lara

by Herbert Kupferberg

Nobody, presumably, goes to the movies to listen to music. Yet that hasn't prevented the movie-music industry from becoming one of the most productive and profitable in the entire range of modern artistic endeavor. From the "Tara Theme" of *Gone With the Wind*, which helped start the whole business in 1939, to the "Lara Theme" of *Doctor Zhivago*, which has sold 2 million LPs for MGM Records since 1966, movie sound tracks have performed the happy service of keeping record companies solvent and composers nourished without in the least disturbing the audiences who pay their way in to see the films.

This felicitous situation was dramatized a few weeks ago by the appearance in the United States of a British composer named Richard Rodney Bennett. At thirty-one, Mr. Bennett obviously is a young man of importance on the musical scene. He came to this country to attend, on successive nights, two premieres of major works he had written, a symphony and an opera. The former, his Symphony No. 2, was commissioned by the New York Philharmonic as part of its one-hundred-and-twenty-fifth-anniversary celebration, and received its world premiere at the hands of Leonard Bernstein at Philharmonic Hall. The opera, a full-length three-act work entitled *The Mines of Sulphur*, commissioned in 1965 by Sadler's Wells in England, was given its American premiere by the Juilliard Opera Theater in New York. Just before departing for America, Mr. Bennett had attended the London premiere of his ballet *Jazz Calendar*, with Rudolf Nureyev and Frederick Ashton of the Royal Ballet; and after leaving New York he headed for Munich, Germany, which was preparing to unveil another opera of his entitled *A Penny for a Song*, a lighthearted work about an English family in 1804 confusedly awaiting a cross-Channel invasion by Napoleon. If any further attestation of Mr. Bennett's status as a serious composer is needed, RCA Victor will shortly release a recording of his Symphony No. 1 played by the Royal Philharmonic, this to be added to the three other entries he already has in the Schwann catalogue.

With all this output, most of the people who have heard Mr. Bennett's music don't even know he exists, for this young Englishman makes his living by writing movie music. At the same time he was taking bows from the first tier at Philharmonic Hall, two of "his" movies were playing at theaters a few blocks south on Broadway, *Far From the Madding Crowd* and *Billion Dollar Brain*. Both have subsequently been released as sound track records, on the MGM and United Artists labels respectively.

Mr. Bennett, a tall, lanky, altogether affable young man, seemed unperturbed that so much of his music is being played for people who don't listen to it.

"Until recently I haven't been able to earn a living by writing serious music," he explained over a luncheon after a Philharmonic rehearsal of his symphony. "In America, it's different. Composers are able to live by receiving various grants, which is an admirable situation, though I think it a little unreal. Doing commercial work, *having* to write, is more real, more what a composer ought to be doing. I have always wanted to earn my living by writing music and nothing else, and since I love movies, it's a pleasure to be working in the field and still composing. And of course, through movies one gets royalties — a minute sum every time the film is shown. This enables one to write one's own music. I seem to be talking a lot about money. But I believe above all in being a professional, and if no one will pay you, you're not a professional."

Mr. Bennett doesn't write the same kind of music for the movies that he does for the concert hall. His score for *Far From the Madding Crowd*, as befits its Thomas Hardy-Wessex background, has an English folk song flavor; his *Billion Dollar Brain* music has the rat-tat-tat nervous tension appropriate to a thriller about a computer-directed invasion of Soviet Russia. Both sound tracks are couched in an essentially conservative idiom not likely to startle the average moviegoer or music lover. His opera and symphony, on the other hand, are avant-garde atonal works utilizing serial techniques which few movie directors, not to mention audiences, would tolerate.

"The creative impulse is quite different," he acknowledged. "Film music must be totally committed to the film, and quite subordinate. Serial

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music has to be heard in a detailed way, and behind the dialogue of a sound track it wouldn't be heard at all. Tonal, melodic music fits in much better. And while writing movie music, which must be done in split-second timing, can be mentally exhausting, it still exerts less creative pressure than a symphony. Writing a symphony is a great strain. If a composer completes ten symphonies in a lifetime, it's a lot, whereas I myself have written thirty movie scores in ten years. With a movie, it's all there. You don't have to imagine a structure. The irony is that the best movie music can't be taken out of context. The most effective things are often the very simplest. For instance, in *Billion Dollar Brain* at one point there is nothing going on musically but an ostinato, a rhythmic pulse which integrates itself into the film without having a great thematic personality of its own. You can find aesthetic satisfaction from something like this. Yet only about 10 percent of a movie score is viable away from the film. Even that may be a high estimate."

Despite this supposed inseparability of sound and sight, movie sound track recordings exist by the hundreds. A sound track LP of a new movie is in the shops the day the movie opens, and record companies have begun to prospect in the musical gold mines of Hollywood almost as enthusiastically as they scout new Broadway musical shows. The most lucrative of all sound tracks are the movie versions of hit musicals such as *My Fair Lady* and *West Side Story*, both of which have made a mint for Columbia, and *The Sound of Music*, which according to RCA Victor has sold more copies than any other record of any kind — 10 million. But even the "incidental" or "background" type of instrumental sound track, which constitutes the bulk of the industry's output, can make a success for the producer and a fortune for a skilled and prolific composer.

Record companies are understandably chary of divulging the details of royalty arrangements with composers, which vary considerably from case to case. But the average fee *before* royalties to a composer for a top-ranked Hollywood film is a minimum of $10,000 and in some instances much higher. Henry Mancini, whose *oeuvre* includes *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, *Days of Wine and Roses*, *Charade*, and *Pink Panther*, reportedly gets $50,000 a film. Mancini, who operates his own music publishing company, is said by industry sources to earn around $150,000 annually from his movie output.

Most sound track records establish their popularity on the basis of perhaps five or ten minutes of music, known in the trade as the Main Title or simply the Theme. "If there's one great theme, the whole album takes off," says an RCA Victor executive. Max Steiner's "Tara Theme" in *Gone With the Wind*, which has just been reissued in a nostalgic album by MGM (S1E-10ST), was one of the earliest to demonstrate the potential; in recent years there have been such hardy cinematic (and television) products as Henry Mancini's "*Peter Gunn* Theme" (RCA Victor LSP-1956), Ernest Gold's "*Exodus* Theme" (RCA Victor LSO-1058), and Maurice Jarre's "Lara Theme" from *Doctor Zhivago* (MGM S1E-6ST). All of these established a certain identity of their own, but too often the durability of a film score depends almost entirely upon the fate of the movie in question. Although Mr. Bennett's Main Title (the music played during the screen credits at the start) for *Billion Dollar Brain* has a great deal of rhythmic and melodic vivacity, the sound track album is likely to languish simply because the movie was so indifferently received. The generally tepid reviews accorded to *Far From the Madding Crowd* won't help sales of that album either. On the other hand, sound track sales for James Bond movies, whatever their musical qualities, are invariably reported as substantial.

Aspiring movie composers can find a great deal of practical information in a book called *Music in Modern Media* (G. Schirmer, Incorporated, $4.95), written by Robert Emmett Dolan, himself a motion picture and theater composer. It won't guarantee results, but it does take up such arcane but essential matters as translating feet of film into seconds of time, and the problem of composing music with a stopwatch on the desk.

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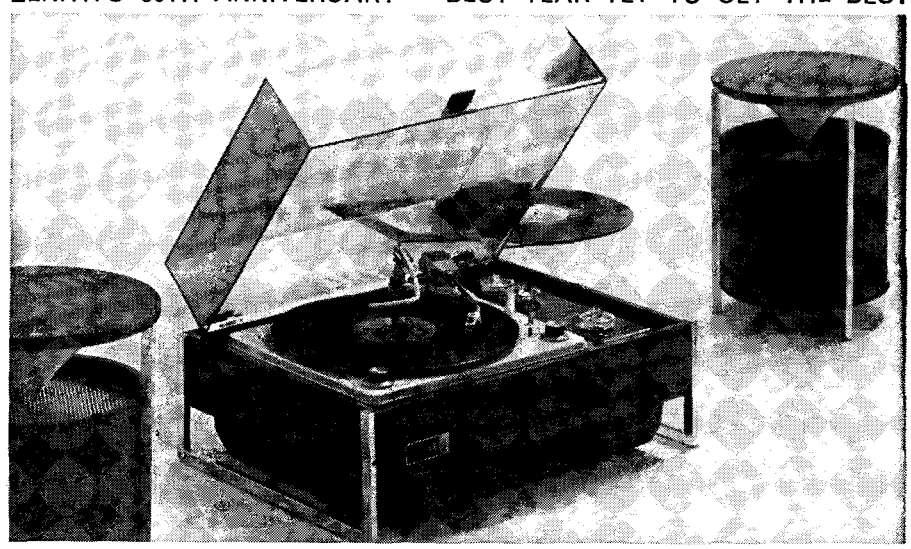

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by composers like Virgil Thomson and Aaron Copland, or even by Serge Prokofiev, whose *Alexander Nevsky* music was originally composed for an Eisenstein film. Leonard Bernstein's *On the Waterfront* has a musical life of its own; such films as *Umbrellas of Cherbourg* and *Black Orpheus* linger in the memory for their musical as well as their pictorial quality.

But for all the appositeness and inventiveness of such scores, the fact remains that movie composers have as yet been unable to produce works of the quality achieved by their theatrical counterparts of a century ago — scores of the value of the incidental music written by Bizet for Alphonse Daudet's play *L'Arlésienne* or by Mendelssohn for Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Part of the answer may be that there are no Bizets or Mendelssohns around today, but part of it may lie in the limited needs of the medium itself, which inevitably relegates music to the role of filling in the vacant moments or underlining an existing mood or situation. "Music in the cinema doesn't have the same authority as music in the theater," admits Mr. Bennett. "It's more or less the ugly duckling of the industry. I suppose the only way that can be remedied is by more and more people writing good scores."

That day may come yet. In the meanwhile, help seems to be arriving from an unexpected source. *Elvira Madigan*, a current Swedish film about a bittersweet romance between a runaway circus girl and a deserting soldier, has one of the loveliest film scores ever written. It consists of the main theme of the slow movement of Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 21 in C, K. 467, played by Géza Anda, an ethereally beautiful melody which ideally suits the dreamy quality of the film. Deutsche Grammophon originally released Anda's recording of this music in 1966 as part of a complete Mozart concerto series he is doing (DGG-138783). When the movie became a hit, some merchandising genius hit on the idea of affixing a sticker to each record jacket reading: "Contains Theme from *Elvira Madigan*." The result is that MGM Records, which distributes DGG in this country, reports that more copies of the concerto have been sold in the last two months than in the preceding two years. The growing appreciation of the greatness of Mozart has surely been one of the most welcome musical developments of our time, but it would be ironic if he now went down in history as the composer of the "*Elvira Madigan* Theme."

Record Reviews

Glazounov: The Seasons
Ernest Ansermet conducting l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; London CS-6509
Glazounov's ballet suite needs an affectionate as well as a skilled conductor, for it represents a kind of romantic, expansive music that has largely gone out of vogue. Ernest Ansermet, who still wields a sharp baton at the age of eighty-five, brings almost a youthful verve and enthusiasm to the music, and it shines forth most brilliantly as a result. Included on the record for good measure are two Glazounov concert waltzes. It all adds up to an amiable hour, with the excellent stereo quality adding extra enjoyment.

Haydn: Symphonies No. 101 in D, "Clock," and No. 104 in D, "London"
Leslie Jones conducting Orchestra of London; Checkmate C-76008
Few encounters with a late Haydn symphony ever fail to leave a listener without a buoyant feeling, and these excellent performances certainly produce the expected effect. The *Clock* is a little idiosyncratic in some of its tempos, but the *London* is played to perfection, and what a masterpiece it is! Mr. Jones and his musicians are thoroughly at home in this music, and the sound is so lively it almost bounces.

Janáček: The Makropoulos Case
Bohumil Gregor conducting soloists, orchestra, and chorus of Prague National Theater; Epic B2S-167: two records
Alone among American cities, San Francisco has heard a staged performance of *The Makropoulos Case;* the rest of us will have to rely pretty much on this Czech-language recording to make the acquaintance of an opera with an imposing reputation but few performances. And a compelling work it turns out to be. The opera, first given in 1926, is based on a strongly dramatic work by Karel Čapek about a three-hundred-year-old woman whose discovery of a life-giving elixir adds to her years, but not to her understanding or happiness. It's a grim, grotesque story whose bizarreness is heightened by its modern setting, and Janáček has given it music that is terse, dramatic, and intensely lyrical. Probably its alien language and unsympathetic principal character are going to keep it from becoming a repertory work in the United States, but it certainly is something to listen to in this idiomatic, pungent recording. A libretto is included.

Bob Dylan: John Wesley Harding
Bob Dylan, vocalist, with Charles McCoy, bass; Kenny Buttrey, drums; and Pete Drake, steel guitar; Columbia CS-9604
Bob Dylan's anthology of songs about bad men, good men, and mediocre men strikes me as one of the best he has ever recorded, with a certain unity of theme his records don't always have. The title song, "The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest," "Drifter's Escape," "I Am a Lonesome Hobo," and most of the others all belong together. "I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine" bears a familial resemblance to "Joe Hill," and the Dylan brand of rock-folklore works well throughout. But I could have done without the rhapsodic and (to me, at least) completely incomprehensible jacket notes.

Shakespearean Songs and Consort Music
Deller Consort, with Alfred Deller, countertenor; Desmond Dupré, lute; and others; RCA Victrola VICS-1266
Unlike Shakespearean music records which draw on the works of later composers, this one sticks to the Elizabethan period. Presumably this is the music that Shakespeare himself heard, including settings of his own verses such as "It Was a Lover and His Lass," "Take, O Take Those Lips Away," and the Willow Song from *Othello*. Lovely music, most of it, by such composers as Morley, Weelkes, and the most prolific of all, Anon. Deller and his colleagues present both the vocal and instrumental pieces with style and affection.

Movement Soul
Live recordings of songs and sayings from the Freedom Movement in the Deep South; ESP-1056
This record is devoted to the drama

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of the civil rights movement as it was enacted in Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi in 1963 and 1964. It makes no pretense of being dispassionate; in fact, it sticks mostly to the doings of SNCC, that most activist of Negro organizations. Through its songs and its interviews with Negroes telling of repression and attacks, it gives a graphic and gripping sound picture of what it's like to experience and resist conditions in some Southern communities. And it also demonstrates how the civil rights protest is transmuted into songs like "Oh, Freedom" and "Ain't Gonna Let Nobody." ESP-Disk is a small but energetic record company, with headquarters at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart Is a Dirty Old Man

Vocal ensemble directed by Norman Luboff, with Igor Kipnis, harpsichord; Epic BC-1366

Everyone who has read Mozart's correspondence knows that he and members of his family were fond of crude expressions and dirty jokes, and that he was not above setting these to music to amuse himself and his friends. Unlike Gibbon, who left all his "licentious passages . . . in the decent obscurity of a learned language," the good people at Epic decided to share the wealth by making Mozart's "scatalogical canons and songs" (as they call them) available to all in English. Probably they sound better in their original German, or at least in smoother performances, than they do on this slapdash recording, which never rises above the rather giggly quality imparted by its title.

Jan Peerce Sings Songs From "Fiddler on the Roof" and Ten Classics of Jewish Folk Song

Jan Peerce, tenor, with orchestra conducted by Vladimir Golschman; Vanguard VSD-79258

Jan Peerce adds a new dimension to the seemingly inexhaustible *Fiddler on the Roof* by placing it in a context of Yiddish folk tunes carried over from the old country. The *Fiddler* tunes like "Tradition" and "If I Were a Rich Man" (here "When I'll Be a Rothschild") blend beautifully with the old numbers, demonstrating that composer Jerry Bock really caught the idiom in the show. Everything is sung in Yiddish, and Mr. Peerce is in fine fettle.

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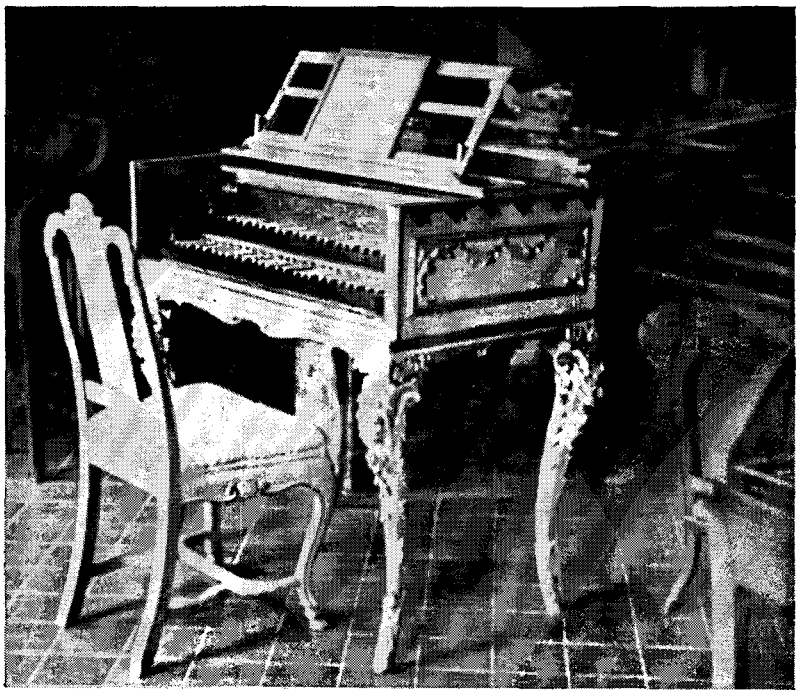

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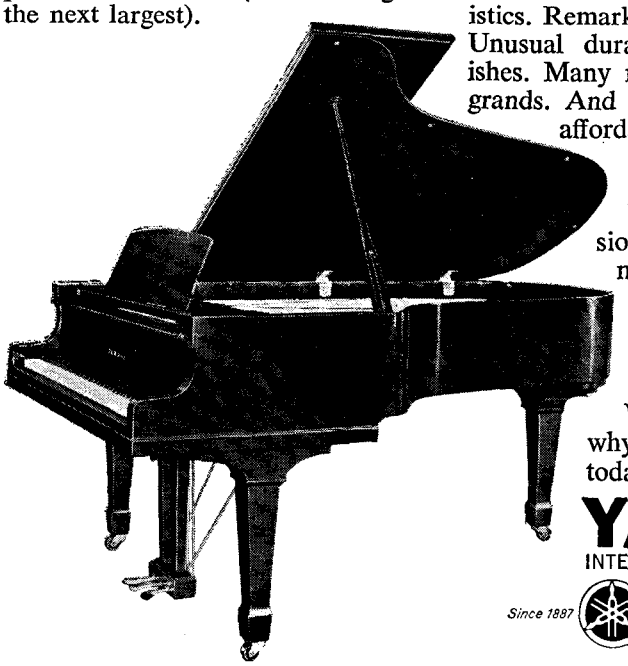

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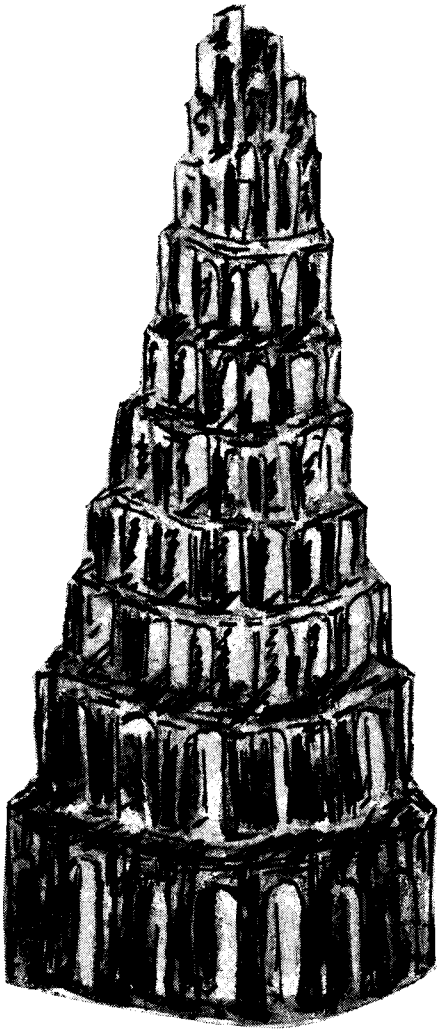
books

The Peripatetic Reviewer
by Edward Weeks



The Levant is a part of the ancient world that has been on collision course since about the year One. It is a man's world, which has seen the rise of conquerors, the blaze of empire, and the inevitable disintegration; has seen religions wax to a frenzy, then wane but not expire. Today it is an oil-enriched territory where wealth and skulduggery thrive, the killer and the fanatic do the dirty work, and women are a protected necessity or a piece of the spoils. No better setting exists for a novel of intrigue, and in THE TOWER OF BABEL (Morrow, $5.95) MORRIS L. WEST has made the best of it.

Mr. West knows his way about in the Levant: he knows the fanaticism and greed which ferment in Arab states like Lebanon and Syria, and the desperation and discipline which keep Israel on the alert, and while he plainly favors the Israeli, he can credit aspiration as well as revenge to the sons of the Prophet. He has chosen for his skillfully plotted story the period of sabotage and raiding which led up to the Six-Day War of 1967. It was a time of imbalance throughout the Middle East. The left-wing socialists in Syria were causing the Kuwaitis and the Saudis to wonder about the future of their wealth; Egypt was embroiled in the Yemen and deep in debt to Russia; King Hussein's life was in danger, and Jordan's willingness to pressure Israel was in doubt. Opposed to this Arab "unity" was an Israel in which the day of the trumpets had passed: unemployment was rising, young men were leaving, the shipping was in trouble, and bank failures were impending. Such insecurity breeds apprehension, especially among the Israelis, who must depend on secret agents for the ultimate warning of where and when the Russians will erect missile sites for the Arab League. The spies in this story are what give it excitement and plausibility, and their operations are fascinating to follow.

On the one side is Selim Fathalla, whose Arabic name signifies Gift of God. An inventive man with a quick sense of humor and a quicker temper, Selim runs an import-export business in Damascus, where he is regarded as a bold trader and faithful Muslim; he lives with his mistress in discreet luxury, is trusted by the government, and occasionally entertains friends from the Party and diplomats from Moscow, Prague, or Sofia who value his backstairs knowledge of Arab politics. But appearances are deceptive, for in fact his real name is Adom Ronen, and he is a Jewish agent. He daily risks his life filing coded radio reports to Tel Aviv, and has been unapprehended for so long that the wife and daughter he left behind in Jerusalem have less claim on him than Emilie, his half-French, half-Syrian secretary, who gives him his interludes of happiness. Selim, his accomplice, the inscrutable Dr. Bitar, and their sources, known only by number, form one team, under the remote control of Brigadier General Jakov Baratz, director of military intelligence at Tel Aviv. The ingenuity and dispatch with which they intercept the Arab plans make for eager reading.

Opposed to them are Idris Jarrah, a killer and gunrunner who is a little too unscrupulous for his own safety, and Omar Safreddin, director of public security in Damascus, a suave, ruthless schemer, fanatically determined that Syria rather than Egypt shall regain the glory of the past. And caught between the pincers are some fat cats like Nuri Chakry, who lives for money and who has built himself a half-solvent empire stretching from Beirut to Paris to Fifth Avenue in his trading with sheikhs, Greek shipowners, and millionaires from Texas. Chakry's golden web will be destroyed if the Arabs lose, but with a gambler's instinct he has cash in hiding, a forged passport, and an escape hatch to South America. His front man, incidentally, is Mark Matheson, an American who is just as venal but not as clever as his boss.

These are the principals, and what they do to each other is for the novelist to relate, which he does surely and with suspense. The contrast between the fleshpots of Beirut and the austerity of Tel Aviv is well drawn, and that there is fierce dedication on both sides we see in the activity of Omar Safreddin in Damascus and Brigadier General Baratz in Israel. The idealism in the midst of all this bellicosity is brought out in two quite pathetic scenes, the first when Dr. Bitar, the Jewish agent, in a fury at Arab incompetence, saves the life of Safreddin's son, and the second at the story's close when the brigadier, grown hard in his vigilance, lonely

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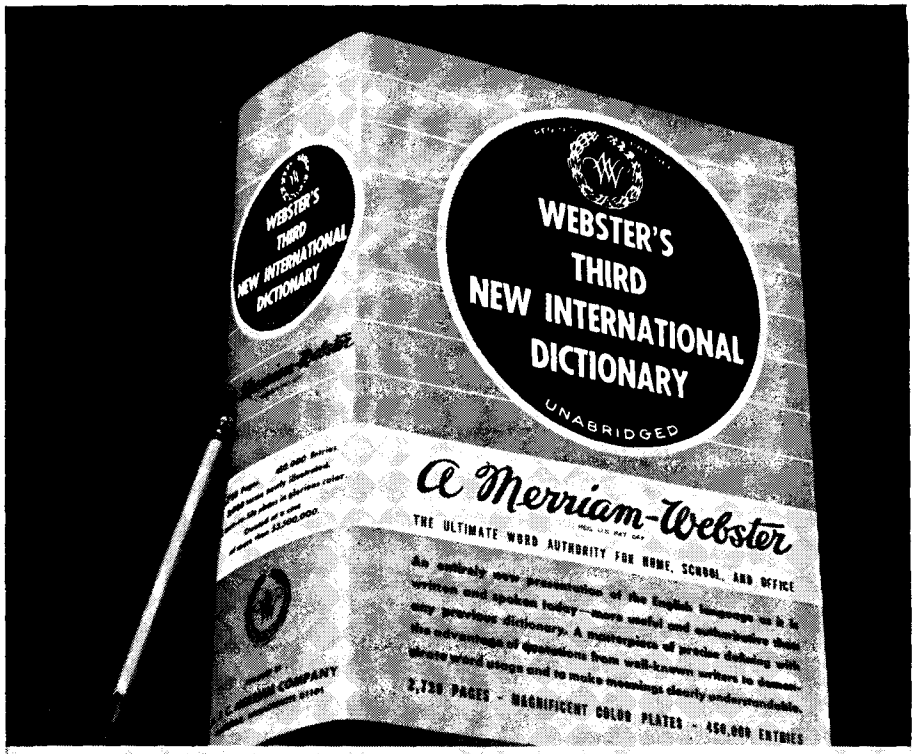
and self-accusing for the insanity of his wife, and now wanting consolation, turns for advice to an old friend. "Can you give me one hope, Franz?" "A very little one," the wise elder replies. "But yet . . . a hope. Which of us can ask more?" The hope for peace hangs by the same slender thread.

Wit's End

It would have been an adventure to have lived close to Harold Ross, the founding editor of the *New Yorker*, for any length of time, and I am grateful to JANE GRANT, Ross's first wife, for lifting the window shade on her partnership with that droll, gifted, and irascible man, as she does in ROSS, THE NEW YORKER AND ME (Reynal & Morrow, $5.95).

Both were Westerners, Ross born in Aspen, Colorado, in 1892, Jane in Kansas. Jane's precocious ability as a singer had earned her a year to study "vocal" in New York City, but before the year was up, she had gravitated to journalism and been hired by Carl Van Anda to write social notes for the New York *Times* at $10 a week. The staff called her "Fluff," and she had a desk not far from Aleck Woollcott's — "Louisa M. Woollcott," as he was nicknamed by Howard Dietz. She prodded Aleck into taking her to Hamilton College dances, and when he was promoted to dramatic critic, to an occasional first night; Elmer Davis escorted her to the fancy dress at Webster Hall; house seats for the Met came down to her from the great Caruso himself. And she had learned poker and how to defend herself as a lone female long before she was introduced to Harold Ross, managing editor of the soldiers' newspaper, *The Stars and Stripes*, in Paris in 1918.

There are three periods in this chronicle: Jane's career as reporter and entertainer in a YMCA unit; their homelife at "Wit's End"; and the establishment of the *New Yorker*. Jane's personal warmth fades noticeably after the first. When she and Ross were married in 1920, it was agreed that they would try to live on her earnings — she was being syndicated and selling articles to the *Saturday Evening Post* — saving every penny of Ross's salary for a magazine of his own invention. He had three in mind: a high-class tabloid, a shipping magazine, and last, a weekly about



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life in Manhattan. This was what Jane favored.

It took them five years to raise the capital to launch the *New Yorker*, and during most of that time they lived in a madhouse. With friends they renovated twin houses in a West Side slum known as Hell's Kitchen, one of their partners being Aleck Woollcott, who hated to be alone and whose vanity and intrusion gave the newlyweds no peace. They had a Chinese cook, a Chinese garden, and a huge living room, and to it came many who were to be Ross's early contributors: Benchley, Dorothy Parker, FPA, Marc Connelly, Heywood Broun — the works. When they were alone, there would be five for supper, Sundays there might be thirty extra. The Thanatopsis Poker and Inside Straight Club played through every Saturday night, and Ross when liquored up was likely to lose. In one expensive game at the Swopes' when very tight, he lost a stake equivalent to their initial investment in the *New Yorker*. Wit's End, as their house was named, was to fracture their marriage.

They held together for nine years sharing the uphill triumph of Ross's magazine. At first it seemed doomed — no readers, no ads — but Ross, born with taste and an unerring sense of humor, persisted. Jane, who has a good deal of the masculine in her, tells of this struggle in flat, realistic detail; she does not have James Thurber's ear for comedy, but what Thurber brought to the *New Yorker*, and what brilliance came with Peter Arno, Rea Irwin, Helen Hokinson, and E. B. White, she does appreciate. The price of success was high. Ross in his impatient dedication became impossible to live with: he developed ulcers and she a cancer. Their separation, in which Woollcott played a mischievous, vindictive part, is sad to read. For, as it proved, Ross could be happy with no one else.

The Three Suitors

A new English novelist, RICHARD JONES, makes his bow with THE THREE SUITORS (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $6.00), a novel in which family secrets and the selfish friction between old and young are delightfully disclosed. The heroine, known familiarly as Mignon, is the widow of Sir Arthur Benson-Williams, a defunct British statesman who according to his daughter was a dreadful bore. But his relic, Mignon, now in her late seventies, is a woman whose charm and intuition have improved with age. She lives with her elderly brother, Freddy, in their grandfather's old house in Caeriforshire, stuffed with books, memorabilia, and fine furniture, and the reason she sounds so snappish at the beginning is that she knows the house has been running to wrack and ruin and she hasn't the money to repair it. She won't accept charity and spurns a check of $1000 offered by the real estate man, who, of course, has designs on selling the place; and her difficulties are compounded by the condescending visit of her nephew Edward, a somewhat pompous don from Oxford, and the imminent arrival of her prickly daughter and grandson from Rhodesia. It is remarkable how swiftly the novelist entraps the reader in the lady's affairs.

Mignon's freedom of action is censored by Freddy, a mild clergyman who writes poems in Welsh suitable for any occasion. Freddy lacks her spirit and intuition, but he serves as a useful sounding board; she can work off her rages on him and end by seeing things in a fairer light. The other censor is Rohama, her husband's illegitimate daughter, a sturdy farming type who has been installed in the cottage, is jealous of her stepmother, and very determined to get her share of the estate.

The estate is almost penniless, until Sir Arthur's papers and his private diary are resurrected and thought to be publishable. The younger members of the family — the resentful daughter from Rhodesia, the Oxford don, and the disagreeable niece in the village — all scoff at the idea: Sir Arthur lived on clichés, they protest, he would search for hours for the predictable thing to say. Nevertheless, down from London in rapid succession come three suitors, each hoping to cash in on Sir Arthur's literary remains: the first a willowy aesthete in his mid-twenties; the second a preposterously vulgar bore representing a newspaper syndicate; and the third an American who proves to be as much of a surprise to Mignon as he is to the reader.

This literary quest reminds me of *The Aspern Papers* by Henry James. The house in its unmarred, out-of-

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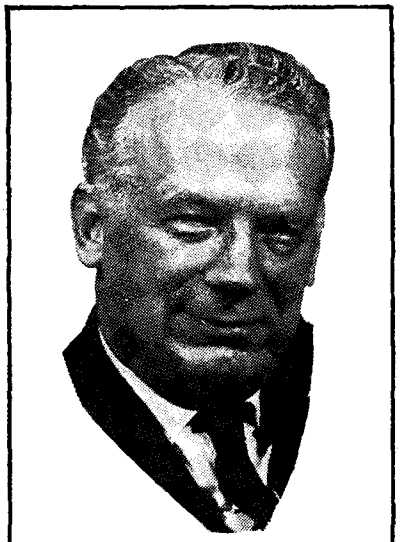

The distinguished former Undersecretary of State asks — and answers: "How can free men, under the brooding omnipresence of weapons of mass death and brutish nihilism, stay civilized and get on with the world's pressing business of ending poverty and injustice and securing peace?" From dismantling the Iron Curtain to ending the dilemma of Southeast Asia, his illuminating observations are required reading for all concerned citizens.

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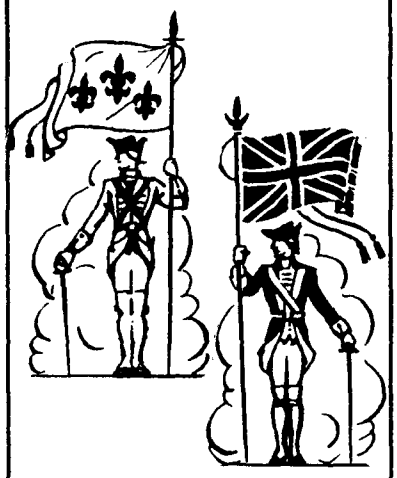

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the-way corner of Wales is picturesque, and the household so full of hilarious conversation and surprising encounters that I envy anyone reading this engaging book for the first time.

Animal society

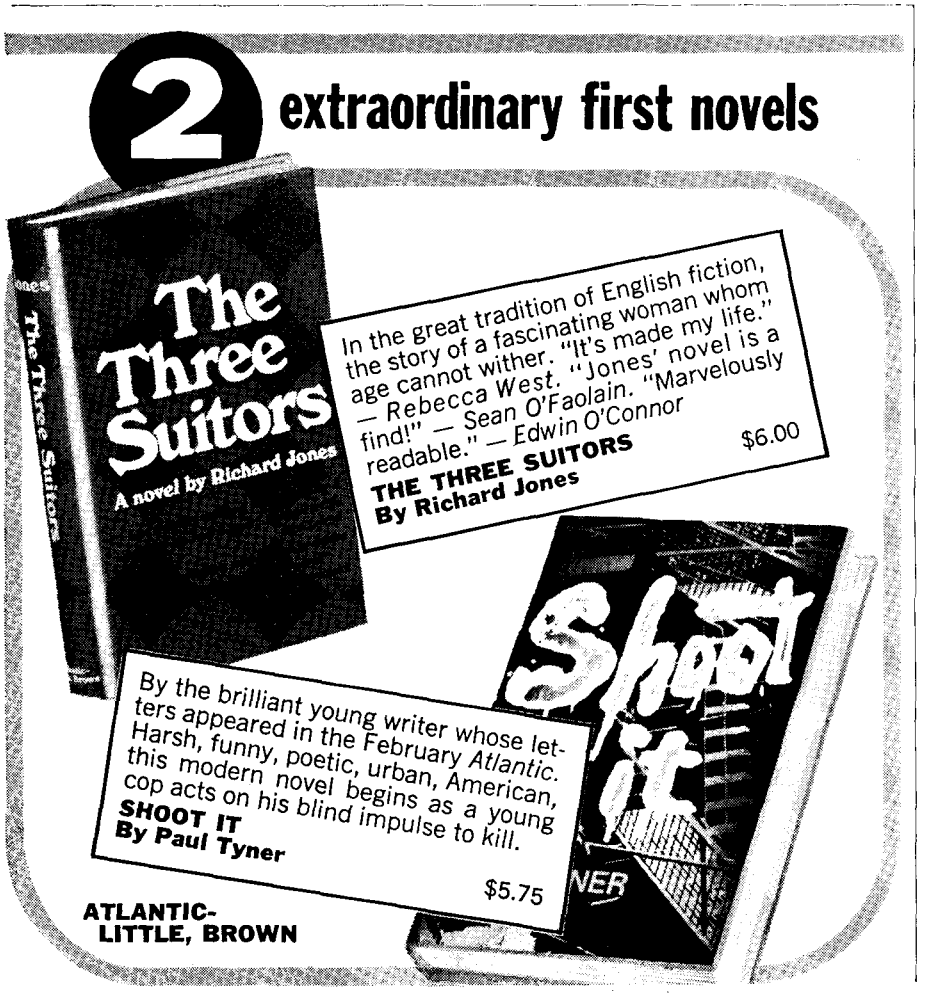
Any man who writes about wild animals cannot avoid telling us what kind of animal he is. JEAN-PIERRE HALLET, the author of ANIMAL KITABU (Random House, $6.95), was born in Louvain, Belgium, in 1927. His father was an artist renowned for his paintings made in the Belgian Congo, and there Jean-Pierre spent six years of his childhood. He fought in the Belgian Resistance, and then in 1948, standing 6'5" and weighing 250 pounds, he went back to live with the African tribesmen. Despite his size he was for eighteen months an adopted brother of the Bambuti Pygmies, and in one skirmish he took a poisoned arrow in the leg but survived the crude Pygmy surgery. He qualified as a member of the Masai tribe by killing a lion with a spear. In Burundi a dynamite explosion blew off his right hand at the wrist, taking much of his hearing with it. Today his body is a patchwork quilt of "old African scars." During his integration he learned seventeen native dialects, and what is more remarkable, did not carry a gun or even a knife while living at close quarters with killers like the buffalo and the rhino.

Animal Kitabu is a series of overlapping animal portraits which blend together to show us the complex animal society of Equatorial Africa — before these great beasts are extinct. I need hardly tell you that Mr. Hallet has a hearty contempt for the average sportsman with his high-powered rifle, as becomes evident in his rating of the Big Five, those animals which are most dangerous to pursue: the Cape buffalo, elephant, rhino, lion, and leopard. According to Mr. Hallet, the leopard is far and away the most intelligent, elusive, and dangerous of these beasts. He cannot "be a good-natured idler like the lion, letting his ladies kill for him and living on the profits like a pimp. He cannot, like the elephant, spend sixteen hours a day in the simple act of eating and lead a family life that is blatantly bourgeois. . . . And least of all, he cannot be a snorting, dim-witted windbag like the rhino, who rarely knows exactly what he is charging."

Hallet came to know the leopard well during the months he lived with the Pygmies, and he tells us that if a single Pygmy moving through dense brush suddenly comes upon a leopard, he will brandish his little three-foot hunting bow and shout loudly, "Get out of my way, grandfather!", and the leopard will disappear. When Hallet, unarmed, was surprised by a full-grown leopard at a distance of twenty-five feet, he tried the same trick: "Grandfather," he shouted, "get lost!" The leopard vanished into the bush.

But there was one occasion when the shouting did not work. Hallet was on the trail with a party of Bantu tribesmen, and the Bantu, unlike the Pygmy, is in deadly fear of leopards and will run screaming at the animal's approach. On this particular march, the sight of a leopard crouched on a tree branch over the trail panicked the whole procession, and in their flight the next to last of the Bantu was pinned to the ground and raked by the great cat. Weaponless and one-handed, the white man leapt, and by sheer strength spread-eagled the forearms and legs so that the leopard could not claw him. The Bantu were all in the trees, but one of them flung a knife toward him, and as man and cat rolled over and over, Hallet was able to reach for the knife and plunge it in before he was mortally injured. Trader Horn would hardly have dared do a thing like this, much less write about it. But when Jean-Pierre Hallet records it for us, it has every vestige of truth. Incidentally, he tells us that both the leopard and the lion find the smell of man repugnant and that they would much prefer to eat dog meat or a baboon than a sport in Abercrombie & Fitch regalia.

His chapters on the baboons and the chimpanzees are among the most amusing in the book, so closely has he observed their social relations and so respectful is he of their intellect. According to his friends in the Bambuti tribe, "chimpanzees talk as much as people do and make just as much sense . . . chimpanzees are smarter than people, excepting only Pygmies."



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Updike's Yankee Traders
by Diana Trilling

At the close of John Updike's novel *Couples* (Knopf, $6.95) the old Congregational Church of Tarbox, Massachusetts, a South Shore town near Boston, burns down. All of the church is destroyed except the weathercock on the cupola. Since we know the author of *Rabbit, Run* and *The Centaur* to be much given to symbolical writing and because the sexual exertions of the characters in this latest work, though seldom interrupted, are on occasion suspended at least long enough for them to announce their religious emotions or lack of them, we must give this climax of Mr. Updike's book its full symbolical weight. God is dead in Tarbox; the focus of communal hope is sexuality. It is to the rooster that the aspiration of which God was once the object will continue to be directed.

We must understand that this is not the good Laurentian news it may appear to be to the children of Tarbox, who have a school holiday to watch the salvaging of the cock. In their innocence of what the future holds for them, or perhaps in their eagerness to get in on the sexual act from which their parents are so busy hustling them away, the young can celebrate the priapic rite; but we who have made the acquaintance of their mothers and fathers know the dull hell over which the rooster presides. Although it is a morally ambiguous book Mr. Updike has written, its first moral premise is clear enough: sex, if not sinful in itself, is the readiest attribute or recourse of life bereft of spiritual guidance and purpose. The sexuality through which corrupted or diminished spirit announces itself diminishes and corrupts the spirit yet further. In a (very) generous reading, Mr. Updike's new novel is thus possibly to be understood as latter-day Aldous Huxley.

Mr. Updike's book might also be read as, in effect if not in intention, a response to the plea of Norman O. Brown, in *Life Against Death*, that we return to the joyous sexual Eden of our lost infancy; this would of course make it, as well, a response to and rejection of a major tendency in modern culture: its refusal of the Western civilized heritage. In *Life Against Death*, we recall, Mr. Brown equates civilization with the genital sexuality which, in the Freudian view, constitutes mature sexuality. For our (failed, as he sees it) genital civilization he would substitute the polymorphous-perverse freedom of the pregenital child. There is no great range of perversity in the sexual practices of Mr. Updike's characters — but then, how great is the range of perversity in the human imagination? — but what there is could hardly be more polymorphous, pregenital, infantile. The world that Mr. Updike reports upon ends with neither a bang nor a whimper, but to the sound of grown men and women suckling. What Mr. Updike might therefore be interpreted as saying — and it would be a sufficiently important thing to say, so that one would wish the book were worthy of it — is that the choice with which we are presented is not quite so simple as Mr. Brown would have it: it is not a choice between genitality and pregenitality, maturity or infancy. Mr. Updike's characters move easily between these extremes, their pregenital pleasures as hollow and dreary as the genital pleasures they replace.

The great failure of Mr. Updike's book is that whatever "significance" he may have meant to give it, it has none except such as the reader may himself supply. The fall from grace of his characters, though exhaustively represented, is never shown to be caused by anything. And the connection to be made between our private and our public fates is similarly unexplained. Although Mr. Updike sets his story against a background of public events in the early sixties — Kennedy's Administration and death; the beginnings of the Vietnam War — these historical circumstances have only a decorative function. We recognize them as the fashionable trappings of all contemporary fiction that pretends to big meanings.

With nice economy the book is called *Couples*. It would have been more precise to have called it *Coupling*, for although everyone in the novel is married, it is difficult to keep it in mind who, at any moment in the story, is a couple with whom. Piet, the chief detonator of the sexual passions of Tarbox, and, in a misleading way, the protagonist of the novel — at least it is in his poor consciousness that much of the author's own consciousness is

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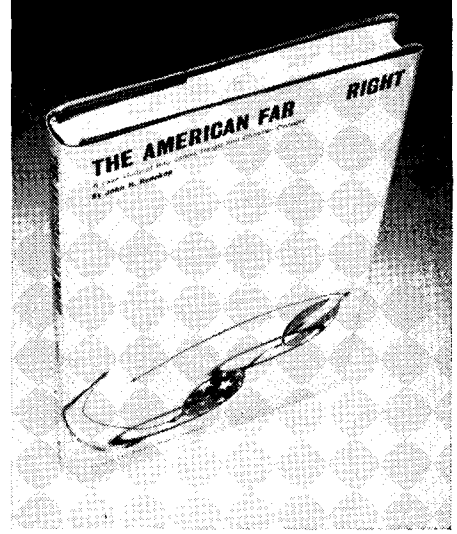

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made to reside — is married to Angela, but goes to bed with, if memory serves me right, Georgene, Foxy, Carol, and Bea; Marcia is married to Harold, but goes to bed with Frank and Janet; Carol is married to Eddie, but goes to bed not only with Piet but also with Roger and Bea, or is it Ben and Irene; Bea is married to Roger, but goes to bed with Piet and also with . . . No, I admit defeat: there are twenty characters in *Couples* whose sexual divagations we are asked to follow; the possible permutations, homosexual and heterosexual, tax my mathematics. Suffice it to say that compared with what goes on in Tarbox, Mass., the daisy chains in the novels of Iris Murdoch are little English nosegays.

How these people find the time for their compulsive bed-hoppings is a minor entertainment of Mr. Updike's novel. One gathers that copulation, or the strategies and manipulations or substitutes thereof, are all that time intends, demands, or contains for the residents of Tarbox; also, by implication, for the rest of America, or a representative part of it. There is a touch — but the merest touch: it reaches us more as impulse than as achievement — of John O'Hara in *Couples:* Mr. Updike has a certain interest in the structure of American society. The segment of America he puts under inspection includes, naturally, a pair of Jews; in the contemporary spirit, also a pair of Asians. And in ancestry the people Mr. Updike writes about are schematically representative of our national variousness. They are not middle-class but upper-middle-class Americans. What separates the two, according to Mr. Updike — and one is not disposed to argue with him — is education. A major concern of both the men and the women in *Couples* is whether or not they graduated from college. It is in dealing with the social trauma consequent upon the lack of a "degree" that Mr. Updike makes the kind of mistake O'Hara would never make — we learn, for instance, that Piet, who left college on the death of his parents, had to be taught to use a fork by his college-graduate wife. Class superiority is nevertheless Piet's by association with his better-certified friends, from whom he apparently picked up his knowledge of French, Shakespeare, and modern art, not to mention a wit which in its literacy, speed, and barb is on the way to being a match for that of Albee's history professor in *Virginia Woolf*. Here Mr. Updike is of course an accurate social observer: along with the pill, humor is the article most conspicuously consumed in our expanding economy.

None of the upper-middle-class men of Tarbox are leisured or, with one exception, rich. They have professions or occupations by which they earn their livings: Piet is a local builder, Eddie a pilot; Harold and Frank are brokers in Boston, Freddy is a local dentist, Ben and Ong and Ken are research scientists. The shoptalk of these toilers in the American vineyards carries about as much conviction as the shoptalk of artists or composers in movies, which is to say that the more substantive it tries to be, the more it demonstrates how little our literary people actually know or care about the world's work. No matter. In the several years covered by the story, only two of the men lose their jobs, and these not, as we would expect, for gross neglect of duty while in pursuit of more urgent goals. As to the good wives of Tarbox, boastfully servantless, they have a genius for domestic efficiency any female reader might envy, for these are women who, so infrequently upright, can yet manage — we must suppose — to clean, market, cook, wash, tend their children, and even assist in nursery school. One would have thought that just the making of their constantly tumbled beds and the laundering of such bundles of soiled sheets would scarcely leave them time to zip the baby into a snowsuit.

But it is wrong to regard *Couples* as a novel of social realism, to give one's attention to its sociology, to pause over the disposition of the time or the energies unspent in sex of Mr. Updike's characters. The evidence is sufficiently firm that Mr. Updike intended this as a novel not of manners but of morals, and a moralistic novel of morals at that. He means to show us the dark void we build for ourselves, or already inhabit, when lust is the builder. The novel of morals being a serious branch of fiction, the question is whether Mr. Updike has succeeded in giving us a serious book or whether, in final substance, the product of his moral effort is distinguishable from fancied-up pornography.

There has been much, even academic, writing about pornography in recent years. If we examine the criteria determined upon in these studies, we see that *Couples* meets many of the specifications for pornography: it has the obsessiveness, the repetitiveness, the overtness, the infantilism, the tediousness that differentiate pornographic writing from other fictional work which may deal extensively, or even primarily, with sex.

Two elements are present, however, in Mr. Updike's novel that are said to be missing, typically, from the pornographic novel. Emotions other than those of merely physical gratification are experienced by Mr. Updike's characters. They make, or would wish to make, *love* in their acts of lovemaking. The mating is of persons, however deficient or uninteresting, rather than of bodies. And there is also some degree of resolution in their lives as an outcome of their sexual enterprises, which is not the case in pornography. Eventually the wheel on which these people are turning slows down. A change of pace, if not the abandonment of the sexual preoccupation, is accomplished. It is these elements in Mr. Updike's book, much more than its larding of social or even political detail, that put it in a category of fiction where it must be judged, not for its powers of titillation or excitation — these are, I am afraid, small — but for its powers of insight, thought, feeling, persuasion. And judged so, *Couples* is about as sodden a performance, both as a work of the imagination and as prose, as could come from an ambitious writer already established in the ranks of our talented younger novelists.

I can think of no other novel, even in these years of our sexual freedom, as sexually explicit in its language as Mr. Updike's, as direct in its sexual reporting, as abundant in its sexual activities, and as fondly devoted to recounting them. But to what purpose? I have proposed Mr. Updike's possible place in the Huxleyan line of moralists, but surely the point about Aldous Huxley was that he regarded our sexual behavior as only one, if perhaps the most obvious, unhappy condition of a civilization to which he opposed himself. A single cogent scene in *Eyeless in Gaza*, say, made all the statement that book required of the death-in-life we can contrive for ourselves by our sexual conduct

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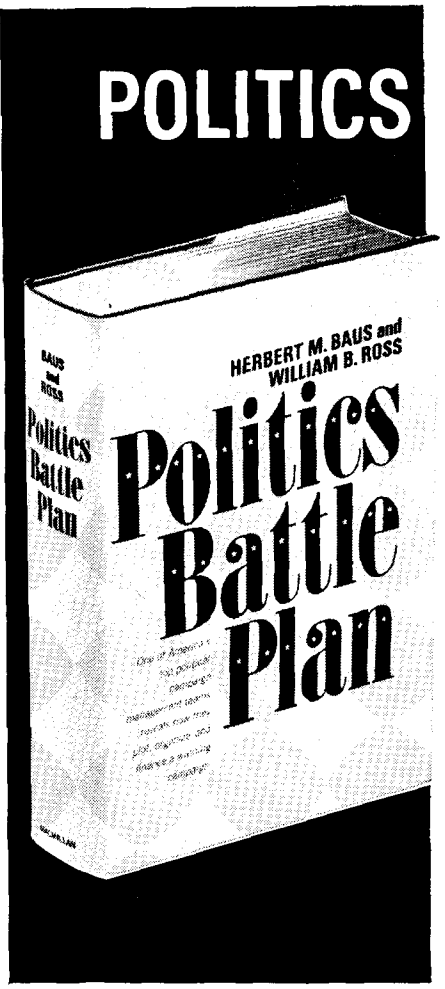
— it is the scene in which a dog falls from an airplane and splashes on a roof where a couple are making love. Such economy was made possible, even necessary, by Huxley's gifted awareness of the complexities in which our sexual attitudes are engendered. More than his puritanical aversion from the body, deep as that was, commanded his intelligence.

The sexual redundancies of Mr. Updike's book get us no farther than, indeed nowhere as far as, Huxley's scene on the roof. They leave us no room for an imagination of the world from which sex is assumed to offer escape. Whatever his references to current politics, the range of Mr. Updike's vision of society is no wider, actually, than the beds he explores. His own eye and mind, like ours following his lead, stay pinned on the troubling organs from whose tyranny Mr. Updike presumably would rescue us. Even the fact that his matings are undertaken not simply in lust, but in desperate search for human connection is of no account: the human needs which produce the incessant itch from which Mr. Updike's characters suffer are, so to speak, lost in the scratching. One does not have to suppose that Mr. Updike intended a pornographic work, one does not have to measure the full betrayal of such purpose as *Couples* may have had in its inception, to conclude that his novel as a book of life (to borrow a term of D. H. Lawrence's) does not rise much above pornography.

Nor is it lifted by its prose. Mr. Updike is always overelaborate with words. But at least in *Rabbit, Run* his worst verbal extravagances could not blind us to his extraordinary capacities as a literary workman: his ability to construct on paper. In *Couples*, where style is in the service of communicating sensations of body and mind — body-and-mind, I mean — which have been either avoided by earlier writers for reasons of taste (or censorship) or else enough investigated by writers intent on extending the frontiers of sexual permissiveness in literature, Mr. Updike is tempted to a new verbal excess, often to the point of nonsense. This much sexual literalness together with this much verbal debauchery makes a wearying combination, as wearying as the combination of sexual debauchery and verbal literalness in conventional pornography.



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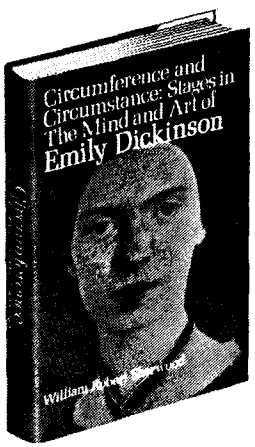

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Reader's Choice
by Oscar Handlin

The concept of the underdeveloped society has acquired such general currency in the past twenty years that an inquiry into its meaning has rarely seemed necessary. In a vague way the term applies to the countries outside Europe, North America, and Japan which have not passed through the process of industrialization. Brazil, Egypt, India, and Liberia have thus been called underdeveloped. Two significant assumptions are basic to the concept: first, that these countries in due course will be industrialized; and second, that their economic situation gives them significant common characteristics. A good part of the world's social policy in the last quarter century has rested upon these beliefs.

They should long since have been challenged, for they conceal an unwillingness or inability to deal with the situation created since 1945 by the liquidation of imperialism. The success of movements for national independence after 1945 coincided with the onset of the cold war and touched off a competition for the loyalty of the uncommitted states. Aid became an instrument for winning that loyalty, and development was the justification for aid. Significantly, Marxist and capitalist theory were in agreement on the prospective evolution of the contested areas. Since economic forces were regarded as decisive, all countries were presumed to follow the same course of development. The fact that some were behind others was due to a time lag in industrialization and would be corrected by an inflow of capital. Hence aid to the underdeveloped.

The very uneven results of two decades of experience have already raised questions about these propositions, and nowhere are the problems more important than in Asia. Altogether apart from the present crisis in Vietnam, the fate of that continent will have a profound bearing upon the world's future.

GUNNAR MYRDAL'S ASIAN DRAMA: AN INQUIRY INTO THE POVERTY OF NATIONS (Twentieth Century Fund, 3 volumes, $25.00; Pantheon, paper, $8.50) assembles a mass of material that challenges the whole concept of development. This study, which is the product of ten years of research sponsored by the Twentieth Century Fund, may prove as significant in its own way as *An American Dilemma.* Myrdal has examined the course of modernization in Pakistan, India, Ceylon, Burma, Malaya, Thailand, Indonesia, the Philippines, South Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos — which he loosely regards as parts of a single region. The pages of this long work, tightly packed with facts bearing upon every phase of the productive systems he treats, contain a somber assessment of past achievements and deliver a sober warning about the future.

Agriculture remains overwhelmingly important in the economy of the region, and the level of output is low. As a result, the inflow of capital from abroad has not really improved the foreign-exchange situation. Industrialization alone is not likely to raise the level of economic activity; nor will it absorb the annual increase in the labor force. The rapid expansion of population cannot be halted swiftly. For the next generation, "government action, no matter how vigorous, determined, and concerted, could do very little, if anything, to hold in check the powerful social forces propelling" population growth. The prospects are grim.

Myrdal's analysis is informed by an understanding of the inadequacies of previous theories of underdevelopment which treated the productive system in isolation. Modernization, he argues, aims at raising the levels of production and the standard of living through rationality and planning. It therefore requires new institutions and attitudes shaped by governmental decisions. Hence "economic problems cannot be studied in isolation, but only in their demographic, social, and political setting." Asia's poverty is not the simple result of a lack of capital; it emanates from irrational attitudes and anachronistic situations which stand in the way of progress.

The study devotes a good deal of attention to politics and education. The independence movements bestowed power on relatively small elite groups which were committed to modernization and planning. These people, who were "only a minute upper stratum in the total population," wished to "deal with their own countries' problems in terms as similar as possible to those of the countries by whose culture" they were influenced. Assuming that their development would follow the patterns of the West, they only slowly discovered the requirements of their own situation. Often they were out of touch with the masses and therefore neither required much from the people nor did much to develop social discipline.

Education, like health, is a means of improving the quality of the population. Yet the educational system has remained much as it was at the end of the colonial period. Colleges and secondary schools serving the urban middle class have expanded more rapidly than primary or vocational schools which might have altered the attitudes and improved the skills of the masses.

More specific insights on specific problems are scattered through the volumes. Myrdal argues for the preservation of village crafts and small-scale urban enterprises even at the cost of a slowdown in industrialization. He is dubious about the value of land reform that will reduce the size of holdings and suggests that there may be merit in large-scale agriculture operated with wage labor. In both respects, his recommendations run counter to accepted opinion. He is also sensible on the problems of democratic planning and on corruption.

The shortcomings of Myrdal's treatment arise from the limitations of a study which altered its focus in midcourse, shifting its sights from the economy to the whole social context. As a result, the definition of the frontiers of the new states receives excessive attention while

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other aspects of their politics are neglected. There is a general awareness of the importance of religious factors, but little effort to probe the connection to the productive system of Catholicism in the Philippines, Islam in Indonesia, or Buddhism in Ceylon. The opportunities for social mobility are crucial to the effective utilization of manpower, yet the subject receives no systematic analysis. Nevertheless, as in *An American Dilemma*, Myrdal's contribution lies not merely in the conclusions he reaches but also in the neglected questions he reveals. *Asian Drama* is, like its predecessor, a major work. One can only wish that its message will be heeded.

Eighteenth-century revolution

In the West, modern society originated in the revolutions of the eighteenth century. The transformation of industry followed forms then developed in Britain; politics faced challenges touched off by the rebellion of the American colonies.

The second volume of JAMES T. FLEXNER'S GEORGE WASHINGTON (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $10.00) covers the years from 1775 to 1783 and thus takes the Virginian through the events of the American Revolution. Military affairs occupy much of the book, as they did Washington's attention. Flexner has mastered the details of these operations and explains them clearly. His judgments are judicious and balanced, and his prose is free of the florid character that too often inflates the writing about the battles of the eighteenth century.

Yet the Revolution was more than a war and Washington was more than a general, so that Flexner, like his subject, must touch on political and ideological issues also. The emphasis is upon wartime deeds and emotions. But this was a conflict fought for a cause and one from which a nation grew. Washington was never really a military man, and he was fully aware of the importance of a unified public opinion in securing victory.

His path through the Revolution was studded with mistakes, indiscretions, personal hatreds, boredom, resentments, lies, exaggerated complaints, and a great deal of personal misery. It is the virtue of Flexner's book that it tells the full story, without concealment, and in doing so

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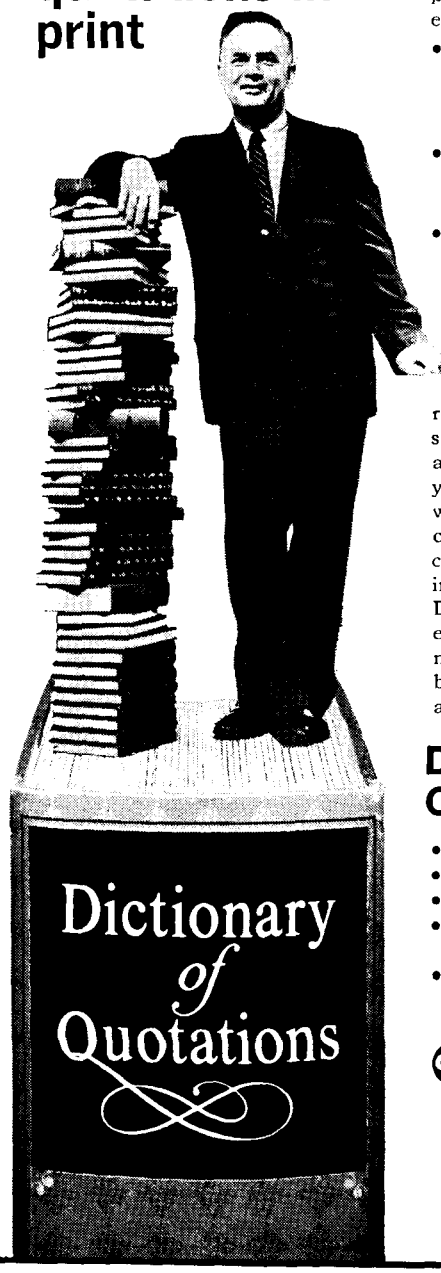

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reveals the true greatness of an agrarian gentleman who was able to achieve a balance of opposing stresses among his countrymen and not only win the war but also set the stage for a happy peace.

Flexner does not, however, fully answer the question he raises about Washington's crucial post-war decision, one which set this revolution apart from any other. The decision to retire, to pursue a republican way, was not one forced upon the commander. Indeed, in 1783 he had the opportunity to aggrandize his power by leading the army in justified defiance of Congress. He refused in a dramatic scene, partly because to have done otherwise offended his sense of personal integrity. But the decision also arose from the very nature of the cause for which he fought. His view of the Revolution demanded a commitment to legality, and he would therefore condone no departure from lawful procedures even to increase his own power.

GUGLIELMO FERRERO in THE TWO FRENCH REVOLUTIONS (Basic Books, $5.95) establishes the contrast between events in Europe and America. Ferrero was a liberal Italian historian, a foe of fascism, who lived the last ten years of his life in exile. He had originally been a student of the ancient world, but his own experience drew his attention to the development of Europe after the French Revolution. In a notable trilogy he traced the modern history of the continent, seeking to understand the forces that turned the liberating impulses of revolution into the justifications for dictatorship.

The Two French Revolutions, translated from the French by Samuel J. Hurwitz, is a prologue to the larger work. It seeks in the events in France between 1789 and 1796 a clue to the forces that worked themselves out in European history during the century that followed. Ferrero argues that there were two, not one, French revolutions, which therein differed from the American Revolution. The second French revolution, in 1793, altogether destroyed legitimate authority, the silken threads that hold men together in human interrelationships and permit a normal society to function. As a result, those who seized power after 1793 had to resort to the iron bonds of dictatorship and ruled by force, fear, and fraud. Periodic reigns of terror punctuated the operations of government. The inability to escape that second revolution was momentous for Europe, just as freedom from it was decisive for the United States.

The divergencies in their history accounted in the past for the differences between the Old World and the New. THE BOURGEOIS: CATHOLICISM VS. CAPITALISM IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRANCE (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $5.95) by BERNARD GROETHUYSEN treats a subject with a significant bearing upon the old regime, the revolution destroyed. This subtle study, made available in English forty years after its original publication, examines the relationship between the intellectual and the social development of the middle class which would make the first French Revolution and would be disoriented by the second.

Groethuysen's argument focuses on the relations of church and society. A skillful analysis of religious attitudes shows that the developing bourgeois hostility to the church early in the eighteenth century expressed the viewpoint of a class anxious to assert itself. But as the respectable citizens established their place in society, they grew more cautious in their criticism and even began to discover virtues in the clergy. The shift in viewpoint owed something to the dawning perception that the church might play a useful role in maintaining social order among the masses from whom the bourgeois differentiated themselves.

These bourgeois types are the central characters in SIR GAVIN DE BEER'S EDWARD GIBBON AND HIS WORLD (Viking, $6.95). This is a straightforward account of the great Enlightenment historian. There are few novelties in the text; the great value of the book lies in its remarkable illustrations, which bring to life the eighteenth-century world of England and the Continent.

Gibbon was born in 1737, five years after Washington, and died in 1794, while the outcome of the French Revolution was still unclear. At a young age he devoted himself to the methods of rational inquiry, and much of the repute of his great work derived from its boldness in treating the rise of Christianity as a secular event. Perhaps his decision to live much of his life in Lausanne also revealed his regard for regularity and order — eminently the virtues of the Swiss townspeople which also attracted Voltaire and Rousseau.

Yet Gibbon regarded the course of the French Revolution with horror. The events in Paris seemed to him an ominous prelude to a new uprising of the barbarians as threatening to modern civilization as that which he had traced in the destruction of Rome. He could not understand the aspirations of the masses who were not, strictly speaking, part of his world.

No such gulf divided Washington from the Americans of his time, and there was, therefore, only one revolution in the New World.

Writers in love

The author who makes one of the central characters of his novel a writer thereby acquires an additional voice. Not only can he comment on the action from his own external position, but he can also insinuate his judgments by way of the reflected observations of his fictional writer. The use made of this extra perspective, however, depends upon the attitude toward the novel as well as toward the people in it. Two recent stories — one French and the other Japanese — show the variety of services to which the device can be put.

JOSÉ CABANIS' THE BATTLE OF TOULOUSE (Coward-McCann, $4.00) is the more imaginative work. A middle-aged novelist has abruptly terminated a long and unsatisfying love affair. Unwilling to force a confrontation with the girl for fear that his resolve would weaken, he has put her on a plane and has then ended the relationship with a letter.

Now he withdraws to the country, where he intends to compose a long historical novel about the Napoleonic wars, after the fashion, he hopes, of *War and Peace*. But as he tries to write, his mind wanders back to Gabrielle, who has left him and whom he has dismissed. Gradually he retraces the course of the liaison to its origins, all the while trying to organize the materials for his novel, which he never finishes. The long introspective effort draws his thoughts back to childhood, to recollections of his mother, and to a flash of self-discovery.

Cabanis thus uses his character's attempt at writing as a means of understanding the human heart. The story is told through a succession of

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delicate probes into memory which subtly expose the emotional sources of the protagonist's behavior. The controlled lyricism of the tightly written sentences creates a setting partway between dream and actuality, one in which it is credible that the process of seeking words for a novel should reveal disquieting memories.

An aging novelist scarred by love is also the central character of YUKIO MISHIMA'S FORBIDDEN COLORS (Knopf, $6.95). Shunsuké Hinoki, a successful author, had known only betrayal from the various women who passed through his life. He could hardly have been surprised, therefore, to find the girl he pursued to a resort on the Izu Peninsula sharing the room of a handsome male friend. Nor was Shunsuké very surprised when Yuichi, the perfect youth, privately confessed that he could love only men.

The encounter gives Shunsuké the opportunity to avenge himself on all the women who had injured him. He encourages Yuichi to marry the girl and then guides the young man through a dreary succession of ambidextrous adventures. The idyllic homosexual experiences alternate with the dealings with tawdry, grasping females. Yuichi is so beautiful that no one of either sex can resist him, so cool that he can turn passion on and off at will, and so malleable that he lends himself to Shunsuké's plots with hardly a scruple.

Mishima is the author of a dozen novels, popular at home, translated into foreign languages and adapted for the movies and for television. He knows what he is doing; the silly elements of the plot are there deliberately and serve a purpose. Shunsuké, who guides Yuichi as he does the characters in his books, expresses his own and Mishima's view of fiction. A novelist "is a genius at stirring up someone else's passion." The writer does not feel; he peeks in on the feelings of others. "The unhappiness of other people when viewed through a window is more beautiful than when viewed from within."

This is Mishima's method as it is that in a good deal of contemporary fiction. The characters are contrived, the emotions regarded externally, the more easily to manipulate them. The novel is dense with realistic detail. But the precision of the furniture in a doll's house does not bring the puppets to life. And by making the writer Shunsuké pivotal to the action, Mishima gives his own game away.

HUAC

WALTER GOODMAN'S THE COMMITTEE (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10.00) is the best single account of the troubled labors of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. It rests on careful research, is clearly written, and is balanced in its judgments — the last no mean achievement when dealing with this nettlesome subject.

HUAC sprang thirty years ago from widespread fears lest conspiracies from the left and the right subvert the American system of government. At the start it drew the support of well-intentioned legislators anxious about the extent to which Nazis and Communists were the tools of foreign states. But Martin Dies and some of his successors at the head of the Committee also sought to turn its investigative machinery against the New Deal and other liberal movements. The Committee then lent itself to a succession of unsavory expeditions against those who did not concur in its own view of true Americanism. Goodman provides an excellent analysis of these unfortunate and sometimes dangerous forays.

But he goes beyond a mere rehearsal of the misdeeds of the Committee. He understands that the "Committee's Americanism runs deep," for "this is not the land exclusively of Lincoln and Jefferson." Strong currents of unease have kept the Committee alive, entirely apart from the occasional freebooters who attempted to further their own careers by it or from conservatives who wished it to fight any kind of change. Goodman understands too the weakness of the dogmatic liberals who refused to concede that any problem of subversion existed. A first-rate account of the Hiss case, for instance, shows the connection between liberal intransigence and the subsequent rise of McCarthyism. At the moment, despite foreign and domestic crises, repressive instincts seem subdued. This book is a useful reminder of what is needed to keep them under control.

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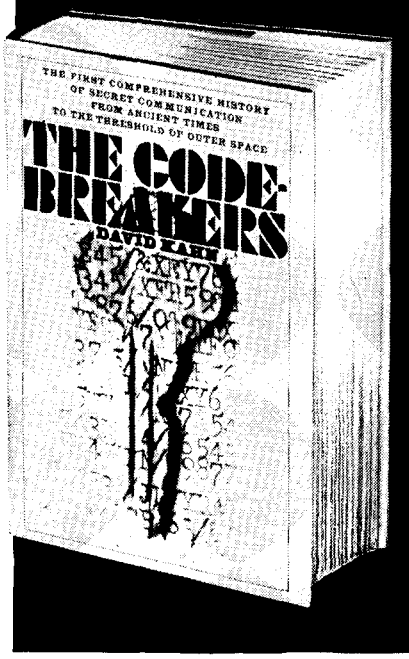

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Potpourri
by Phoebe Adams

THE PLEASURE FACTORY (John Day, $4.95) is the latest work of VALERIY TARSIS, the Russian novelist whose criticism of Communist bureaucracy in *The Blue Bottle* got him a hitch in a mental hospital. Released but unsubdued, he wrote *Ward 7*, an equally testy complaint. The authorities responded by letting him out of the country and revoking his citizenship once he was over the frontier. Equating Western Europe with Siberia is distinctly novel mathematics, and for stimulating the Soviet government to such uncharacteristic reasoning, Mr. Tarsis deserves respect regardless of what one may think of his novels. They are, in fact, a good deal better as polemic than as fiction. *The Pleasure Factory* describes goings-on at a Black Sea vacation town among a bunch of people who, thanks to the repressive stupidity of the Soviet system, all end up losers, whether they start as dedicated Party members or wily wheeler-dealers. Trouble is, they all look like losers under any system.

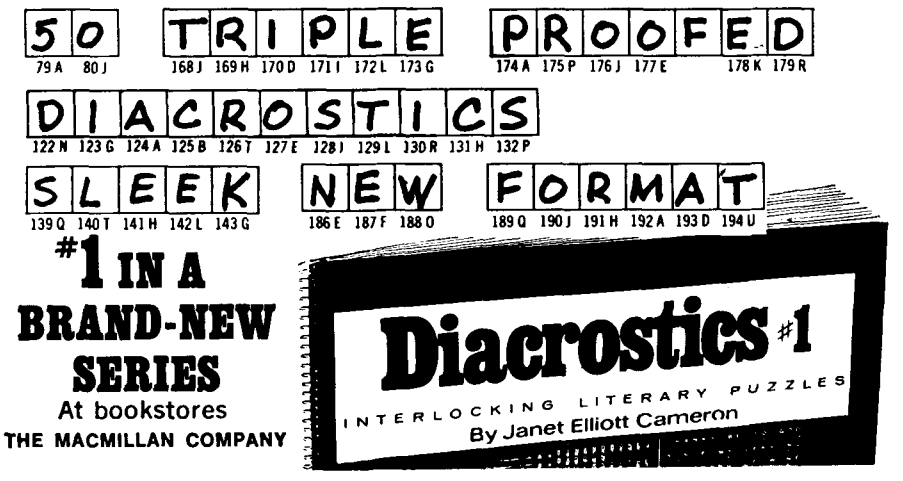
AGNES DE MILLE explains the origin and development of a ballet in LIZZIE BORDEN: A DANCE OF DEATH (Atlantic – Little, Brown, $6.95), and the process proves to be more complicated than one would expect. The ballet was, of course, *Fall River Legend* (billed in Russia, to the choreographer's helpless exasperation, as *Autumn River Legend*), and Miss de Mille admits to some doubt that it is a proper ballet at all, for she worked so closely with the musical composer and the set designer that the finished production fused all their ideas and could not be, so to speak, dismantled into separate elements. Perhaps it was theater of mixed means a few years ahead of the term. Miss de Mille ultimately became so hooked on Lizzie that she prowled around Fall River, studying the murder like any other Borden buff. Her report on Fall River, past and present, and her account of the uncertainties, tantrums, and obstructions involved in creating the ballet are equally interesting. The faint note of martyrdom in her prose is forgivable. It appears that getting a ballet on stage really is hell and disaster.

THE IMPOSSIBLE PROOF (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95) by the German author HANS ERICH NOSSACK is a novel with only one character. He is a versatile character, however, who takes five different forms, being accused, judge, spectators, and both lawyers at a hearing, which takes place in his own insomniac head, concerning the disappearance of his wife. Fear and loneliness are the problems the author explores without, in fact, discovering anything new about them. The interest of the book, and it is a considerable interest, arises from the ingenuity and austerity with which the author constructs new metaphors for a trite theme.

The Comprehensive Edition of THE TIMES ATLAS OF THE WORLD (Houghton Mifflin, $45.00) is a one-volume version of the five-volume Mid-Century Edition. It has been sensibly condensed in some areas and sensibly expanded in others (maps of the moon, in case anyone wants to see where all that money has landed), and includes information on mineral resources, major crops, and waterpower. It is a good, useful book and weighs half a ton. The foreword claims legibility, accuracy, modernity, and durability, and the last three claims are justified. As for the first, this atlas is as legible as any map that reduces over 300 miles to around 20 inches, running across the gutter on the way.

MARIE WAIFE-GOLDBERG has produced an unpretentious, informative, bittersweet family memoir in MY FATHER, SHOLEM ALEICHEM (Simon and Schuster, $7.50). Mrs. Waife-Goldberg tells a great deal about Jewish life in Russia at the turn of the century, some of it quite surprising, and something of publishing methods everywhere, all of it horrifying. The book is totally unfashionable in that the author recalls nothing but good of both her parents, who seem to have been the nicest people on earth in spite of constant persecution by publishers and pogroms.

The odd friends and hangers-on of Algernon Swinburne and Oscar Wilde are collected and displayed in FEASTING WITH PANTHERS (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $6.50) by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE. Mr. Croft-Cooke takes the mildly unorthodox view that these people were no odder than many others, and not half as wicked as they themselves liked to believe, and he supports the claim with much amusing detail. When he seriously argues the influence of the Wilde debacle of 1895 on literature in general, Mr. Croft-Cooke brings in the wrong evidence (Kipling and Haggard were going strong in the late eighties, and Stevenson died in 1894), but on the misadventures of a couple of transvestites who rattled around London calling themselves Stella and Fanny, he is pure joy.



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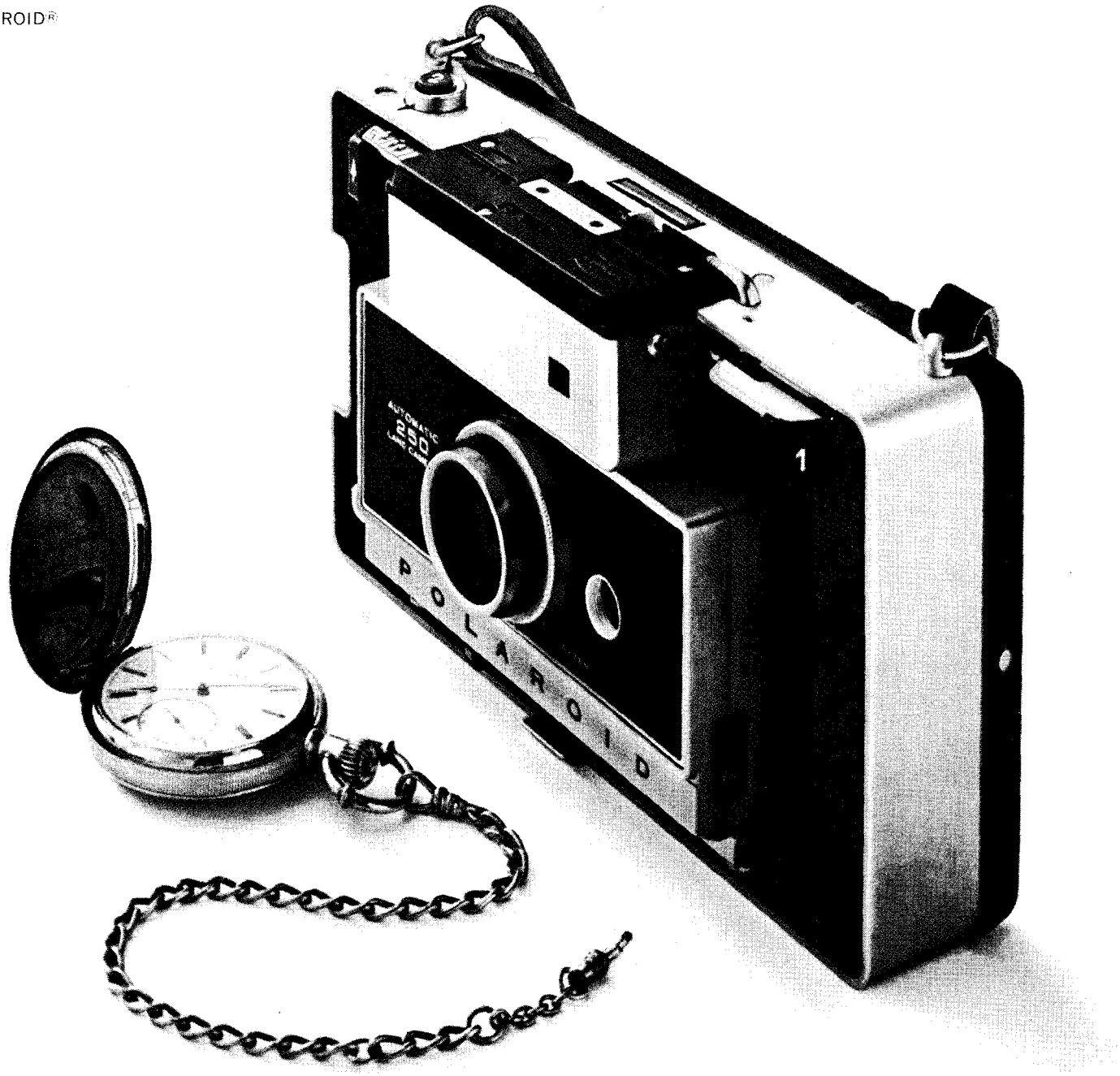

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